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The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

June 24, 1964

PRICE

1/-



THE BEATLES IN SYDNEY

Pages 9, 10, 11

WILDFLOWERS
AS ICING *See
page 3*



"I couldn't ask for a cleaner wash"

RINSO TALKS WITH MRS. B. CLARKE OF 50 PANITYA ST., STONES CORNER, BRISBANE.



"I challenge anyone to get a cleaner wash than mine! Day after day, wash after wash, things come out as if they'd never been dirty. And Rinso's gentle care saves me a mint in wear and tear."

says Mrs. Clarke happily. "And as well as looking marvellous, my Rinso wash feels and smells so completely clean. Rinso's great!"



"Four mischievous children and a motor mechanic husband—my family's wash is a good test for any washing powder. And Rinso's active suds pass with flying colours!"

RINSO'S GENTLE, ACTIVE SUDS WASH WHITEST AND CLEANEST

Big family wash? Leave everything to Rinso! Rinso tackles the heavy wash with gusto, yet it's so gentle to delicate things. So take a tip from Mrs. Clarke. Let Rinso's gentle active suds give you the whitest, cleanest wash.

Whitest, cleanest washes with RINSO . . . the product recommended by washing machine makers.



The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Reporter Robin Adair and staff photographer Don Cameron stayed at the Sheraton Hotel along with The Beatles and Beatle entourage during their Sydney stopover. So, we must admit, did what looked like half the city's Press.

ROBIN ADAIR told us that one of the behind-the-scenes highlights was the Affair of the Koala Bear.

At the airport, Beatle Fan Club members tried to present a 3ft.-tall toy koala to their heroes.

Police wouldn't let them, and it wasn't until the night, at the end of The Beatles' two Press and TV conferences, that the bear got a chance to meet the entertainers.

The bear was brought into the conference-room to be presented—but The Beatles were leaving by the adjoining kitchen.

Robin said, "I picked up the bear and chased after them through the kitchen, and someone knocked a pile of plates on to the floor."

"The Beatles just beat us—the bear and me—to the lift."

"But I think the bear finally got closer to the boys than anyone else in Sydney."

"Last seen, it was being taken up to the penthouse by the hotel manager."

"I wish I could have taken a leaf out of its gumtree!"

ON page 21 you'll find color pictures of the most popular young shows

Our Cover

● Paul is the big Beatle on our cover. The three little Beatles (as if you didn't know) are, from left, Jimmy Nicol—Ringo's stand-in—with George and John. These two pictures were taken by Keith Barlow, one of the trio of staff photographers—the others were Don Cameron and Ernie Nutt—who chased Beatles through wind and rain and hotel corridors all day on B-Day. Between them they took about 50 pictures, from which we chose those on pages 10 and 11.

on TV: "Saturday Date" and "Bandstand."

Singer Laurel Lea (a frequent guest on both shows) is pictured with comedies Jimmy Hannan and Brian Henderson. And Laurel revealed recently that she and TV personality Kevin Todd have been married for more than two years; they have an 18-month-old son, Mark.

Please note that the short story (page 25) following our TV section is called "Happy is the Bride." Which is very suitable, isn't it!

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 24, 1964

HOSPITALITY CAKE

says it with flowers—with an Australian accent

• "Welcome to Australia," says this cake decorated with Australian flowers for visitors from overseas. It was prepared by Miss Shirley Watt, of Marrickville, N.S.W., to show what can be achieved by (edibly) imitating nature.

MISS WATT took three first prizes for cake-decorating in the 1964 Sydney Royal Agricultural Show in the wedding, christening, and novelty sections.

And she entered the competitive field of cake-decorating last year for the first time.

Originally from Cairns, in Queensland, she settled in Sydney six years ago. She returns to Cairns each Christmas to see her family—and, as her birthday is around Christmas-time, her mother makes and decorates a cake for her.

"Mother is a very good cook," said Miss Watt, "and she learnt cake-decorating. But I didn't become interested in it until I came to Sydney."

Miss Watt is also an excellent dressmaker—she makes all her own clothes—and likes to paint water-colors of flowers.

"I'm not terribly good at painting," she laughed, "but I like it as a hobby in any spare time I have left from cake-decorating."

She gives these hints:

• **BE CREATIVE.** Don't limit the moulded flowers only to those you've been taught to make. Pick different flowers from the garden, study them, take the petals apart, and reconstruct them from fondant.

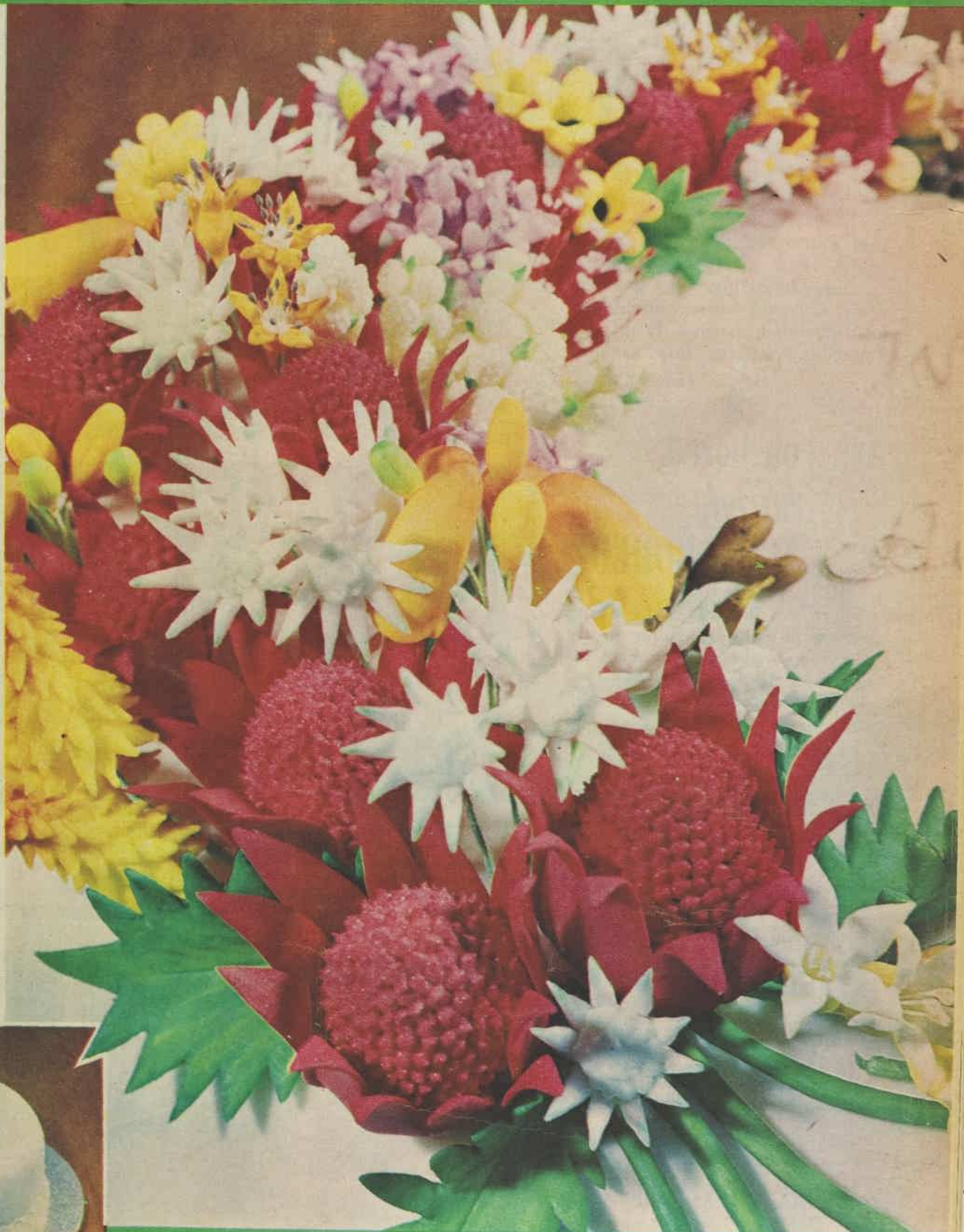
• **EXPERIMENT** with the blending of standard colors to obtain natural pastel tones.

• **DON'T OVER-DECORATE** a cake. Concentrate on the quality of work rather than the quantity.

"Anyone wanting to be creative and successful in cake-decorating must make a positive approach to originality in design and arrangement," said Miss Watt.

"Constructive criticism is a golden opportunity to improve your work."

Pictures by staff photographer Barry Cullen.



• Waratahs, flannel-flowers, kurrajong-tree blossoms, and Christmas bells are among the flowers on the cake. Miss Watt is secretary to the managing director of a cosmetic company.

FULL INSTRUCTIONS for decorating the flower cake, with sketches of the flowers, are given on pages 40, 41.



NEXT WEEK

Tres chic! Accessories to make yourself ...

... and our hats and handbags are NEWS: news in the fresh colors that are smart, gay ... news in styling, news in excitingly different yarns. Some are knitted, other crocheted; all are flattering, feminine, fun to make.



Are you bored, ...bored,

Don't be! ...**BORED?**

USE your spare time.

There are lots of hobbies and pastimes to make life fuller, more satisfying — and we've dozens of suggestions (some quite everyday, some quite definitely *not*!) to help you.



Suspense,
romance,
and adventure
in—

A CALL FROM AUSTRIA

Our fast-moving new serial by Martha Albrand is a thriller about a man's desperate search for his missing brother; don't miss it!

AND:

- ☆ Slick new ski fashions ☆
- ★ Superb curries to cook ☆
- ☆ How to do patchwork ★

Twenty years with

Some of the "Blue Hills" people



"BLUE HILLS" VETERANS who have been with the serial longest are Gwen Plumb (Emmy Lawson of the serial) and, at right in picture at left, Nellie Lamport (Hilda Walters), who has been with the cast from the very beginning. Above is Reg Collins (Ned Walters).



ETHEL LANG and TOM FARLEY (above) are Mrs. and Mr. Jim MacArthur in "Blue Hills." At right, a couple providing romance interest, Anne Haddy (Elisabeth Ross-Ingham) and Keith Buckley (Nick MacArthur). At far right, Lou Vernon, who plays Colonel Ross-Ingham.



AT LEFT: Nancy Stewart (Mabel Ross), John Norman (Jerry Walters), and Winifred Green (Martha Walters). Above: Maiva Drummond, Queenie Ashton (Rose and Granny Bishop), and Charles McCallum (Ed Bishop).

the good folk of "Blue Hills"

By MARY COLES

"Oh, no! Surely not YOU," said Gwen Meredith's family lawyer in a shocked voice when she called at his office and asked how to go about getting a divorce. "Of course it's not for me," she hastily explained. "I need a divorce for someone in my serial."



GWEN MEREDITH, author of "Blue Hills," and her husband, Ainsworth Harrison, at their home at Seaford, in Sydney.

THE "someone" was one of the several hundred characters she has brought to life in her radio epic, "Blue Hills."

Always heralded by the same wistful tune which wafts out like a smoke signal spiralling from Kings Cross to the Kimberleys, "Blue Hills" has held the ears and affections of a huge audience of listeners for more than 20 years.

Meal hours have been changed in many a guest-house to avoid clashing with its broadcast times, and drivers of tourist coaches, anticipating requests from passengers, tune-in at the approach of the witching 15 minutes as automatically as changing gears on steep hills.

The Australian Broadcasting Commission's drama department has to deal with a steady flow of inquiries such as: "I went on holidays a fortnight ago and didn't hear any episodes of 'Blue Hills' during that time. Could you please let me know what happened while I was away?"

And Gwen Meredith is always being asked posers like, "What has happened to So-and-So? We haven't heard of her since she got married and went to live in England ten years ago."

Or, "Doesn't Hilda find Tasmania cold?"

"Blue Hills'" family tree has spread its branches in so many directions over the years, even the author finds it hard to keep track of everyone.

"And the characters are nearly all as inter-related as European royalty!" she says.

The serial is the saga of five Australian families—the original Lawsons and their successors, the Gordons, the Howards, the Roberts, and the MacArthurs.

They're a cross-section of the kind of people long referred to as "the backbone of the nation."

They live in the country, but whatever happens to them is a topical reflection on what is taking place elsewhere, too.

Gwen Meredith—in private life Mrs. Ainsworth Harrison, wife of a Sydney engineer—makes a point of her serial always having some kind of "message."

When boy-meets-girl in "Blue Hills," their romance is exploited as a stage for airing debate on matters of concern to the community.

"I just couldn't be bothered with purely romantic entertainment," she explained.

In "Blue Hills," her characters have spoken up and given a broader view on all kinds of subjects, hotly thrashing the "againsts" as much as the "fors."

The assimilation of aborigines, the work of Alcoholics Anonymous, whether the nation has a moral re-

sponsibility for the welfare of Australian servicemen's illegitimate children born in Japan, and revealing to paraplegics (and people caring for them at home) that "a very great deal can now be done to help get paralysis patients on the move" are among the themes handled.

Migrant ship

Hardly a stone has been left unturned in presenting the many aspects of migration.

Four years ago, at the request of the Immigration Department, Gwen Meredith flew to England to investigate the problems of intending migrants and returned to Australia in a migrant ship to get the feeling of being in newcomers' shoes.

She says that she gets "the facts," then turns them over to the characters she has invented to deal with them.

"I never quite know what turns the plot will take, nor do I plan any dialogue in advance."

AT WORK creating "Blue Hills," Gwen Meredith uses a dictating machine instead of a typewriter.

"Knowing all the personalities so well as 'real' people, I just allow them to react to circumstances according to their lights."

"When I'm ready to begin work, I pick up my tape-recorder, find a comfortable chair in a sunny spot at home, gather the threads of where the previous episode finished, and began dictating."

Mrs. Harrison gave up using a typewriter for a dictating machine a long time ago at the suggestion of her husband, who reasoned she was using more "woman power" than was necessary, by adding the physical labor of typing to the mental work of creative thinking.

Tape recordings of the episodes, setting out not only the dialogue but all its

A.B.C.'s Drama and Features Department (who is described by Gwen Meredith as the serial's "godfather"), says she was singled out for the job because of her ability to create natural everyday people.

"She had already won a number of competitions for radio plays and documentaries, as well as contributing episodes to the long-run commercial radio serial 'Fred and Maggie,' and from what we'd seen Gwen impressed us by her very human approach," he recalled.

Before she began work on the serial, the A.B.C. arranged for Gwen, city born and bred, to learn about life in the country by staying with Mr. and Mrs. John Cavanagh on their property

dith admits occasional "blues" have crept in.

"Once I made someone commit the grave error of baking pikelets in the oven!" she said.

"And there have been some near-misses."

"When Judy MacArthur and Scottish migrant Donald Jamieson were being married, I decided to give the wedding ceremony the full treatment, recording every detail of the service."

Never say die

"At the last minute before the episode was recorded, I found out that in the script I had the marriage taking place in a Presbyterian Church according to Anglican rite!"

She avoids bereavement in

after his death as Joe, he re-entered as Joe's brother Ned.

Everyone's joy was complete when he eventually married Joe's widow, Hilda, and took her off to live in Tasmania.

Gwen Meredith emphasises that credit for the success of the serial belongs to Mr. Eric John, Senior "Drama Producer for the A.B.C." in Sydney, who has produced "Blue Hills" for the past 12 years, and the players, as much as it does to her.

"We work as a team," she said.

Eric John admits that the roll-up of "Blue Hills" personalities on Wednesday mornings, when the weekly episodes are taped at the A.B.C. studios, is like a club outing.

As many as 16 characters have appeared at a time in one episode!

Besides directing production, Eric John also steers the taping of episodes to fit in with the domestic affairs of the cast.

In the past six years 15 actresses cast in various episodes have had babies without having to give up their roles.

Behind the scenes of "Blue Hills," as well as occasions for rejoicing there have been times of great sadness.

Marshall Crosby died while playing Josh Roberts. Therese Desmond, who was Amelia Roberts, died a little later.

Only 18 months ago a very likeable hospital nurse who had recently moved into the serial went off duty in an episode and never returned.

She was Marcia Hathaway, a popular Sydney actress who was fatally mauled by a shark while wading in shallow water in Middle Harbor during a January heatwave.

The scene of the tragedy was close to "Braybrook," the lovely water-frontage home of Gwen Meredith and her husband at Seaford.

Gwen looks across Middle Harbor to see blue water and blue skies merging with smoky-blue bushland and draws inspiration for "Blue Hills."

punctuation marks, too, are sent to a professional typist, and returned to the author in script form for checking and dispatch to the A.B.C.

Since it first went on the air in February, 1944, more than ten million words have been spoken in the serial's 4600-odd episodes.

It was originally commissioned by the Rural Department of the A.B.C. to help co-ordinate the war effort of country people by focusing attention on important projects, as well as providing entertainment.

Mr. Leslie Rees, Acting-Assistant Director of the

in the Gunnedah district of New South Wales.

Since then she has explored Australia and abroad for background material.

She went to the Sydney law courts and studied court procedure as a backdrop for the "divorce" she obtained for one of the young Lawsons.

And she had a seat in Westminster Abbey to see the Coronation through the eyes of the Roberts family, visiting London from their station in Central Australia.

In spite of all her intensive research, Gwen Mere-

"Blue Hills" because the audience gets so depressed.

Some years ago Sydney actor Reg Collins, who had established himself as a firm favorite as Joe Walters, husband of the serial's veteran star Hilda, played by Nellie Lampert, was "killed."

"Other commitments forced Reg to leave at short notice, so the easiest way of removing Joe from the scene was by killing him off in an accident," Gwen recalled with a wry smile.

"It brought a storm of protest from listeners who didn't like gloom in 'Blue Hills.'"

"Now, when it is necessary for someone to disappear from the scene, they're sent off to live in another State or abroad."

Often characters disappear for a time because the actors playing the roles want holidays or trips abroad.

Gwen Meredith is always the first to know of any such plans, to give her time to provide good reasons for their absences in the script.

And when they're returning again to Sydney they give notice of this well in advance so that they can be written back in.

When Reg Collins again became available to take part in "Blue Hills" some years





Medic relieves congestion with every breath

With every breath, Medic's soothing medicated vapour relieves the distressing coughing and congestion of colds. Medic is the modern way to fight the discomfort of colds. Just press the button and instantly Medic's soothing vapour penetrates to relieve congestion and help make breathing easier. Spray Medic at night and give your children relief while they sleep.

Medic relieves their congestion and coughing without messy nose drops, chest rubs or other old-fashioned remedies that disturb and distress. And remember—as well as relieving coughing and congestion, Medic contains special ingredients to help kill airborne germs . . . help protect against the spread of infection. Medic is only 9/6—available only from your Family Chemist.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST



. . . HE KNOWS

Do you know what to do when there's hardly time to think?

● Holders of driving licences of some years' standing all agree on the great increase of nerve strain over the past three or four years. The volume and speed of traffic on the roads now could, I think, be said to call for a "keep fit" and "keep practising" policy.

BY that I really mean keep fit. Should you feel you cannot manage to control your car if an emergency should arise it is time for you to hand in your licence.

Keep practising. And I mean just that. Every time you get into your car practise driving as well as you can. You'll be surprised at the improvement in your driving.

By
BETTY McKAY,
wife of motoring
writer and former
racing driver David
McKay.

And if at any time you can practise handling cars in an emergency, i.e., where you will not endanger anyone else by so doing, I most strongly advise you to do so.

Here are a number of possible causes of accidents, and the best emergency tactics. You may care to "think" them out while sitting in a stationary car. It could be a great help.

Driving emergency

The skid

YOU ARE ON A CLAY ROAD on which enough light rain has fallen to make it really greasy. (Some bitumen surfaces get equally greasy on highways with the oil and rubber deposits on them.) The rear wheels begin to "break away" or skid to the left or right.

HOLDING your wheel strongly but lightly so that you can "feel" the road, instantly steer in the direction of the skid. Do not brake and do not lift your foot altogether from the accelerator, though you can lighten the pressure.

The second the back and front wheels align (which is the object of steering in the direction of the skid), straighten the car lightly but firmly and return to the road.

If you jab the brakes you make the skid more powerful and much worse, and if you lift your foot entirely from the accelerator you lose traction and so lessen control.

The child

YOU ARE DRIVING at 15 m.p.h. along a wet, greasy street with vehicles fully parked along both kerbs. A child darts out from the left between parked cars, straight in front of you and so close that braking alone cannot save him. You have one helpful factor: there is no oncoming traffic.

STAMP on your brakes and swerve to avoid the child. It is quite possible that you will hit one of the stationary cars, but anything is better than hitting the child, for even at slow speeds you can maim or kill.

Blow-out

YOU ARE DRIVING along one of the main, heavily trafficked roads when your right front tyre blows, pushing your car over on to the wrong side of the road.

ALL you can do is keep a firm grip on the steering wheel and decelerate. Don't hit the brakes and don't make any violent turns on the steering wheel. As soon as your car is under control, look in your rear-vision mirror, indicate a left turn with your trafficator, and draw off the road on your left-hand side.

Should you have been travelling fast and been "dragged" right across the road to your right-hand side and can safely keep out of everyone's way off the road—then stay there. Don't try to crawl across two lanes of traffic to get to your correct side.

Your tyre is ruined, so don't try braking to save it before you can safely do so. Try to get out of the traffic flow so that you won't be the cause of an accident by being stationary where you are expected to be moving.

Dazzled

YOU ARE JUST coming into a sharp curve and are blinded by the headlights of an oncoming car.

DIP your headlights instantly if you have not already done so and look for the left-hand edge (the outside of the road surface). Drive "on it" till the car passes.

The "maniac"

YOU REACH A CREST on a two-lane highway and find yourself face to face with an oncoming car whose driver has committed a murderous action when he has chosen to pass cresting a hill and can neither see nor be seen over the other side of it.

YOU must act quickly and your choice is not a pleasant one, as it is a collision with the oncoming "maniac" or the tree-and-telephone-pole-dotted, barbed-wire-fenced road shoulders.

Don't choose the maniac; the combined speeds of both cars will almost certainly result in death for some or all occupants of both vehicles. You have more chance with the fence and trees, etc. Steer for the road shoulder and hope you may find a way through.

Sudden stop

YOU ARE TRAVELLING about 50 m.p.h. about ten car-lengths behind a semi-trailer. Another car is one or two lengths behind you. All vehicles are travelling at approximately the same speed, but suddenly the truck driver applies his immensely powerful brakes hard.

HAND-SIGNAL and "blink" or feather your brake pedal once or twice before applying hard. If you had immediately "stood" on the brakes, the following car might have run into you and, incidentally, run you into the truck. There may be time for you to steer off on to the road shoulder to the left, thus giving yourself a safety margin and the other fellow more room to stop.

If you are on a two-lane highway, unless you can see well ahead don't try to pass the truck on his right-hand side.

Failing brakes

ABOUT HALFWAY down a steep mountain grade the brakes begin to fade.

SHIFT into a lower gear, preferably first, if you feel sufficiently confident of your change, and use your handbrake lever. If you have an automatic transmission follow the same process.

Check your rear vision and signal your

intention to slow. When you have slowed down sufficiently, pull off the road and allow at least 15 minutes for your brakes to cool. Carefully test their efficiency before starting off again, and if they have been seriously overheated stop at the nearest garage and have both brakes and brake-fluid carefully checked.

In a flood

AFTER A HEAVY rainstorm you are confronted with a flooded creek-crossing.

SHOULD traffic pass you and proceed safely, i.e., cars, not trucks and heavy vehicles, which are much higher off the road than you are, you may go on. But not with great speed—say 5 to 7 m.p.h., otherwise you may splash water on your ignition wires and cause the motor to cut out, or get your brakes wet. Wet brakes are as dangerous as "jaded" brakes.

If you do get them wet, try to dry them out afterwards by driving with a light application of brakes until the full "feel" comes back.

Bolting

TRAVELLING FAST on a highway, and having just passed a vehicle, you find when you ease up slightly on the accelerator that there is no response and you are **GAINING SPEED**.

INSTANTLY signal that you intend stopping. Switch off the ignition, but leave the car in gear. After looking in your rear-vision mirror, apply your handbrake as hard as you can safely do so. Draw off the road to the left shoulder.

You may be able to remedy the trouble if you know what to look for. If not, contact the nearest garage and have it repaired.

Collapse

TRAVELLING WITH A FRIEND, you are horrified when he suddenly collapses and slumps over the wheel.

TAKE hold of the steering wheel and do your best to keep the car where it should be in the traffic. Shoulder the driver to the right-hand corner of the seat and, if you can, switch off the ignition. If you can't quickly reach this and can see the choke, pull that right out, "killing" the motor.

Keep your left hand on the wheel and get the driver's feet out of the way of the pedals. Then use the trafficator and brake with your right foot. You must for the moment forget the driver in order to bring the car safely to a stop.

Gassed

YOU ARE DRIVING on a winter day. You become aware of a headache, a tightness across the forehead, trouble with vision, and, finally, a feeling of nausea.

THESE are symptoms of carbon-monoxide poisoning. Immediately turn the wing window so the fresh air strikes you fully in the face. Park as soon as you can, get out of the car, and walk around.

Do not drive again. Find a policeman or call a taxi; ask to be taken to your doctor or to the emergency entrance of the nearest hospital.

Chances are that the fresh air or a few whiffs of oxygen, properly administered, will set you straight again in a short time. But your brain had been poisoned and you needed medical attention.

Have your car's exhaust system thoroughly checked without delay.

No steering

SUDDENLY THE CAR completely fails to respond to your steering.

THE seriousness of steering failure depends on its circumstances. If it is obvious that you are going to hit something, apply all brakes hard and immediately.

If you are in no immediate danger of hitting something, try slowing by changing down and applying the handbrake gently.

In a river


YOU MISS a bridge approach. The car goes down a steep bank and settles into water 10ft. deep.

THE car will float from three to 10 minutes if it is not structurally damaged and the doors are closed. It may be much easier to roll down the window and escape through it rather than try to open a door against the pressure of the water.

The car will sink front first because of the weight of the engine (when it is in front). Therefore, occupants who are still in the car when it begins to sink should move to the rear, which will capture the remaining air.

Either roll down a rear side window or break the rear window to escape.

If you must escape through the door of a completely submerged car you may have to wait a short while for the pressure to equalise before you can open it.



Imagine
growing 203 plants
just to
find one tomato!

extra care is a habit at HEINZ

How do you get a better tomato? Just ask Heinz Agricultural scientists! In their search for more flavour, sweetness and juiciness they grew 202 different tomato plants . . . then found a ray of hope with number 203 . . . selected from a variety named KY1.

But experiments didn't finish there.

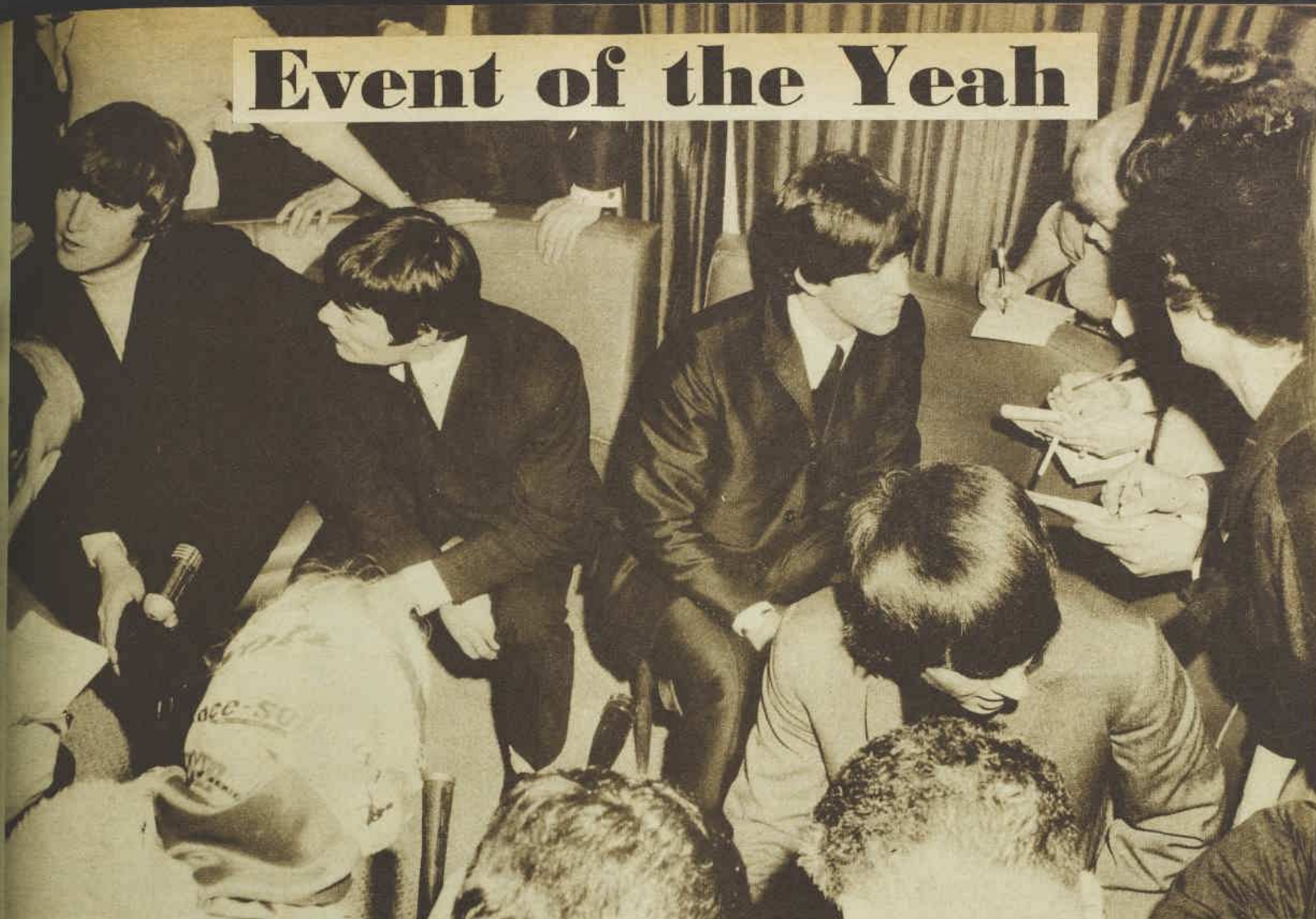
For two more years they developed KY1. Cross-bred it. Saved the seed from only the very best plants . . . gave it to their farmers . . . watched over the seedlings and crops . . . picked them, prepared them, cooked them, proved beyond doubt Heinz had found a better tomato. Most people would give up round about now. But not Heinz Scientists!

Why, right at this moment, in their special hot houses, these experts are growing trial crops from tomato seeds brought from as far away as America, Portugal, Hawaii, South America — even Russia!

One day, maybe years away, they'll find a better tomato than KY1. And once more you'll be the one who benefits most. For it's no secret that better ingredients make better products — if you have the skills and recipes Heinz have. When you look at all the trouble Heinz take just to find the right tomato, it isn't a bit surprising Heinz new-recipe Tomato Soup outflavours them all! What amazing value though!



Event of the Yeah



A MOMENT at which few people would want to be a Beatle, despite their money, their fans, and the attention they command. They had got drenched at Mascot airport on arrival, had had little sleep, but were bright and smiling for two Press, radio, and TV conferences. At left: John, then Jim (stand-in until Ringo's arrival), Paul, and (foreground, in light suit) George, besieged by Sydney reporters.

By ROBIN ADAIR

● Not even the torrential rain that fell — like drumbeats from the missing Ringo — could wash the enthusiasm, color, and craziness out of the Event of the Yeah.

THE event was, of course, B-Day—the day last week that The Beatles invaded Sydney to begin their Australasian tour.

Later in the day, Beatle George Harrison aptly summed up the problems of footsore fans and Press people when he cracked to me: "We Come, we high C—but we don't corn-cure!"

Although meeting The Beatles is a fascinating and instructive experience (they're healthy, handsome young men; John's wit is as sharp as a stiletto; Paul is a superb clown; George is rather shy but shrewd; Jimmy Nicol is quiet and pleasant), an equally colorful story was played out behind the scenes.

Here, in detail, are highlights of my day with The Beatles:

"I guess it just rained fewer 'cats' than watchdogs!" said Paul with a laugh.

I had told him that while police estimates of the airport reception ranged be-

tween 400 and 500 fans, watching the watchers were 50 Commonwealth police, 300 N.S.W. police (including overall-clad members of the Police Rescue Squad), and 100 or so newspaper and magazine reporters and photographers, TV and newsreel cameramen, and TV and radio commentators.

The small crowd, however, had upheld the honor of Beatle fans.

As the plane taxied to a stop, the screams drowned out even the ear-piercing screech of the engines.



● Mrs. Mary Smith, John's Aunt Mimi.

With time out for a seeming awestruck silence, the caterwauling resumed as The Beatles made a brief "Royal Progress" under wind-buffed umbrellas on a decorated truck past the barricaded fans.

This was the closest look at their idols, all together, that fans were to get all day.

But the constant crowd who waited outside the Sheraton Hotel in Macleay Street, Potts Point, made their own strange brand of ecstasy.

The boys made several appearances on the balcony of their eighth-floor penthouse, but in the long periods between, the fans in the street below screamed at anyone—or anything—moving on any of the hotel's other floors.

I put on a woman reporter's bulky astrakhan overcoat, brushed my hair down over my forehead, and stepped out on to the balcony of my suite beneath The Beatles.

"Eek—there's one!" someone shrieked, and a great roar went up!

Later Cynthia Lennon "arrived"!

A rumor spread that a pretty blond girl, wearing a John Lennon-type cap being admitted to the guarded penthouse, was the Beatle Bride.

Just before a Press conference, the mystery girl came down in the lift and walked past guards toward the conference room.

"Are you Cynthia Lennon?" I asked.

No; she is 19-year-old Marion Carter, of Coogee, a Beatles' publicity girl.

As the boys walked past us into the room under escort, I called to John and asked him if Marion looked like Cynthia.

He paused, looked carefully, grinned, and said: "Aye, quite a bit."

The Mystery of the Missing Aunt Mimi had its moments, too.

Aunt Mimi—Mrs. Mary Smith, John Lennon's "mother" for most of his life—flew into Sydney in the Beatle plane.

In order to chase the stars into the city many of the Press missed Mrs. Smith at the airport and planned to interview her at the hotel.

But later there was a problem: WAS Aunt Mimi at the hotel, or had she already flown (or did she plan to fly the same day) to New Zealand to stay with a cousin in Wellington?

Because of another hotel booking for a Smith, a desk clerk believed Aunt Mimi had not booked in.

I found Aunt Mimi finally—resting in the suite directly above mine! She'd been there since soon after 8 a.m. and was not off to New Zealand till the next day.

A slim, soft-spoken widow for about nine years (her



● Marion Carter, 19, of Coogee, N.S.W.

late husband was a farmer in the early days of their marriage), she told me how she had raised 23-year-old John since her sister died when he was three.

Her house at Woolton, six miles out of Liverpool, was his home until last August, when he, his wife, Cynthia, and their baby son moved into a place of their own.

She recalled that John's first ambition had been for a career in commercial art.

"But even though he has kept his interest and is an

accomplished artist, music became more and more important.

"John, Richie (Ringo), Paul, and George first started playing together—music, I mean—when they were pals at 15 or so.

"They have often practised in my home—without amplifiers for their electric guitars, mind you!"

Photographer Don Cameron remarked that he played the electric-amplified guitar at home.

"Heaven help your mother, young man," Aunt Mimi said coldly.

Aunt Mimi also talked about the other Beatles' families: "I get on very well with the Starkeys (Ringo's parents), the Harrisons (George's), and Mr. McCartney (Paul's father, a widower).

Aunt Mimi confessed she is lonely without John, Cynthia, and the baby around the house.

"But John never forgets me. He made this trip possible, of course. He rang me up one day and said, 'Mimi,' he always calls me that, 'how about coming to Australia with us?'"

"I wondered at first—I don't believe in interfering in his life—but he wouldn't take 'no' for an answer.

"So here we both are—12,000 miles (isn't it?) from Woolton."

Overleaf:
Color pictures



When The Beatles blew in▲

▼ FANS WERE DAMP BUT FERVENT



... and all day
bright
umbrellas
decorated the
footpath
opposite the
hotel where
they stayed

PRESS RECEPTION was a riot, with journalists proffering autograph books to the boys on behalf of friends. At right, John turns to George, ready to oblige with his signature for a book.



FOOTPATH (above) in Macleay Street opposite their hotel looked like this much of the time. Fans' happy up-turned faces and their colored umbrellas seemed the only brightness in Sydney's rainy deluge.



JOHN makes one of his typical witty remarks. Jim (left), substitute for Ringo, was inclined to take a back seat. Paul (right) clowned boyishly; George (second from left), the quiet observer, didn't miss a single trick.

TWO MOTHERS FOR KO-NAM

By JENNY IRVINE

● "You're an orphan — you don't know where your parents are!" the children jeered. "That's O.K.," grinned little Ko-nam, "I've got TWO mothers."

KO-NAM is a bright bundle of mischief who charmed two nurses, Australian Sister Margaret Salmon and New Zealander Sister Eunice Laloli, while they were working in South Korea with the Save the Children Fund Organisation. "He is three years old — no, four — we're not sure," Sister Salmon laughed. "He was found by a policeman and given to us. We couldn't resist him — he lived with us for 12 months. We have adopted him."

Ko-nam is still in Korea, but when his New Zealand "mother" leaves Pusan in November he will accompany her to New Zealand.

Children in Korea learn early to fight for survival. Ko-nam took on this fight with ingenuity and a sense of humor.

"We were sent some American chocolates," Margaret Salmon said. "While we were both at the clinic during the day, Ko-nam went 'trafficking'."

"With a handful of chocolates he would trade with the other children for toys."

He showed a deep sense of love and duty toward his "two mothers." "With the best of intentions he would roam the streets during the day shouting, 'Anybody sick? Anybody sick?'"

"We would work at the clinic from 8 a.m. until 9 p.m., and it was rather overwhelming to come home at night to be greeted by Ko-nam's long queue of 'sick-people'."

"He could twist us round his little finger."

Devoted girl

Ko-nam was only one of many children that Sister Salmon fell in love with.

"A girl of 12 travelled 20 miles twice a week on foot carrying her brother to the clinic for treatment. She was happy and laughing although she was caring for four children — her parents either abandoned the family or died," she said.

"I loved the people, but maybe I'm too soft. I couldn't stay any longer."

"Nursing training in Australia just cannot equip you to face the shock of Korean conditions. For the first



● Sister Salmon

three months I was numb — the extreme malnutrition, poverty, and unemployment! "The Korean families are so eager to learn. Families will starve to send one of their children to school. The child will then come home and teach his brothers, sisters, and parents what he has been taught."

"The same system follows if he enters university. If he is training to become a lawyer, the family learns law."

"The clerk at our clinic was a B.Sc. and B.A., the driver a qualified lawyer."

Sister Salmon said it was understandable that stealing was prevalent in Pusan.

"Our house was broken into by robbers (or, as Ko-nam calls them, 'sticky boys'). As, for many, stealing is merely a means to eat, you're more apt to forgive than be furious," she said.

"It's rather unnerving, though, to hear them in the house and know they are probably armed with a knife. It's best to lie low when that happens."

Spare-time novelist

● Writing novels and looking after Large White sows and their small pink piglets fills the day for Margaret Henry, of Brookfield, near Brisbane.

SHE and husband Peter, who is a veterinary surgeon, have five-and-a-half acres of rolling hillside, where they have built a charming white brick home and the piggery.

Margaret likes pigs. "Do you know the Border collie and the pig are the two most intelligent quadrupeds?" she asked.

Her children, Lyndal (10), Paul (8), and Nicky (4), were at school and kindergarten when I called.

She had just been approached by the A.B.C., who suggested turning her first book, "Unlucky Dip," into a radio play.

It is about life on a cattle station in north-west Queensland, the district she and Peter lived in after their marriage 12 years ago.

Peter is a graduate of Queensland University, where he now lectures. Margaret came from Sydney.

Her second book, "The Householders" (Cassells, London), is about a young couple who set up home in "Newbury," a colonial house



● Margaret Henry

in a Sydney suburb. The owner plans to sell it for redevelopment. The young couple fight for its life and enlist the aid of the National Trust.

"I am deeply interested in the National Trust, as my father, William McNamara, is its field officer in New South Wales," she said.

Margaret's mother is Clarice McNamara, who combined with Jean Newcomb to write "Common Sense About Marriage." Mrs. McNamara also lectures on parent education at Sydney University.

Her father's sister, Bertha, married Henry Lawson.

Her grandmother (mother of her father and Bertha) was the founder of McNamara's Bookshop, where Henry Lawson, Billy

Hughes, and Jack Lang sometimes met their friends. She was called "the mother of the Australian Labor movement."

Margaret is now doing research for her third book, which will be a social-study story for children.

"If you're a mother and an honorary farmhand, as I am, you need great persistence and perseverance to write," she said.

"When I was writing my second book, my husband was running a very active practice in Gympie. I was always in and out of the surgery, helping to give anaesthetics and so forth. I would snatch moments for writing and couldn't keep my train of thought for very long."

"You must jot down what comes to you. Keep a notebook handy all the time."

Margaret does not call herself a feminist, but she believes the voice of women should be heard more.

"It is very difficult for married women in Australia to play a full-time role in public affairs, but we should equip ourselves for part-time opportunities," she said.

"Women are thinkers, and Australian women have the advantage of extreme versatility — they're able to take anything in their stride."

—Marjorie Stapleton

Ita Buttrose's

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

HER many friends will be delighted to see Allison, Viscountess Dunrossil, the wife of the former Governor-General, the late Viscount Dunrossil, when she arrives in Australia later this year for a two-month visit.

Lady Dunrossil, who is chairman of the Hospitality Council at Victoria League London Headquarters, will be London delegate to the Victoria League Triennial State Conference, which will be held in Canberra in September.

Sydney committee members under their chairman, Mrs. H. B. Farncomb (who leaves for a holiday trip to Queensland in July), are busily organising several late afternoon parties and dinners at their city clubrooms in Lady Dunrossil's honor, and also a garden party on September 18 in the beautiful grounds of "Rosemont," Lady Lloyd Jones' home at Woollahra. Incidentally, the League will hold its annual general meeting on June 24.

During her visit, Lady Dunrossil will visit the League headquarters in each State, and while she is in Sydney, from September 17 to September 22, she will stay at Government House as the guest of the Governor, Sir Eric Woodward, and Lady Woodward, who is president of the Victoria League. Lady Dunrossil will return to Sydney in October for the last week of the British Exhibition.

I LIKE the tiny gold French antique box which Mrs. I. A. Listwan wears attached to a gold bracelet. She told me it was originally used by court ladies of the 15th century as a poison-dispenser. Mrs. Listwan, however, has found another use for the box — it's a perfect secret container for her saccharin tablets!

AFTER a gay round of farewell parties, popular Americans Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Clarke, who have been here for four and a half years, are busy finalising last-minute packing and travelling details. Party-givers over the past few weeks have included Mr. and Mrs. Ronnie Parr, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Minter, Dr. and Mrs. John Furber, and newcomer to Sydney Mrs. Diana von Kohorn, who recently arrived from Melbourne and is living at Vaucluse. The Clarks' trip sounds exciting — they'll leave on July 12 with their daughters, Nancy and Mary, and plan to visit Africa, Egypt, Algiers, Casablanca, Spain, and London before reaching New York, where they'll make their home.



ABOVE: Miss Barbara Costello, of "Stob-hall," Hillston, and Mr. Don McMurray, of Mountain Creek, at the Hillston Catholic Debutante Ball, which was held at the R.S.L. Hall, Hillston. Miss Costello wore an Empire-line gown of burgundy velvet.

AT RIGHT: Mr. Bruce Charlton and Miss Carolyn Underwood, who have announced their engagement. Miss Underwood is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Underwood, of Ashfield, and her fiancé is the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Charlton, of Earlewood. Miss Underwood is wearing a diamond engagement ring.

A COUNTRY holiday on two northern properties is ahead for Gayl Galbraith, who will leave with Patricia Crouch on June 26 to spend a week at Patricia's home, "Primley," Armidale. Gayl will stay at "Primley" until Patricia leaves for Brisbane to attend the wedding of Wendy Williams — an ex-NEGGS Armidale school friend — who will marry Geoffrey Mackenzie on July 2. After Patricia's departure, Gayl will spend a few days with Jane Dunlop at her home, "Cliffdale," Currabubula, before returning to Sydney.

SPECIAL parcels which Mr. and Mrs. Ken Polkinghorne brought home with them last week after a three-week trip to Hong Kong included birthday gifts for their daughter, Pamela, who is 21 on July 9. Poor Pamela — although she knows the gifts are in her home at Pymble, she has to wait until her birthday to see them. She has just spent five weeks in the country with Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Moore, of "Walma," Walgett, and on July 10 will help her parents welcome 140 guests to her formal coming-of-age party at Elanora Country Club. Among the guests will be Jenny Askew, who will arrive home from Europe on July 1.

BRIGHTENING the Sydney scene on a wet day — Mrs. John Austin looking so elegant in an alligator printed silk trench-coat and high-heeled, knee-high alligator and black patent leather boots. She bought them in San Francisco when she was there five weeks ago.

A VIVID reminder of the naval days of Rear-Admiral Galfrey Gatacre and his wife will be their cocktail bar. Incorporated in the design are the crests of the ships and shore stations that Rear-Admiral Gatacre commanded as Flag Officer-in-Charge East Australia Area, his last appointment before he retired last week after 43 years in the Service. He and Mrs. Gatacre are now settling into their new home at Point Piper.

THE traditional "carrying over the threshold" of the bride was slightly altered at the wedding last week of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Gear. Because of the torrential rain, Mr. Gear gallantly carried his bride, the former Miss Kay Hardy, from Ashfield Methodist Church, where they were married, to the waiting bridal car, which took them to the reception at Amory, Ashfield.

A WEDDING in August is being planned by Countess Fruzina Teleki, who has just announced her engagement to Nigel Mainwaring. Fruzina, who is wearing an emerald-and-diamond engagement ring, will have Nigel's sister, Mrs. Graham Fairfax, Kay Vernon, and Veronika Brunhoff as attendants. Otto Albert, Tony Edgar, and Graham Fairfax will attend Nigel.





TO MARRY. Mr. John Hudson and Miss Annette Finlay, who have announced their engagement. Miss Finlay is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Finlay, formerly of "Thornwaite," Scone, and her fiancé is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Hudson, of Wahroonga. The couple will marry in the New Year.



AT RECEPTION. Mr. John Purcell, of "Wondalga," Adelong, and his bride, formerly Miss Judith Oldham, daughter of Mr. S. R. Oldham, of "Matta-Mia," Wagga, and of the late Mrs. Joan Oldham, at the Wentworth Hotel after their marriage at St. Paul's Church, Wahroonga. Pictured with the couple are their attendants (from left) Mrs. John Vivers, Miss Jenny Purcell, Miss Susan Oldham, and Miss Eleanor Lovell. The bride wore a silk gown and a long tulle veil.



AT LEFT: Mrs. Richard Smidlin with the Consul-General for Poland, Mr. Benedykt Polak, at the opening of the Polish Contemporary Art Exhibition at the Dominion Art Galleries. Mr. Polak officially opened the exhibition, which closes on June 26.



AT RIGHT: Mrs. Stan Lands (left) and her mother-in-law, Mrs. Rose Lands, at the barbecue lunch and meeting which the Save the Children Fund Committee held at the Chatswood home of Mrs. George Turnbull. At the lunch, plans were discussed for an International Fair at the Lower Town Hall on October 15 and 16, which Lady Woodward will officially open.



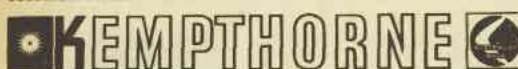
ATTRACTIVE winter hats were worn by, from left to right, Mrs. Frank Bowe, Mrs. John Kearney, Mrs. Arthur Pritchard, Mrs. Neville Morgan, Mrs. George Beynon, and Mrs. Douglas Clayton to the lunch and fashion parade which the Lewisham Hospital Cancer Welfare Fund held at Princes. Dr. Nell Farrar welcomed the 200 guests to the lunch.



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Worth Reporting

WHEN Sydney artist Byram Mansell was designing a ceramic-mosaic mural for the new Nurses' Training School at Broken Hill, someone sent him — anonymously — a clump of salt bush.

"It may have been meant as a joke," the artist said. "But I've incorporated it in my mural as a symbol of the area."

The 12ft. by 4ft. mural tells the story of Australian nursing.

The Tree of Knowledge ("learning for those who seek") is a huge flowering gum tree. The Red Cross ("ever-ready help for sick and maimed") is set against the Southern Cross.

The Lamp (symbolising Florence Nightingale) stands on the Rock of Ages, casting its rays of hope and service. Above The Book ("to record and reward achievement") and the Scroll, bearing the year of the opening of the training school, is the Flying Bird — the Outback's Flying Doctor service.

Behind the Hour Glass, standing on the books of reference for the nursing profession, rise the Towers of Smoke, which reflect Broken Hill's pioneering days.

And the flowers (golden wattle) symbolise the spirit to bring joy and beauty to the sick.

Mr. Mansell brought the colors he used in the mural from India. But for much of his work — especially the aboriginal paintings and designs which have earned him a world-wide reputation — he mixes his colors from natural earth.

He makes his own tiles, baking and glazing them to a formula he learned 25 years ago while living with Indians of the Navajo tribe in Mexico.

"You've got to go away to learn," he said. "But after that, why copy what they paint? I believe we don't make enough artistic use of the resources of our own country."

"I send most of my work overseas. I'm interested in spreading the gospel of Australia as widely as possible."



● The symbols of nursing are incorporated in this ceramic-mosaic mural by Byram Mansell. The mural is to be installed in the new Nurses' Training School at Broken Hill, N.S.W.

Mail from Opera House

PRESENTS for Mother

come in all shapes and sizes, but the one Mrs. E. F. Lane, of Turrumurra, N.S.W., received from her son, Gary, this year is the most unusual we've seen in a long time. It's a "Sydney Opera House" letter-box.

"We didn't have a letter-box — our house was built only last year," Gary, 18, told us. "So I thought I'd make one for Mother's Day and decided to make something different."

Gary, a first-year engineering student at Sydney University, worked on the letter-box at weekends for a total of 40 hours.

"I made plans and scale drawings from an artist's impression and built the model from them," he said.

"It was a lot of fun. The only difficulty was making the sail supports — aluminium bends only one way, so I had to split it, then weld it together again to get a sharp bend."

Gary used only wood and aluminium for his Opera House box. The outer sails are painted white, and the supports and box itself grey.

"This is my first attempt at anything other than model aeroplanes, ships, and gliders," he said with a grin.

Mrs. Lane is thrilled. "It's one of the best presents I've ever received," she said.

● "A wonderful present" . . . Mrs. E. F. Lane and son Gary with the "Sydney Opera House" letter-box he made.

A HOUSEWIFE taking delivery of a new bed was asked by small-boy-next-door if he could have the old one.

"Haven't you got a bed of your own?" she asked him. "Oh, yes," he replied. "But my dad hasn't. He has to sleep with Mum."

Chips with everything

"IT'S surprising, really, what you can make with potatoes," said 17-year-old Ashley Crisp, a junior assistant cook in the Royal Navy.

Surprising indeed. Ashley made a plaited basket filled with roses colored with edible dyes — all from potatoes, and his fancy chip-work won him a top catering competition in London recently.

His method? "You peel the potato carefully into a

long, thin strip," said the young cook (his shipmates call him "Crispie").

"Next you soak the lengths of potato in salt water to make them flexible. Then you can plait them, tie them in knots — anything."

For his prize-winning chip-shape, Ashley plaited and twisted the potatoes into a basket, "moulded" the roses, dyed them artistically, then put the whole thing into a deep-fryer.

"That's the tricky part," he said. "If you don't get the temperature right, the whole thing's ruined."

The young sailor had only three months' cookery training in the Navy before he won the award. It was his first cookery competition.

But if you're thinking of trying a chip-basket for your next dinner party, you'd better allow yourself plenty of time. Crispie's champion concoction took 10 hours to make.



ROSES WITH YOUR STEAK? Navy assistant cook Ashley Crisp, 17, peels a potato for one of his fancy chip-shapes. He won a London award recently in a catering competition with a basket of "roses" made entirely of potatoes.

A CURE FOR NERVES

Doctor prescribes 'objective' as medicine for stress

● Focusing the mind on a particular goal is the best medicine for combating the stress of twentieth-century living, according to a noted English doctor, Lady Margaret Platt, who has been making a whirlwind visit to Australia.

PRACTISING what she preaches, Lady Platt (with barely an hour to spare before boarding a plane for Adelaide) smilingly sipped a cup of morning tea and, in a gentle voice, gave thoughtful answers to a barrage of Press questions, not batting an eyelid to indicate she even HEARD the blare of piped music bursting into the room at her Sydney hotel.

"The ability to concentrate on an objective is developed by keeping a clear mental picture of what one wants to do — or has to do — and learning to shut out distractions," she explained.

As an illustration, she said she had trained herself to be able to study in the midst of such domestic noises as having a son playing the piano, a daughter practising the clarinet, and her husband indulging in his daily habit of playing the cello.

"We can cope with situations when we face up to them, and then gear the

mind on our objective," she said.

"It is desirable to cultivate worthwhile objectives. They can include pleasant everyday things such as planning a party or cooking a nice meal."

By
MARY COLES

Lady Platt, whose husband, Sir Robert, is a former president of the Royal College of Physicians, is herself a world authority on child guidance.

In her psychiatric work with children, the treatment is often largely a matter of helping parents.

"A great deal of children's ill-health and bad behaviour is a result of their parents' emotional difficulties," she said.

"When parents are tense, their children also become tense."

"In family relations, parents need to be able to provide their children with good standards. And values must be impressed on young minds not as commands but

as a better way of doing things.

"In the Victorian era, parents dominated children. Now the pendulum has swung in the opposite direction and children are dominating parents."

"A compromise will have to be worked out, with parents taking a firmer stand."

While her three children were young Lady Platt put her career in cold storage to concentrate on their upbringing, but later took up her work again.

It is good for a woman, she said, to widen her activities and possibly take a job when the family has grown up.

"Men are always pleased when their wives get out into the world again."

"They see them in a new and interesting light, and look forward to having them as partners whose companionship they're going to enjoy in retirement as much as they did when both were young."

Sir Robert has been making a professional visit to Australia.



LADY PLATT calmly sips tea amidst departure flurry and the blare of recorded music while answering Press questions.



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INVESTMENT GUIDE

By MARY BROKER

● With winter no longer "ycomen in" but upon us, most people can probably think of nothing better than curling up in front of a roaring log fire or, failing that, one of the smart new heaters now on the market.

ALTHOUGH this may sound extraordinarily like an advertisement from a heating appliance manufacturer, let me assure you it isn't. It is just an introduction to an industry which must be enjoying more and more prosperous times.

Why "must be"? Well, for one thing, more and more houses are being built, which lends itself to an increase in the heating market.

For another, wages and the standard of living are constantly rising — witness the recent increase of £1 a week in the Federal basic wage—and, as living standards rise, people are much more likely to spend more on luxuries.

One company which stands to benefit from this has always been a favorite of mine — Vulcan Industries Ltd. Only a small company (ordinary capital is a mere £500,000), earnings have been excellent in the two years since listing, and there seems no reason

why this trend should not continue.

Vulcan is best known for its Conray Convection heater. This type of unit has been on the Australian market only since 1955, but I believe it already has the lion's share of the demand for room heaters.

This heater was, I have heard, the brain-child of Mr. E. R. Dubsky, an engineering graduate and the managing director. Many people attribute the whole of the company's success to this one man.

Whether or not this is so, I do know that a large team of draftsmen and engineers has been gradually built up in order to ensure a continuous flow of new products and constant improvements to old ones.

However, the main thing is that the company is being run well. All products (others include different types of heaters and cooking appliances) are enjoying good demand, and, in the December half-year, sales were, according to the chairman, "substantially above

those of the corresponding period last year."

Profits were at a satisfactory level, and interim dividend was maintained at 5 per cent., indicating a steady 10 per cent. for the full year.

Down, then up

Last year, unfortunately, profit fell slightly, although sales were at a record level. Many new appliances were being manufactured, and these contained a high content of imported materials.

However, this year the company is doing "import replacement," i.e., most of their imported components are now manufactured by Vulcan itself, which must greatly reduce expenses.

At the current price of 13/6, 100 5/- shares in this dynamic little company would cost about £69, and bring an annual dividend of £2/10/-.

I think a new issue may easily be coming here some time in the future, since reserves are fairly low and

expansion is proceeding apace.

Aside from radiator heaters, there is also air-conditioning. Although this industry as a whole is at present much out of favor on the stock market, there is one company with an interest in the field whose record can be described as little short of excellent.

This is Kelvinator Australia Ltd., usually associated with refrigerators, washing-machines, and similar appliances.

Air-conditioning makes up a fairly small percentage of the company's constant turnover, the consumer products division being the principal money-spinner.

As with that other good little company, John Shearer, which I told you about in another issue, Kelvinator is based in South Australia. Branches are maintained in Melbourne, Brisbane, Sydney, and Perth, giving the company's products Australia-wide coverage.

Last year Kelvinator made history and surprised the stock market pleasantly by

This Week: WARMING THE HOUSE

making a 1-4 bonus issue—the first in its life as a public company.

It was well prepared to do this, since profits have been heavily ploughed back into the business over the years, building up reserves and generating expansion.

Going by the 1964 accounts, to prove my point, profit was a record £395,000, with £380,000 being provided for tax.

This huge tax provision indicates that real profit was substantially greater, probably of the order of £465,000 on public company tax rates. However, of the declared profit, £164,000 was transferred to general reserve, that is nearly 42%.

What really impresses about Kelvinator is its ability to earn substantial profits in times when other refrigerator manufacturers find it tough going. For instance, during the credit squeeze, profit remained high and twice covered the usual 15% dividend.

One hundred 5/- shares at around 24/6 cost about £125, to give a dividend of £3/15/- per year. For the medium to long-term investor I feel this is one that should be included in your portfolio.



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The Oldest Olympian



YACHTSMAN Bill Northam, of Pittwater, N.S.W., and (left) his yacht, Barrenjoey, in Sydney. With Peter O'Donnell and Dick Sargent they will represent Australia in Tokyo.

He's going after the yachting honors with a boy's gusto . . . and the smile of a man who's won a jackpot

By CYNTHIA ROBINSON

● Life begins at 59, according to genial Bill Northam, who recently became the oldest sportsman ever chosen to represent Australia at the Olympic Games.

BILL NORTHAM is the oldest Olympian in calendar years. But in terms of energy and boyish enthusiasm he's as young as any teenager in the Australian contingent for Tokyo.

Mr. Northam, a grandfather and business executive, has his Olympic blazer (and accompanying wide-angled grin) for yachting.

He'll represent Australia in his elegant 5.5-metre yacht Barrenjoey with crew members Peter ("Pod") O'Donnell and Dick Sargent, who were deckhands in Gretel's America's Cup bid.

"Yes, we'll be there in Tokyo, and we'll be ready to win, too," said Mr. Northam with a glint in his eyes.

"This Olympic selection is the most amazing, exciting thing that's happened in my life, and I'm going to make the most of it."

"If anyone had tried to tell me a year ago that I'd

be an Olympian, I'd have told him he was mad. I'd have said I'd left my run just half a century too late.

"I'd really hoped to go to Tokyo to watch my 21-year-old son, Rod, row for Australia, but he missed out on selection by seconds. Now he'll have to watch me instead."

This instant success is remarkable from the sailing point of view, but not really so remarkable to those who know Bill Northam and his tremendous capacity to get on with any job he sets himself.

He is chairman of a big pharmaceutical firm which has headquarters in the U.S.A. He is an alderman of the Sydney City Council, and a couple of years ago he campaigned strongly for election as Lord Mayor of Sydney.

He lost—but no one enjoyed the fight more.

Born in England, he came to Australia when he was seven and was educated at Sydney's first Knox College.

He decided to go to sea when he left school.

"My father decided otherwise, though, and talked me out of it," he said. "So I did the next best thing and became a marine engineer's representative, earning the princely sum of 8/6 a week."

"But there wasn't enough action in this life for me. I wanted to be a salesman, and I badly wanted to drive racing-cars. So I settled for the speed first, and for eight years raced cars round Australia."

"Then, a short 31 years ago, I joined this company as a salesman and did just about every job in the place before I became chairman."

Racing success

"And now," he said, with a smile of a man who has just cracked the jackpot, "in a way I'm about to achieve that early ambition of working my passage overseas . . . but in a yacht rather than a merchant ship."

Though he has always been keen on sailing, Bill Northam has been a racing yachtsman only since 1951, but in 13 years he has had many successes.

In 1955 and 1956 he won the Australian 8-metre championship, bringing victory in this event to N.S.W. for the first time in decades.

He then turned his attention to ocean racing.

In 1957 he was going well in the Sydney-Hobart race until Caprice of Huon lost a mast off Port Kembla. Determined to do better, he was back again the next year, and this time was third across the line.

In 1962, when he was in the United States for the America's Cup races (in which his elder son, Brian, was a crew member of Gretel), he studied new trends in yachts, and last year Jazzer, a stylish 42-footer, was built for him from an imported design.

"Jazzer—we called her that because she couldn't keep straight—is a beautiful yacht, and I had a lot of success with her," he said. "But last year I began sailing near my home at Pittwater, and I got talked into racing in the 5.5-metre competition there."

"I wasn't too sold on the idea, as I'd never sailed anything smaller than a 42-footer before."

"I couldn't help thinking that if I kept on changing at this rate I'd be sailing in a dinghy or paddling a canoe in another year."

"Anyway, I got enthusiastic enough about the 5.5-metre idea to give Jazzer to

Brian and to build Barrenjoey.

"It hadn't really entered my head that I'd get serious about racing her, and it didn't look as though we'd do much good last season."

"She wasn't launched till Christmas Eve, and by the time I went to hospital to have a knee cartilage removed it was into the New Year before we got going in Barrenjoey."

"Till then I'd only sailed a 5.5 once, but with those two great boys Pod and Dick in the crew we soon got her moving and we thought we might as well enter the Australian championships."

"A breeze"

"This meant we had only five or six weeks to get ready. But we won three Australian championships and our Australian blazers all within three months."

"Now it's next stop Tokyo."

"With the light sailing conditions we expect there, I think we'll do well. Our toughest opposition will come from America and Russia, and just how we'll get on with that lot I wouldn't know."

Before leaving for Tokyo, Mr. Northam will be busy sailing, sailing, sailing in a bid to beat the world.

He'll still find time to look after his business interests

("though nobody really expects to see me much till the Games are over") and his many other interests.

It would be a tough programme for most people, but for "young" Bill Northam it's a breeze.

Recently he has been as busy as a beaver raising money for the Olympic Fund and he has brought in thousands.

"I suppose I had an unfair advantage," he said with a throaty chuckle. "I just told all my pals in the business world that they could afford to give a few hundred, and they hardly liked to refuse."

"A couple did say: 'You're in the team, what are you worrying about?'"

"I'd tell them, 'Yes, I've got my fare, but how am I going to get my boat there? And what's the use of my going if some of my young friends have to stay at home because blokes like you were so mean there was no money for them to get there?'"

"It always worked."

Now the money has rolled in, Bill Northam is elated.

"When I saw the athletes march round the Melbourne Cricket Ground at the 1956 Olympics, I thought that it must be the thrill of a lifetime," he said.

"Now, by some unbelievable chance, I'll have the chance to find out at first hand."

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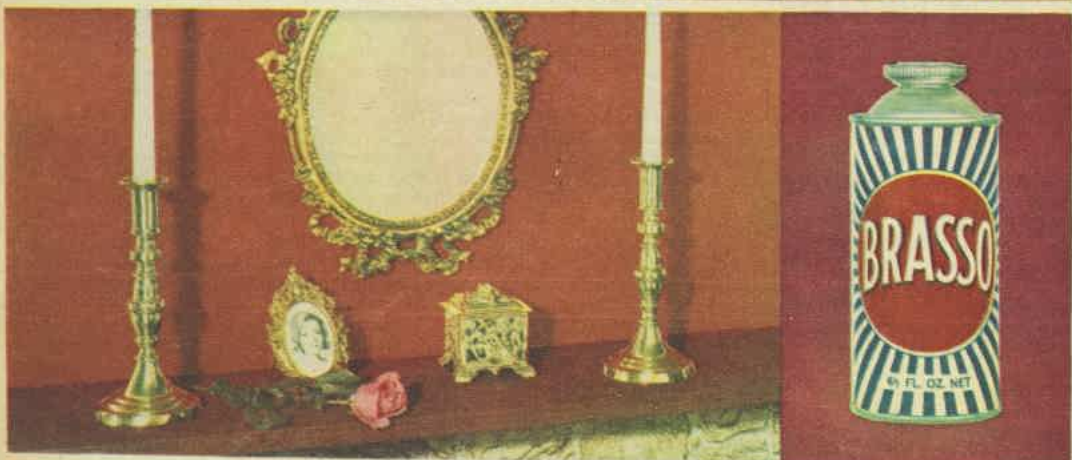
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BUFFETED by wind and rain, The Beatles shelter under huge umbrellas on the special truck that paraded them before welcoming fans at Mascot airport.

TV's wonderful job on B-Day

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Sydney show business has a new argument — was it the rain that washed out The Beatles' arrival in Sydney or was it a national characteristic that caused the shriekless welcome that surprised dawn viewers?

IT was six of one and half a dozen of the other, I think.

John Bailey, who with Johnny O'Keefe did the commentary from Mascot for the combined telecast of the arrival for TCN9 and ATN7, remarked that there wasn't a riot or an incident at the airport.

I think there was a demonstration — a demonstration of gold-plated admiration, even if it was silent.

I give my special award of a Beatle's Wing to all the kids who braved that weather to meet their crush.

When I saw the sodden clothes and all those good hairdos stuck together, with the rain dripping steadily down cheeks and necks, I thought today's kids are made of sterner stuff than I, huddled by a radiator in a comfortable chair watching on TV.

The hour's delay in the arrival of the B.O.A.C. plane carrying The Beatles was a bonus for me—for the first time I really heard The Beatles' records and the famous Liverpool beat. There was a solid hour of Beatle music from the TV channels — and it's good.

The music was interspersed with a clever commercial, simple and devastatingly effective on such an occasion.

The TV men did wonders in a telecast in which everything was against them. The light was bad, the rain and wind were practically at gale force, and the fans were wet, cold, and not given to making bright or witty remarks in interviews.

The TV cameras showed the soggy group of about 500 Beatle fans stuck together like wet blotting-paper when, an hour later, The Beatles' plane touched down at Mascot, making a bow-wave like a fast-moving destroyer.

Shrieks

It was the signal for the familiar Beatlemania shriek that rose above the pelting rain and wind.

Minutes later, as The Beatles left the plane almost hidden by huge black umbrellas to mount an open truck and drive past their fans, there was TV silence, not a shriek to be heard.

From then on TCN9 gave the day to The Beatles. Every move at The Sheraton, even a curtain wobble in 'The Beatles' suite as the wind moved it, was shown to viewers.

Channel 9 has never had such a public reaction to any outside telecast it has ever done. Inside the station, too, the staff reaction and interest were so great that executives had to roster staffs to watch TV sets so that the channel did indeed run and wasn't given over entirely to Beatlemania.

"The staff reaction to the telecasts was incredible," a channel spokesman said.

"We're used to famous people over here, people famous in all fields, but no one has ever caused the stir The Beatles have."

One man who saw the end of Beatle Day thankfully was TCN9's commentator David

a rather way-out adaptation of a Davy Crockett cap.

They were all spectacular in rakishness and practicality.

The film that mystified

"SAY Bow-wow," a film made by the A.B.C. film unit which starred a four-year-old Kelpie named Scamp, was the silliest and most boring 15 minutes I have ever sat through on TV.

Ballyhooed as a satirical film, its script called for a man to be turned into a dog.

I don't really know what it was about, or what its exact message was supposed to be.

There was a board meeting attended by some eight elderly conservative men, who communicated by barking like dogs, and went on at it incessantly, later pelted one another with high-grade Egg Board eggs that slimed their way through their hair and down their faces; a man-turned-into-a-dog painted an abstract picture with its paws, played a piano, and did some typing.

The dog was the best actor on the screen, and I feel that the intelligence which enabled him to become so highly trained could eventually lead him to be a producer of films like "Say Bow-wow."

It was a piece of adolescent nonsense and was followed by a discussion on its merits between John Huntley, of the British Film Institute, whom I recently interviewed, and Australian Bill Collins.

I must say my faith in Huntley evaporated as I heard him say "Say Bow-wow" was exciting, challenging, full of rich symbolism.

I agreed with our Mr. Collins, a teacher at the Sydney Teachers' College, who specialises in film-appreciation (you can see him on ABN2, any night Monday to Friday at 5.40), that it was crude, deplorable, and atrocious.

I still can't make up my mind whether Huntley was having viewers on when he was excitedly praising it, and just putting on a show, or whether he really thinks it was good.

Such experimental films should be left to experimenters who have a captive living-room audience, not foisted on viewers.

But come to think of it, they can't be foisted on viewers — the channel switch is a quick, sure antidote to such painful viewing.

Television

Paterson, who did an excellent job from the Chevron Hilton Hotel, across the road from the Sheraton Hotel in Macleay Street, where The Beatles stayed.

Paterson lives at Castle Hill and to avoid a 3 a.m. rising on Beatle Day to get to the Chevron Hilton by 6 a.m., when he was on duty, he decided to spend the night at the Chevron.

He settled down in the suite reserved by TCN9 on the 6th floor from where the cameras were trained on The Beatle penthouse opposite.

What he forgot was that cameramen and technicians would have to start setting up equipment at 2.30 a.m. in the room in which he slept. From that hour on Paterson was up, and he was very tired by the night of the hard day.

Other tired TCN men, too, were the crews of the van from which direct outside telecasts are made — like the most ardent Beatle fans, they were at Mascot all night, too, readying installations.

Next big Beatle TV do for TCN9 is on July 1, the day Australia farewells The Beatles from Mascot when they leave for London. Goodness knows what will happen that day, but everything is being done to make it a super-colossal epic.

In between times, every time The Beatles can be got on a TV camera, Channel 9 viewers will see them.

The fashion highlight of the first Beatle telecast was provided by the millinery of the Press and movie photographers at Mascot at 6 a.m.

They wore sou'westers, snap-brimmed felts, pom-pommed knitted beanies, and one that looked like



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Two shows that keep romping on



Television



"SATURDAY DATE" and "Bandstand" are very much part of the same family. "Bandstand" is "Saturday Date" grown up, or "Saturday Date" is the rather brash teenager that "Bandstand" was before it took on the veneer of sophistication and the more elaborate production that comes with a move into the higher-budget bracket.

I think Brian Henderson, "Bandstand's" popular compere, must shake himself as he watches "Saturday Date" romp on, and think, "This is where I came in." I wonder would he rather be where Jimmy Hannan is today again, or stay where he is, bland as cream, smooth, unruffled?

He is perfectly happy where he is, I'm sure, and so is Jimmy Hannan. Both have a multitude of fans, both dote on their own shows, enjoy working on each other's.

— Nan Musgrove

"BANDSTAND" may be seen in: Sydney, TCN9, 6.30 p.m. Saturday. Melbourne, GTV9, 5 p.m. Sunday. Brisbane, QTQ9, 5.15 p.m. Saturday. Adelaide, NWS9, 5.30 p.m. Sunday. Hobart, TVT6, 5.45 p.m. Saturday. Perth, TVW7, 4.25 p.m. Saturday.

"SATURDAY DATE" may be seen in: Sydney, TCN9, 3.30 p.m. Saturday. Brisbane, QTQ9, 4.15 p.m. Saturday. Adelaide, NWS9, 5 p.m. Saturday.



ABOVE: Joint appearance on "Bandstand" with singer Laurel Lea for Brian Henderson (left) and Jimmy Hannan.



LEFT: Band boys and Channel 9 dancers, "Bandstand" regulars.

ABOVE: Jimmy and Laurel record for "Saturday Date."



DID YOU KNOW?

MARY TYLER MOORE

● Mary Tyler Moore, who plays Dick Van Dyke's TV wife, was dropped from "The Ed Sullivan Show" when she refused to sing a musical number "live."

MARY insisted on pre-recording the song and miming the lyrics on camera.

The producers of the show insisted on a live performance, one reason being that miming—perfect synchronisation between the sound of the words and the "look" of the words mouthed by the singer—is very difficult.

It usually requires the cameras to move back so the viewer can't

see the singer closely enough to tell the difference.

The Sullivan show is one of the few remaining American TV variety shows where everything is live, and the only time they allow pre-recording is when a performer has to participate in a strenuous dance while singing.

Miss Moore's stand cost her 15,000 dollars (£7500)—her fee for two guest-shots. She was replaced by Bobby Rydell.

★ ★ ★
THERE is often as much wit heard in American TV news programmes as on the comedy shows. On a documentary about Mississippi, the commentator described it as "the dry State where the bootleggers are listed in the telephone directory under beverages."

★ ★ ★
THE steady stream of British performers to the U.S. is presenting the U.S. Department of Labor with a problem.

On the one hand, the British performers are at the crest of a wave of popularity, and the TV

Television

producers want to hire them. On the other hand, American performers' unions claim the imported talent take bookings away from domestic talent. The Government agencies are in the middle, trying to keep everybody happy.

But they made Ed Sullivan very unhappy recently. "The Ed Sullivan Show" had scheduled English singer Dusty Springfield for its Sunday broadcast — and on the Friday the Department of Labor discharged her from the show.

When Sullivan insisted that she was a uniquely successful British recording star, the Government agency reversed itself on Saturday, the day of rehearsals. The delighted Miss Springfield said: "I'm a human being and nobody can duplicate me. In all modesty, I am the only Dusty Springfield."

Even if her real name is Mary O'Brien.

Tommy Hanlon's

Thought for the week

Momma once said: "I wonder why men keep on insisting that they are the boss of the family? . . . After all, who picks out the furniture? . . . The wife . . . Who picks out the colors of the home? . . . The wife . . . Who selects the rugs? . . . The wife . . . Who buys the groceries? . . . The wife . . . Who buys most of his ties, shirts, underwear, and helps him select his suits? . . . The wife . . . Who says, 'You certainly are not going out tonight with the boys' and he doesn't? . . . The wife . . . Who says, 'I want you home promptly for dinner at six? . . . And he's home at six . . . Does that sound like he's the boss? . . . AND I could go on and on and on . . . SO just remember this . . ."

Momma's moral . . . Any time a married man tells you that he's the boss in his own home . . . you can bet he'll lie about other things, too . . .



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NOW HE'S ON THE LAWYERS' SIDE

● Emmy Award-winning actor E. G. Marshall admits he once held a poor opinion of lawyers.

"I REGARDED them as hirelings for people in trouble, paid to get them out of trouble as shrewdly as they could," he says.

That was before he began playing Lawrence Preston, the dedicated lawyer in the TV series "The Defenders."

"The Defenders" is one of the most popular series shown on Australian TV. A new series will start throughout Australia on the Channel 7 network later this year.

After three seasons co-starring with Robert Reed in these legal dramas, E.G.'s scepticism about the law business has changed to admiration.

"I realise now how abysmally ignorant I was about the practice of law," says the man who was the prosecutor in such films as "The Caine Mutiny" and "Compulsion," and defence lawyer in the television drama "Sacco and Vanzetti."

Marshall is now an avid student of the law.

He regularly reads the publications of the Legal Aid and Defenders' Association and the American Bar Association, and he recently completed two courses, one in jurisprudence and one in constitutional law, at the New School for Social Research in New York.

"I still do homework," he says, "and I occasionally go to a courtroom to observe procedures."

Marshall also is in demand as guest speaker at various Bar Association functions. He enjoys

● Co-stars of the legal dramas, "The Defenders," E. G. Marshall (seated) and Robert Reed.



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Television

doing this when his TV work permits it; but he never poses as a legal expert.

Recently, the actor was a guest at several important legal meetings in Washington, D.C.

He was also a guest of honor at the National Council of the Federal Bar Association, in celebration of Law Day, and was the principal speaker at a banquet of the National Lawyers' Club, sponsored by the Federal Bar Association.

Members of the Association escorted him on visits to the U.S. Supreme Court, the Court of Military Appeals—which is the Defence Department's highest judicial body—and the Justice Department.

"I've come to realise that under our system of law everyone is entitled to be defended, no matter what crime he has committed," Marshall says.

"We have repeatedly demonstrated how grievous miscarriages of justice are prevented by Constitutional guarantees that any person, no matter how repugnant his beliefs or how apparent his guilt, is entitled to the full protection of the law."

Marshall says that "The Defenders" will continue "to project the image of our system of justice as a vast roof sheltering all equally and supported by four equally important pillars: the prosecutor, the advocate (defence lawyer), the jury, and the judge—and that all should be held in equal esteem."

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Come rain, hail, or snow, it was Janie's wedding day, and nothing would spoil it for her . . . a romantic short story

HAPPY IS THE BRIDE

By GEORGE F. WORTS



Illustrated
by Boothroyd

HAPPY is the bride the sun shines on, and Janie Ridley's wedding day dawned propitiously pearly and pink. But it was cloudburst season in southern Arizona, and only a cloudburst knows what a cloudburst intends to do. When the bridal party left the ranch-house, the sky was a brilliant blue and scattered with powder-puff clouds.

Before they reached the church, rain was crashing down. Ushers met them at the kerb with umbrellas that the whipping wind made useless, but at that time everyone was drenched, anyway.

The bridegroom's three aunts proceeded majestically up the walk to the church, seemingly impervious to the forces of Nature, over which they had no control. The bride's uncle followed a trifle uncertainly. The bride and her maid of honor hiked their wet skirts to their knees and made a dash for it.

Halfway up the walk, Janie stumbled and dropped her white orchid bouquet into a mud puddle, but she recovered it quickly and ran into the church.

Janie could feel tears of despair welling in her eyes, but she had learned to cope with overwhelming situations and she was determined that she would not be overwhelmed by this one.

In the vestry room at the rear of the church, Kate Hanson, the maid of honor, slumped in a chair, her clothes dripping. The purple ribbon of her pink rose bouquet was bleeding dark dye on to her orchid chiffon gown, which had lost its fullness and hung limply about her long legs.

Janie gently removed the bouquet from Kate's hand and placed it on the dressing-table beside her own. She looked at her watch. "We go up that aisle in exactly twelve minutes."

"Call it off," Kate said. "Look at you! Look at me! I'm not teaming up with you in any clown act."

"Stop wailing," Janie said, removing her limp nylon veil and shaking the water from it. "Here's a box of tissues. Mop yourself off and fix your face."

Janie's peau de soie slippers felt as if they were disintegrating. She took them off and the water ran out. She shook the mud from her bouquet and removed the purple ribbon from Kate's. She rubbed her hair until it dried, restoring the natural curl.

Kate snorted. "You don't even know that Ted is here!"

"Ted is here. One of my many reasons for marrying him is his absolute dependability," said Janie.

She opened the door into the nave. Her devoted but ineffectual Uncle Ben was sitting in the back pew with his eyes closed, a smile curving his lips. His function was to escort her to the altar, but would he be able to?

Janie had lived with Uncle Ben since the death of her parents. He owned a cattle ranch, and with Janie's help had managed to hang on to it through bad years of drought and low cattle prices. Well, no man is perfect, thought Janie. When tensions became intolerable he tranquillised himself with bourbon, and she had to

cope not only with the ranch but with Uncle Ben, too.

In the pew in front of Uncle Ben sat a dozen small boys and girls who were reaching the seat-bouncing stage of excitement. Until a year ago, when Janie had gone to take a job in Albuquerque, they had comprised her Sunday school class.

"Mike," she called. A ten-year-old redhead came over. "Hi, Miss Ridley," he said eagerly, and then his face became serious. "Gee, your dress looks awful drippy."

"Mike, Ted, and his best man are in the choir room. Tell them I'm on countdown and will be go-go-go at zero."

Dr. Theodore Lodge was a young atomic physicist with the New Mexico Radiation Laboratory and, since he was doubtless jittery, Janie knew he would derive comfort from that familiar phrasing.

Janie had met Ted when she was an interviewer for a radio station in Albuquerque, and from the moment of their meeting their love had been as spontaneous as a runaway atomic reaction.

There was a sudden crash of thunder outside the church; the lights flickered and went out. From the murky gloom Kate said cheerfully, "They're out for a long time. You know this maverick power company. No organ music. No Lohengrin. And where are your bridesmaids? Stuck somewhere, waiting for a flash

flood to run off. Stop being so stubborn and have a postponement."

"No," said Janie. "I will not disappoint Ted and all our guests. Rain or shine, this is my wedding day."

The frustrations had begun the day before, when Ted phoned that some radium had been spilled at the lab and he could not make it to the evening rehearsal. When decontamination was completed, he said, he and the best man would drive straight from Albuquerque and be at the church in time for the ceremony.

And would she or Uncle Ben meet his three aunts, who would arrive in Tucson from Boston that afternoon? They would be representing his family, since his mother was in a Washington hospital with appendicitis and his father was tied up with a case for the Department of Justice.

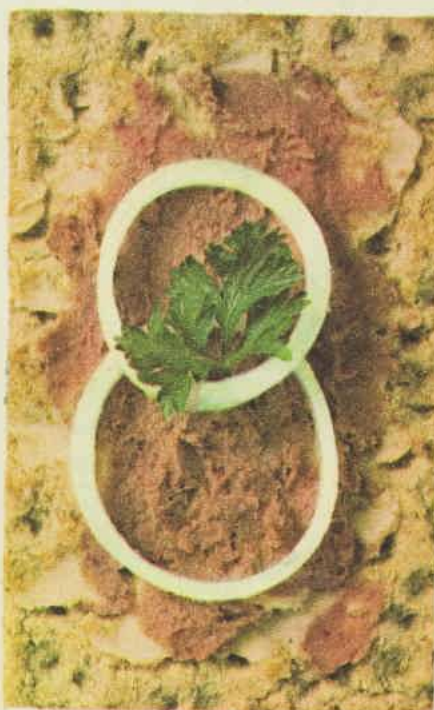
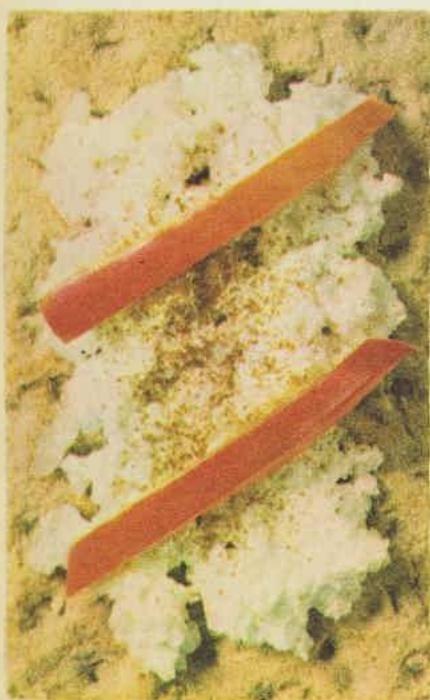
The aunts were formidable women, and they made no effort to conceal their disapproval. Janie decided, however, that they would have disapproved of any girl who had the effrontery to marry their adored nephew.

Uncle Ben brought them out to the ranch from the airport. Janie had hoped he would melt them with his wry humor, but when they retired to their room that night it was apparent he had failed.

To page 70



7 delicious ways to beat starvation diets



and still stay slim

Six of them *start* with Ryvita Crispbread. The seventh is crunchy, tasty, satisfying Ryvita Crispbread — served solo, or with maybe a dab of butter.

Ryvita Crispbread is a real *food*. It's packed with vitality-giving rye vitamins, minerals, proteins. It's packed with taste and crunch. And it's oh-so-low in weight-building calories.

So why starve yourself into shape? Eat all the Ryvita you like. Crunch into Ryvita and your favourite spread (forget heavy starchy breads, forget your waist-line worries). If you *must* snack between meals, have some more Ryvita. It makes you fit, keeps you slim.



When Adam met Sally he knew she was his dream girl — a short story

ADAM CARSON looked with delight and despair at his friend Sally Benedict — delight because he was in love with her; despair because she was his friend, not his girl. They had met in September. It was May now; in June Sally would go to Paris and he would never see her again. Sometimes he thought losing her would kill him, and other times he feared it wouldn't and he would live to be an old, old man without her.

"Sally," he said, "listen."

"I'm listening," she said.

They were in the sculpture workshop at the university, and Sally was embedding metal beads and pieces of wire in a concoction of plaster. When it was finished it would be entitled "Cow on a Lawn," or "Laughter," or something equally incongruous, and would probably win a prize in the student show.

Sally won a lot of prizes. She was a very good artist, Adam thought, and he was proud of her work, although to him most of it looked like something that had boiled over on the stove.

"Sally, listen — would you like to go to Carmel for the weekend?"

"Gee, I don't know." She twisted part of a coathanger into a half-moon and squinted professionally at her creation. "How much would it cost?"

"Oh, thirty or forty dollars should do it. This couple I know — Mat and Myra Harmon — want to drive up."

"Well . . ." She put one plaster-covered finger to the tip of her nose. "There goes my lunch money for the rest of the month, but what the heck! I could do with a change."

"Great," he said, trying to sound matter-of-fact, although the Carmel weekend was his last desperate hope and her acceptance was a triumph.

"Mat and I can take a day off from work," he said. "Would you mind cutting classes on Friday so we can get an early start?"

"O.K.," she said, and moved back to get a long-range view of her sculpture.

Adam looked at it, too. "I wish I understood what you're doing."

"You will. You're coming along very well."

Adam was an engineer. He knew a lot about calculus and quite a bit about the international situation, football, and jazz, but until he met Sally the only painting he could identify with absolute certainty was the Mona Lisa.

Sally had lent him art books and taken him to the museum, and he had progressed from the Renaissance to the Impressionists. Now he was able to look at a Cezanne with real pleasure.

Sally covered up her work and put away her tools. Her movements were angular and at the same time gentle. She was very slender. She had a strong chin, a soft mouth, large dark eyes, and dark hair that fell to her shoulders. She was twenty-one years old, but to Adam her age seemed to range between ten and thirty.

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SO MUCH IN COMMON

BY
HARRIETT
PRATT





THE DIFFERENCE

Life is so much happier when there is someone to share our troubles and joys—a short story

By DOROTHY M. ROSE



SOUPS — especially meaty soups — glow with flavour when an OXO cube is added.



STEWES require the extra richness, the extra goodness that only OXO can give.



CASSEROLES deserve the rich savoury flavour which OXO brings out.



GRAVY made from OXO stock is the secret of a really good gravy.

The extra
flavour
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Roasts, stews, casseroles, mince — in fact any meat cooks better, tastes better when OXO is added . . . OXO — with its nine extra-good ingredients, including beef stock and beef extract, spices and onion — brings out the best in all your meat cookery. It takes a moment to crumble in one or two OXO cubes — but what a difference it makes! That's why you should never be without OXO — made to make good meals better!



(Write to Box 69, G.P.O. Sydney for FREE OXO Recipes leaflets.)

UNTIL middle age, Ellen Barnaby had been a woman loved, protected, busy. Then three blows fell in sequence: her husband died; her son married; Ellen, recovering listlessly the next year from a long, serious bout with pneumonia, was forbidden to return to the office job she'd formerly found to fill her time. Her heart, the doctor dictated, needed a rest.

Ellen's heart, in truth, needed other therapy more desperately, which made her seize, heedlessly, on what chance offered: a gangling, young stray dog, ignoring the fact someone might claim it, the doctor would protest, and Jim, her son, and his wife, would claim, out of genuine concern, that it was too much for her.

Ellen first saw the pup as she hung out her washing on a Friday afternoon. "Hello," she said absently to the dog, who was sniffing at the garbage pail.

It dislodged the lid, knocking it clanging to the ground. Ellen wandered over to where the pup, his paws on the rim of the pail, explored anxiously.

LOST, or abandoned, poor thing. "Hello," Ellen repeated, and was knocked back a step by the speed with which the paws transferred from rim, to ground, to her own waist. The dog, black, with patches of white, inspected Ellen as eagerly as he had the pail. "You're about six months old, aren't you, Patch? You haven't grown into those big paws yet." The ruff of his neck still showed rub marks of a collar.

How long since he'd eaten? Ellen wondered. Feed a dog, own a dog, an inner voice cautioned. But surely that was cats, wasn't it?

She let him follow her inside while she foraged in the refrigerator, and back out again as she placed the meat on folded newspaper. Retreating, Ellen watched through the window, her maternal instincts moved by the frenzied gulping.

Patch looked up when he'd finished, waited a bit, ears erect, tail wagging. But finally he trotted out to the street. Going from window to window, Ellen traced his erratic progress; he trailed a passer-by, about-faced to pursue a child half a block, then reversed direction again, in the panicked way of all lost creatures. It reminded Ellen of herself these days; she turned from the window.

But later, when she opened the door to fetch the evening paper, there he was again. "Patch!" Ellen cried. It was bitterly cold outside. He really was lost.

Just overnight, then, Ellen chided herself.

At the six o'clock whistle, Patch beat a path to the refrigerator again and sniffed. Ellen, indifferent to food herself this past year, yielded to the hint and prepared supper, waiting until her own was ready before she set down his. Surprised at herself,

Ellen ate with relish. It made all the difference, she sighed, having someone, even an animal, to look after.

Sleep had been a stranger lately, so Ellen, during the night, heard Patch grunt contentedly as he circled after his tail, flopping to a comfortable position on the rug. Later she slept and came awake suddenly to broad daylight. She rose and dressed. Dogs had to be walked, first thing.

Willing though she was, Ellen was unprepared for the ecstasy that propelled Patch along, and herself behind him. Patch snuffed, frisked, tugged at the rope.

When he paused Ellen was breathless, forgotten pleasure re-awakening. Sky and earth still shone in a world bigger than her small one.

Ellen made half-hearted inquiries about lost dogs in the neighborhood and at the corner store.

Sunday, just this once, came too soon.

"You're out of your mind, Mother!" Jim protested during his weekly visit. "A puppy! At your age! In your condition! What you should do is sell this place and live with us, let us take care of you."

Ellen's daughter-in-law backed him up. Words of duty, offered affectionately. But if she lived with them, how would she stem her words, not so much of possessiveness, but of habit? ("Wear your rubbers, son." "Take your topcoat.") No, young people in love deserve privacy.

"I'll advertise in the 'Dogs Found,'" Ellen conceded.

The phone call came too soon, too. "Black, with white patches?" a woman's voice demanded. "Frank's missed Pete so. He'll come over straight from work."

Hanging up, Ellen quaveringly tried "Pete" on "Patch." At the result, she sat down and wept.

Judging from the coltish reception, the pup loved Frank Upton ardently. Mr. Upton, about Ellen's own age, was a nice man — big, stolid, quiet, even reminded her vaguely of her own husband, except in one respect.

Jim, sen., had indulged her in almost everything; Mr. Upton wanted his dog back. He offered remuneration for the ad and Pete's care, which Ellen refused.

DURING the next week, Ellen doggedly washed the drapes, which weren't dirty, and forgot mealtimes.

On Friday, when the paper boy collected, Ellen's heart twisted. Oh, no! Double parting was too much. The pup was loose again. Pete rushed through the open door.

Ellen cut short her instinctive nuzzling of his snout to her cheek and resolutely marched to the phone.

The woman sounded exasperated this time. And Mr. Upton, arriving at six, looked sheepish. Ellen waved him in and seated him in the living-room so she could settle this business once and for all.

"I do wish you'd keep him tied up," she said edgily.

Frank Upton nodded while his big hand roughly fondled Pete's head: "I'm sorry. You've gone to a lot of trouble. Most women wouldn't. You take my house-keeper, Miss Simpson's elderly, and the dog's a bother to her."

His eyes, revealing embarrassment, went to his hand on Pete's head. "I really shouldn't keep a dog. It's just that Pete's something to come home to. With the wife gone, and the kids married, it makes a difference. You know?"

"Oh!" Surprise made Ellen's exclamation louder than she'd have liked. Of course she knew

all about the difference. Frank Upton was obviously living in the past. He shouldn't do that. Any doctor could tell him. With quick sympathy, Ellen began to exchange confidences.

At the sound of her voice, Pete came and laid his head in her lap, panting. Her hand touched the soft fur.

Frank Upton smiled. "Looks as though we might have to share custody."

He reached for his pocket, perhaps for his wallet, but thought better of it. "Look, I know you won't take anything." His hands clasped each other in recognisable self-consciousness, but something more, entreaty. "Maybe you'd come out and have supper with

me. Somehow, I never have any appetite, eating alone."

Ellen Barnaby knew all about that, too. She agreed, flustered. "I'll just get my hat."

As she adjusted the hat, her newest one, before her bureau mirror, Ellen found herself taking care with the exact angle of brim over brow, veiling over face, and blushed. At her age! But the color looked good in her cheeks. What's more, she was ravenously hungry.

For the first time for many a long day she found that she was interested in looking her best for this outing with her new-found friend. And her gratitude went out to the little black and white dog.

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ELEGANCE and ROMANCE

IN

BRIDAL FASHIONS

● Spring bride (above) wears classic white silk. A topknot of flowers anchors the long white tulle veil to the wearer's coif.

● White embroidered silk tulle dress (right) has a high neckline, elbow sleeves, and a pretty, self-material tucked-skirt drape.

● Pure white embroidered organdie dress (below) is worn with a veil in matching material.

● The formal wedding is again in fashion, and this trend reflects a new elegance in bridal dressing. The floor-length dress, often with a train, is the popular design choice. Materials are superb; they include beguiling tulles, fine laces, and beautiful silks. Paris uses pink to accent bridal white.

— BETTY KEEP

● Blush - pink chiffon and bands of white lace are combined in the slender dress, right. The flowered veil is held in place with silk roses.

● Carven adds an ultra-long fan-shaped train to this white faille bridal dress with a belted waist. The tulle veil divides in front and cascades prettily from all round the high, cap-like head-dress.

● This Lanvin bridal dress in white silk with a pointed train is worn with a pillbox in matching fabric. Blush-pink ribbon is slotted through the bodice and ends in a bow into which is tucked a sprig of lily of the valley.

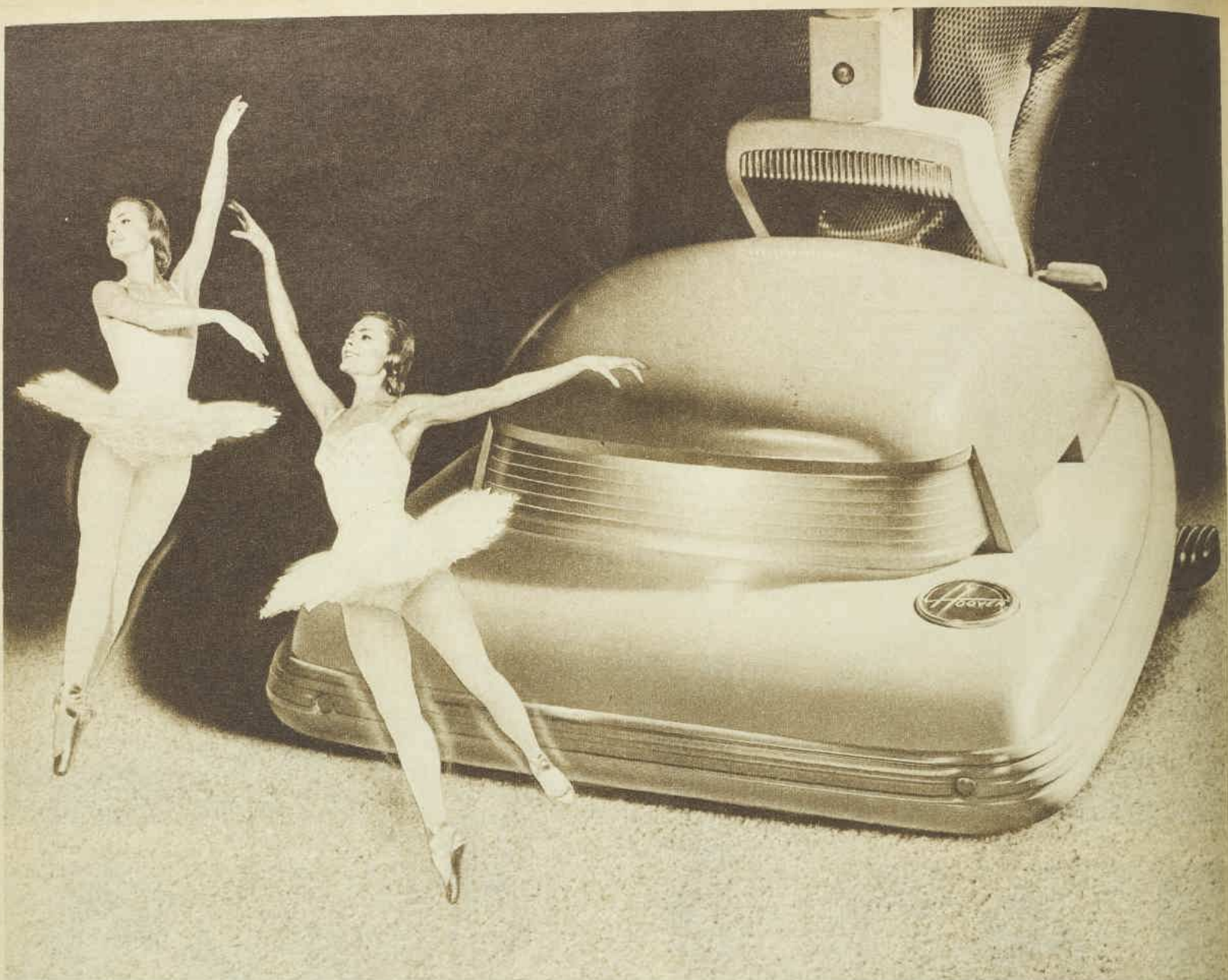


● White chantilly lace (above) is the material choice for a street-length bridal dress and matching waist jacket. The jacket covers a bare-topped dress.

● Castillo chose the palest pink silk for the dress, left. The veil is fastened without any ornament to the Japanese coiffure.

● Dior's white organdie wedding dress (right) has an overdress veiling of delicate bead embroidering on a silk foundation.



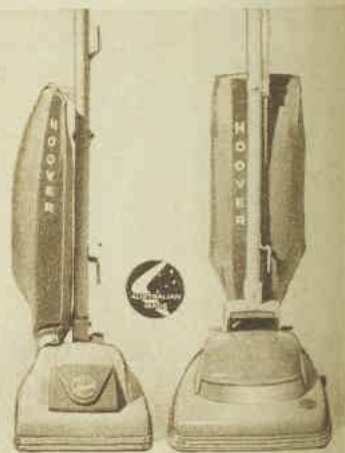


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Lark

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HOOVER FIRST NAME IN FLOOR CARE



SECOND OPINION

Concluding instalment
of our dramatic serial

By ROBERT
SCOTT THORN

BEFORE his hand had reached the bell-push, the flat door opened and Walley was confronted by a tall blonde holding a suitcase. She was attractively dressed and had a beautiful mouth, but he couldn't tell the color of her eyes because she was wearing dark glasses. The surprise of seeing him made Isobel jump. "Hello," said Walley. "Sorry if I startled you."

"Who are you?" she asked. "Walley. Ken Walley. Is Mr. Stretton in?"

"No, he's away. What do you want?"

"I was just passing and thought I might as well return these."

He took a pair of leather gloves out of his pocket and held them out to her.

"Paul's?"

"Yes."

"Thanks."

She set down her case, took the gloves and put them on the hall table. Walley stepped inside the door.

"Nice chap, your husband. Is he having a good trip?"

"Mr. Walley, I'm afraid I'm in a terrible hurry . . ."

He picked up her case. "I can see that," he grinned. "Let me help you."

"Please don't bother, I've ordered a taxi . . ."

He closed the door behind her, and taking her arm guided her down the steps.

"I've something better than a taxi, old girl. Where do you want to go?"

His breezy familiarity was like that of an American, and yet it was not. She said: "Paddington Station."

"What time's your train?"

"Four o'clock."

"Piece of cake," said Walley, "jump in."

He slung her case in the back of the sports car. Wondering at her own acceptance of a lift in some stranger's car, she sat in the front seat and slammed the door. They roared up to the end of the mews. The taxi was just turning in. It stopped dead as Walley shot past waving at the irate driver.

"Good reaction, that boy," was his comment.

Isobel looked at the chubby, moustached face beside her. He must be some friend of Paul's because of the gloves, though he wasn't Paul's type at all. Or was this a further indication that she hadn't known Paul as well as she thought she had? His next remark confirmed her suspicions.

"Did the old boy tell you about our caper last week?"

"I don't know what you mean. When? What sort of caper?"

"He persuaded me to fly him across to France in the fog last Thursday night. That's where he left the gloves. In the old Auster. Damn dangerous, but he loved it."

"He persuaded you to fly him . . .?"

It couldn't be Paul. He was so careful about everything. He avoided any risk.

"Have I boobed badly?" he asked.

"Didn't you know he was going to France?"

"Yes, but . . . but he doesn't like flying at all . . . It's so unlike him . . . I wonder why he did a thing like that?"

Walley chuckled.

"Probably does a lot of things you don't know about."

She didn't answer. The words



Stretton lurched out of the car and scrambled apprehensively toward the unconscious girl.

touched the empty place inside her. She didn't seem to know Paul at all. And now she never would because she'd thrown him away. The tears started to well up again, so she looked out of the window. Walley sensed she was undergoing some private emotional upheaval, so he didn't speak again until he got to Paddington and gave her case to a porter.

"Don't worry about your husband. Sound as a bell. Salt of the earth. You couldn't do better."

The car eased out among the taxis. Isobel swallowed the lump in her throat and followed the porter into the booking-hall. When the train moved out of the station she tried to pull herself together. There were a few more years of David. She must cling to that and not think any further. The Matron didn't seem to know exactly what was the matter with his leg, but, whatever it was, she'd get the best opinion in the country, in any country.

Stretton jabbed his thumb on the stop-watch button as the locomotive ploughed over the level-crossing: 26.4 seconds. He put the figure down under the column of numbers in the notebook. From his observation post behind some rocks, where the road turned sharply, he watched the red and white poles rise in the air after the train had gone.

He had the stop-watch slung from his wrist by a loop of string so that with a jerk he could flip it up into his hand when required. As he walked back from the corner, up the rise of the Corniche to the car, which was parked off the road, he kept practising the manoeuvre.

He backed the car out and faced it down the hill, drawing level with one particular pine tree which was his starting-line. Revving the engine, he put the car in gear, holding it with the foot-brake. He took a breath and gave a short whistle, setting the watch going at the same time, and without pause began counting out loud.

"And two and three and four and five . . ."

He released the watch and put both hands on the steering-wheel.

" . . . and seven and eight."

He let in the clutch and the car lurched forward. Watching the speedometer, he changed up at thirty k.p.h. and again at fifty. Round the corner he kept his right foot hard

down and accelerated along the straight stretch of road to the crossing. He took his left hand off the wheel and jerked up the watch into his fingers. The speedo needle touched eighty-five as his thumb pressed the button, and he shot over the track.

A few hundred yards on he drew up and read the stop-watch: 15.2 seconds. That was 0.5 seconds slower than the previous practice run, but within the average variation of plus or minus 0.5 seconds from the mean time of 15.7. He wrote the figure down in the second column and put the book away.

He had been in the vicinity of the level-crossing for the past four hours. It would be as well to go into St. Raphael for a time to provide an answer to any casual question at the hotel as to where he had spent the afternoon. He drove on slowly.

The problem of getting two objects moving at varying speeds in different directions to meet at a precise point had proved more difficult than he had imagined. He had virtually wasted the previous afternoon using the small second-hand on his wrist-watch, but greater accuracy was required. After a restless night he'd gone into Cannes early to buy the stop-watch.

He had quickly appreciated that if he arrived at the crossing too early, the train would miss him; if too late, he would crash into the side of a carriage. This might be equally lethal, but the observation of chance witnesses looking out of the windows would sound suspicious at the inquiry, because it would be clear he must have seen the train and yet had continued to accelerate toward it. If he slowed down, the impact would be reduced and the object of the exercise could be written off.

He estimated he had one and a half seconds in which to manoeuvre. For a cast-iron, copper-bottomed job he had to be at speed so near to the crossing when the engine came out of the cutting that ordinary driving skill could not avert a catastrophe. The fact that he failed to see the poles in the distance from the corner would be explainable as carelessness. The big point was that the one-in-ten-thousand (or more) chance of the engine's hitting him at the precise moment of his crossing would be overwhelming evidence of the bona fide circumstances of the accident.

To page 36



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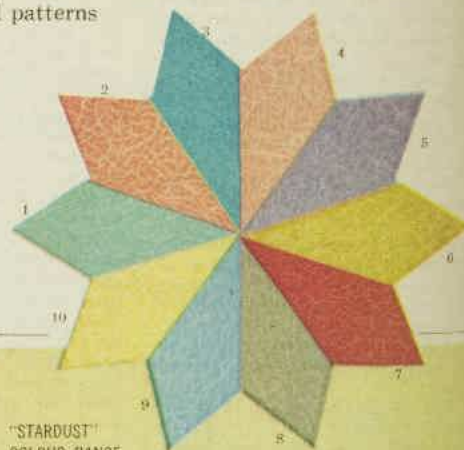
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LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

All those grannies

MY baby niece can outdo by one the seven living grandmothers of the children of Mrs. Towns (Vic.). These are her mother's two great-grandmothers, grandmother, and mother. Her father has also one great-grandmother, two grandmothers, and his own mother. In other words, three great-great, three great-and two grandmothers.

£1/1/- to Mrs. W. Riley, Barrie, Tas.

It is not so unusual for children to have seven grandmothers; in fact, mine have eight. My husband and I each have a great-grandmother who is still living, and we both have two grandmothers, as well as our own mothers.

£1/1/- to "Grandmothers" (name supplied), Nines, S.A.

UNTIL my daughter's fourth child was seven months old, they had ten living great-grandparents, all pioneers of the Darling Downs and the Gympie area. They were Mr. and Mrs. Ed Emmerson, of Crow's Nest, Mrs. Rhoda Mitchell, of Toowoomba, Mr. and Mrs. Nugent, of Pomona, and Mrs. Rees, of Gympie. The grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. B. Rees, of Gympie, and my husband and myself.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Mitchell, Crow's Nest, Qld.

I AM 32, and have three children of 13, 11, and 7 years old, who have 11 living grandparents. These are six grandmothers and five grandfathers. I think for children to reach this age and still have so many grandparents must be quite unusual.

£1/1/- to Mrs. N. I. Bellerby, Hillview, N.S.W.

MY two young children also have seven grandmothers, but my great-grandmother died soon after the birth of my youngest child. On a different branch of our family she had already become a great-great-grandmother several times. My children also have four grandfathers, and in all have ten grandparents — who are very fond of giving me advice on how to rear my children.

£1/1/- to Mrs. S. R. McIver, Bell, Qld.

MY grandson has four great-grandparents and four grandparents. Incidentally, his maternal great-grandfather has a twin sister who is also still living.

£1/1/- to Mrs. S. J. Tagg, North Baldwin, Vic.

A dandy at 84

WHO said men aren't particular about their clothing? My grandfather is 84. His favorite outfit for summer is brown shoes (always well polished), bermuda socks, white shorts, white shirt, red vest, and a panama hat. In winter he wears a grey suit, white shirt, his red vest, a green cravat with white spots, and his panama hat. If he's going anywhere special he puts a flower in his buttonhole. Recently he said he was going to buy a houndstooth sports coat.

£1/1/- to Jill Ashby, Westmead, N.S.W.

Family of redheads

HOW is this a record for redheads for one family? My four daughters and myself are all redheads and also my brother-in-law. My father and mother and my father-in-law were all redheads, and also both my grandfathers, two aunts, and one uncle. My mother's three cousins all married redheads, but only one of their children has inherited the family hair color. No wonder we all have bad tempers.

£1/1/- to "Ginger Mick" (name supplied), Tea Tree Gully, S.A.

Children excluded

A FRIEND of mine received a wedding invitation marked "No children." I think the best fun at weddings is to see old friends and to see how their children have grown, and for your children to meet your old friends' children. Give me the mixture of babies, children, teenagers, and adults, and elderly people.

£1/1/- to "Not Sophisticated" (name supplied), Stafford, Qld.

Are aprons old-fashioned?

I FIND that I cannot work satisfactorily without wearing an apron of some kind. I used to wear the bib type, but have got used to the waist ones now. However, so many times when I have offered the use of an apron to a young friend or helper the offer has been met with disapproval and the words, "Oh, no, I never wear an apron." Perhaps the wearing of aprons is dying out.

£1/1/- to Mrs. I. Gray, Ballarat, Vic.

Against early milk deliveries

IT is a puzzle to me why milk deliveries are always made during the early hours of the morning. "Fresh milk for breakfast" seems to be the main reason, but does this really matter with refrigeration? Why should milkmen have to work such hours, why should we have to leave money out as a constant temptation to petty thieves, and why should light sleepers have their rest disturbed by the rattle of milk bottles?

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. Lonsdale, Oyster Bay, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

WE were passing a shop that had an elephant outside.

It was one of those elephants you put sixpence in, to give a child a ride on its back.

No children were with us, however. My wife and I were having a brief holiday on our own.

She stopped and gazed at the elephant with a look of satisfaction.

"It's wonderful to see one of these things without being asked: 'Can I have a ride on the Jumbo?'" she said.

I knew how she felt. I have had trouble with Jumbos myself.

When you are asked to provide a ride on one, you don't have sixpence. Either you go and look for change or you say, "No," and have a grumbling child on your hands.

Once I put Baby Pip on a mal-adjusted Jumbo that rocked too fast. I narrowly saved her from being bucked off.

But this time we could walk past

THE GREAT ESCAPE

the Jumbo in safety. It was one of many moments we relished on this holiday from parental duties.

Another one came when we were in the Blue Mountains. We were standing near a cliff, above a drop of several hundred feet.

My wife said: "Isn't it nice not having to tell anyone to keep away from the edge?"

In the mountains, as a rule, we have to keep an eye out in case someone falls over a cliff or down a hole. Hands must be held on steep paths. Searches must be made for toilet facilities.

But on this trip we were able to enjoy the scenery.

There was a special sense of freedom in caves.

Last year I carried Baby Pip through one of the biggest of the Jenolan Caves. I hauled her up

flights of steps, stooping to dodge stalactites. I grabbed her when she tried to climb into the Fairy Dell. It was hard work.

This time I felt like a caveman who never had it so good.

There is so much room in the car, too, on a non-family jaunt. We were even able to take our dressing-gowns.

When we stopped at a hotel, nobody asked us to play hit records on the juke-box. We could go into the lounge for a drink without organising a game in the ping-pong room first.

And the restfulness of the meals. No calls to draw faces on boiled eggs, or cut up people's chops for them.

We were glad to see everyone when we got back home, of course. We soon picked up the threads of life where we had left off. I took Pip to the shopping centre and she said: "Can I have a ride on the Jumbo?"

MANY HAPPY RETURNS

• A new "Poetry Service" in Paris provides a troubadour to recite his poems all evening. Frenchmen hire them as a birthday surprise for wives. So, with apologies to Joyce Kilmer, author of "Trees":

"I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a spree,
A birthday spree, a slap-up shout,
Expense no object, dining out."

Thus mused a birthday lady, miffed,
Confronted with her husband's gift,
Which proved to be a troubadour
Whose verse she found a frightful bore.

Her husband, deeply mortified
At this reception, sadly sighed:
"Gestures are made by fools like me.
Should I have given her a tree?"

— Dorothy Drain

Lemon cooking measurements

WE all know that lemons come in many sizes, so, please, why can't demonstrators and recipes say "half a cup of lemon juice and one tablespoon of grated rind" instead of "the juice of two lemons and rind of one"?

£1/1/- to "Amateur" (name supplied), Carlingford, N.S.W.

Too tough for Cleo

WOMEN and girls wearing Cleopatra thong-type sandals flip-flop through the streets. Such footwear is quite unsuitable. It was all right for Cleo — she just reclined on cushions. A decent walk would have pulverised her.

£1/1/- to "Unsuitable" (name supplied), Calliope, Qld.

Hanging up, down, or on?

RECENT letters about things hanging up or hanging down remind me of the riddle, "Have you ever seen sausages hanging up in a butcher's shop?" and the answer, "I always thought they hung down." Yet we don't speak of washing hanging up or down, but ON the line, and we say "I'll hang up" (not down) on the telephone, and to "hang on" is nearly the literal truth. Perhaps it's safer to say where things are hanging — not how they are hanging.

£1/1/- to "Upside Down" (name supplied), St. Ives, N.S.W.

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CSW1121

Page 35

He was in St. Raphael now, and he cruised along the boulevard by the beach, round the gardens in front of the casino to the little, unfashionable harbor. He parked the car and made for a seat on the quay. He had all the data now. There was the final check on the calculations. He took out the notebook and began to work on them.

Going over the figures, the best bet would be the 1.30 from Cannes. It reached Agay at 2.5. Allowing eight seconds between hearing the whistle and starting to drive, he should meet it at the crossing fifteen seconds later. At 2.2 p.m. plus or minus 0.5 seconds on Saturday, May 6, 1961, he ought to be past caring about anything.

Well, that was it. He'd pack in the morning, have an early lunch, pay the bill, and leave as if going to another resort further along the

Continued from page 33

coast. He'd be on the starting-line at two o'clock. He'd wait for the whistle, count eight, and then keep his foot down. He wouldn't need the stop-watch or the notebook any more. They should be disposed of. He walked over to the waste-bin, tore the notebook up into small pieces and chucked them into it. He released the watch from his wrist and strolled to the edge of the quay intending to drop it over.

The pain clutched him as he saw something moving under the surface. The sound of laughter at Stanley Court Pool and Twyford's droning exhortations filled his ears, and terror was stifling him, choking him, as he could see again

the skinny legs and arms waving under the reflections.

"David," he called out, "David, boy . . ."

A little head surfaced, and the arms and legs threshed the water expertly. A boy swam to an iron ladder and climbed up on to the quay.

"Pas David, monsieur. Je m'appelle Jean."

Stretton looked at him and slowly the image of his son dissolved into the darker-skinned features and black hair of the Midi.

"I'm sorry," he muttered.

The boy watched Stretton blankly as he fought with the coughing-fit which had overtaken

him. When it had subsided, Stretton smiled weakly, and the boy returned it readily. He pointed to the stop-watch.

"You can have it," said Stretton. "To keep."

"Quoi?" the boy said, puzzled.

"Pour vous. Yours. C'est a vous, Jean."

"Merci monsieur, merci," he said.

Stretton made a gesture with his hand confirming his gift. The boy turned and ran as hard as he could go down the quay.

Stretton went back to the Lancia, got in, and switched on the lights.

The porch-light came on outside the entrance. The door opened and

a young girl showed Isobel into the headmaster's house.

"Ah, Mrs. Stretton," the headmaster greeted her. "I suspected you might appear this evening, knowing how mothers worry themselves unduly."

"But you sent a telegram."

"A school rule. If a pupil has to see the doctor, the parents are notified. But usually we don't ask them to come down. We're very lucky here. What Dr. White doesn't know about small boys, I do."

"Could I see David, Mr. Wakely?" asked Isobel.

"Ah, yes. But we'll have to ask Matron."

"Thank you. I'd like to have a word with the doctor, too."

"Would you now? Well, why not? If we can get hold of him. Come this way, Mrs. Stretton."

In the sick-room, David was sitting up in his dressing-gown finishing a plate of biscuits and a glass of milk. Matron took the empties away and left them alone.

Isobel didn't know quite in what state she had expected to find David, but her imagination had not painted the picture of rosy health and cheerful enjoyment which he exuded. She hugged him, nevertheless, and then sat with a silver in the wicker-chair by the minute, one-bar electric fire.

"I must say you don't look very ill," she said.

"I'm not," replied David brightly. "It's just my leg."

ISOBEL turned back the bedclothes.

"There's nothing to see," he said. "It doesn't hurt. Only I can't feel it."

"Not at all?"

"No, you can stick pins in it if you like, I shan't mind," he smiled proudly.

"I won't do that," said Isobel.

"Dr. White did."

"Does he know what's the matter with you?"

"I dunno," replied David disinterestedly. "Do you want to see me walk?"

"Are you supposed to?"

"Oh, yes, I'm allowed to get up if I want."

David slid out of bed and ambled round the room dragging his leg behind him.

"Dr. White says I can go into school tomorrow, worse luck."

Isobel watched his grotesque progress in horror.

"David, how did it happen?"

He shrugged, and helped his leg back between the sheets with his hand.

"Just came on."

"But when, how, what were you doing?"

"Is Daddy back?"

"No. Now listen, David . . ."

"He sent me some super stamps."

There was a tap on the door, and a dark-haired man of about fifty put his head round it.

"Good evening," he said. "You've come to see this little nuisance, have you? I'm Doctor White."

"I guess I was very worried when I had the telegram."

She shook his hand. It was firm and efficient.

"Time you were off to sleep, young fella," he smiled at David. "Out of here tomorrow. You'll soon be better. Say good night to your mother."

David kissed Isobel dutifully. "Good night, darling," she said, and left the doctor to close the door. He caught up with her down the passage.

"We shall be alone in here, Mrs. Stretton," he said, showing her into a brightly furnished sitting-room. "Matron'll be feeding just now."

Isobel sat down and he offered her a cigarette.

"What's the diagnosis, Doctor?" she asked, trying to sound calm and matter-of-fact.

"Conversion hysteria."

"You mean he's putting it all on?"

"Certainly not. There's no question of lead-swinging."

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Everyone's heading for India



Temple carvings, Madurai.

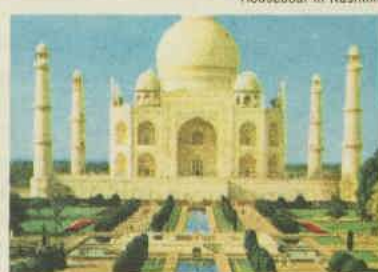


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in the streets at joyous festivals in Madras. The stirring pageantry of a Guards' Parade at the President's Palace. The impressive dignity of Parliament in the world's largest round building in the great modern capital of New Delhi. The Lake Palace Hotel centred in a glorious lake in Udaipur. The magic and mystery of the real East. Temples in Mahabalipuram so silent you can sense the prayers of 3,000 years. Beguiling music. Riotous colour. Incredible variety. The courtesy. The charming friendliness of a people who speak your language and want to help you enjoy India.

Ride an elephant round the Amber Fort at the pink city of Jaipur. In storied Kashmir, relax on a houseboat on a mirror-still lake. Bargain-hunt, successfully, in colourful bazaars all over India, where craftsmen offer the finest handicrafts in brass, silver, ivory, jewels and milk. Savour the luxury of some of the world's best hotels, their gay social life, their superb European cuisine and tempting Tandoori dishes.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

June 24, 1964

Teenagers

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly
Not to be sold separately

WEEKLY



● Beatle PAUL
with BRENDA
BLACKLER, 20,
also of Liverpool,
Miss England
1964. Other Beatle
color pictures are
on back page.

Letters

Ten ways to good manners

THE manners of some teenagers are shocking. The following are just a few hints that may help you gain and keep respect and good friends:

1. Think of yourself in terms of others.
2. Say "please" and "thank you."
3. Don't make it obvious that you have forgotten someone's name.
4. Don't interrupt without excusing yourself first.
5. Boys—open doors for girls and let them pass through first.
6. Girls—thank the boys for these small courtesies.
7. Don't push through crowds, using your basket or umbrella as a weapon.
8. Apologise for doing something wrong.
9. Don't slouch or look at your feet when you are

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to *Teenagers' Weekly*, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

speaking or being spoken to.

10. Remember, your manners are an example of the home you come from. — "Teenager, Too," Barraba, N.S.W.

News from U.S.

MY mother was born in Australia, and a friend sends her *The Australian Women's Weekly*. I always like to read T.W., as it tells me what your teenagers are interested in.

I live on a ranch about 50 miles from Gordon, Nebraska, U.S.A., which has a population of 2220. It has two schools—one elementary and one high school. After taking nine years of elementary school you take four years of

high; then you are prepared for college.

All our schools are co-educational. We do not wear uniforms in our school, though some of the larger schools require them.

Some of the subjects taken in Gordon High are algebra, maths, geometry, science, biology, English, history, physical education, driver's education, home-making, vocational agriculture, physics, economics, geography, etc. It all depends on what grade you are in.

Some of our activities are band, choir, Science Club, Pep Club, Future Homemakers of America, Future Farmers of America, and others. We have a combo called the Fender-

men, which plays real cool music for dances. It consists of three guitars and a drum.

Every two weeks in our town we have Canteen, a free dance for all high school students. — Lynell Kime, Gordon, Nebraska, U.S.A.

Fans offend

I CAN, quite honestly, say that I am not mad about The Beatles. I think that the idea of boys with hair as long as theirs is awful. However, it is a gimmick with them and, as such, is acceptable. But not on those who copy it.

In spite of their appearance I do like Beatle songs, but this does not mean that I scream when I hear them. I was agreeably surprised when I first saw The Beatles on TV to find that they themselves behave in a very quiet and well-mannered way. I would hardly label them "morons."

However, I would like

TEEN BAKING CONTEST

• Teenage cooks can compete in the National Baking Quest conducted by an Australian margarine company and a flour company.

THE prizewinning recipe in the teenagers' section will make the entrant the National Baking Princess, and the prize is a radiogram.

The six State Princesses, from whom the National Princess will be chosen, will receive £50 each.

The contest will close on July 31. Full details and entry coupon are published in an advertisement in the main paper of this issue, on page 56.

Busy cooking up ideas for this year's "Princess Section" of the National Baking Quest is the "1963 National Princess," attractive 16-year-old Helen Gray, of North Balwyn, Victoria.

"It would be a million to one chance if I won again, but I would certainly like to try," she said.

"The contest is a lot of fun and the experience is marvellous."

Although she still has regular baking sessions for the family, Helen finds she now has less time to devise and create new recipes with her Leaving studies at Balwyn High School and weekend tennis and water-skiing.

"It takes such a long time to think up and test a new recipe, especially if I have to make some alterations to the original idea, that I can't spare the time just now," she explained.

This year, she has been concentrating on cakes and more recently on tea cakes.

Much to her mother's delight, Helen will often come home from school and whip up one for a dessert, using a basic recipe and a



HELEN GRAY

variety of toppings such as sliced or crushed bananas, apples, spices, or nuts.

Another favorite is a sponge cake, made from a friend's recipe (which uses golden syrup instead of water), that Helen usually produces on special occasions.

Despite her success in last year's quest, Helen still thinks she will make pharmacy her career.

Most of her £50 prizemoney as State Princess went into the bank. But she spent £15 of it on a wet suit for her pet outdoors hobby, water-skiing.

to be able to enjoy Beatle songs without the screams that accompany them.—*Margaret Kenny, Devonport, Tas.*

Coat query

WOULD some teenage boy give his truthful opinion on girls who wear dark-colored duffle coats.

I would like to get one, but my mother says they are too "manly" and that boys prefer girls in more feminine outfits.

It seems to me, however, that casual clothes for boys and girls are becoming more and more similar and that boys seem to prefer girls in duffle coats, slacks, blazers, etc.

Which do boys go for—the frilly and feminine or the dark clothing almost identical to their own?—"Blondie," Maryborough, Vic.

Hair today gone tomorrow

A WHILE back I bought myself a switch of false hair the same color as my own, which I wear short. Before I go out with a boy I ask him what length hair he likes on a girl.

If he likes long hair, I wear the switch. It has proved very amusing to see the facial expressions of the boy when he sees long hair on a person he thought had short hair.—*Rosemary Fellows, Balwyn, Vic.*

Work-wives

IN my opinion the Government should introduce a law which imposes a means test on all married women applying for vacant working positions.

Next Week:

• Two color pages show the way, way-out wardrobe of an Australian girl who wore Mod-style clothes years before any other teenager in the world. She's on the cover, too.

• Pop star Colin Cook is the color pin-up—with a story about his career.

• There are also two pages with full, easy-to-follow instructions for knitting wonderful warm winter clothes.

In past years in the Queensland teaching profession, many married women have been dismissed to allow for the increasing number of single women, so why should not this apply to other careers?—*Miriam Simons, Mackay, Qld.*

Spot checks

EVERY year schools are visited by groups of inspectors. As notice is given beforehand of their visit, staff and pupils are able to prepare lessons, turn out in their best clothes, and be on their best behaviour so as to give a good impression.

Although this is beneficial for the schools' and the teachers' reputations, wouldn't a truer impression be given if inspectors were to visit schools unexpectedly?—"Student," Casterton, Vic.



Should pupils have to do homework?

• Saying he saw no reason for homework, "Homework Hater" (T.W., 29/4/64) added it would be better to do it at school, after hours, than start work again.

"HOMEWORK HATER" is not very practical. Homework is necessary, as it is impossible to take in everything we are taught at school.

If he didn't arrive home until late because of having a long way to travel, there might be grounds for complaint. My brother and I have to travel a considerable distance to and from school, but we still realise the value of homework.—*Jacinta McGrath, Hastings, Vic.*

I AGREED that we should not have to do homework until I was told that a working 16-year-old (my age) would have to work eight hours a day. If a working girl works eight hours a day, a student can do the same.

I realise that I spend about five and a half hours working at school, and an average of two and a half hours doing homework.

In my opinion it is much better to do work at home, completing the

eight-hour day, than to work at school from nine until six.—*Patricia Webster, New Town, Tas.*

HOMEWORK need not be done immediately on arriving home from school. I find that if I play some sport, read, or have some interest in a hobby after school, it is much easier to settle down to do homework and study later in the afternoon and at night.

A student's schedule can be planned so that the proverb "Too much work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" does not apply. The method by which I work is suitable for any person who is worried by homework.—*C. Lawaring, Bundaberg, Qld.*

HOMEWORK is not a punishment. It helps you understand your work and tests your ability. I don't agree that it should not be given.

Only a small percentage of classwork is absorbed, so it is necessary to revise

or do practical examples of the work. I don't think "Homework Hater" could pass his exams if he didn't revise his work.

I don't know how to explain how important homework is, but I hope you realise it before it is too late.—*Jan Howard, Bronte, N.S.W.*

EVEN though I do not entirely agree, I can see something in the idea of not having homework. My point is that we should have less.

A normal night's homework takes me four hours (I am in third year), and as I live a fair distance from school I cannot get started until 5 p.m. or later. I am wholly for night study, but how can we study when we feel really "bushed" after so much written work?

Then, when exam time rolls round, we are told not to cram, and that we should have done a little studying each night after our homework!—*Narelle Nicholls, Yagoona, N.S.W.*

Right: SMALL PAUL.



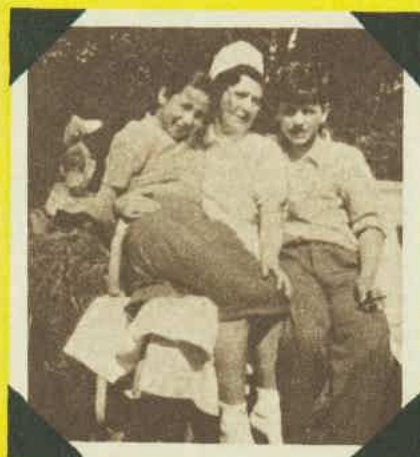
TODDLER JOHN IN HIS TOY CAR.



Below: YOUNG RINGO.



RINGO IN HOSPITAL WITH FELLOW-PATIENT AND HIS FAVORITE NURSE.

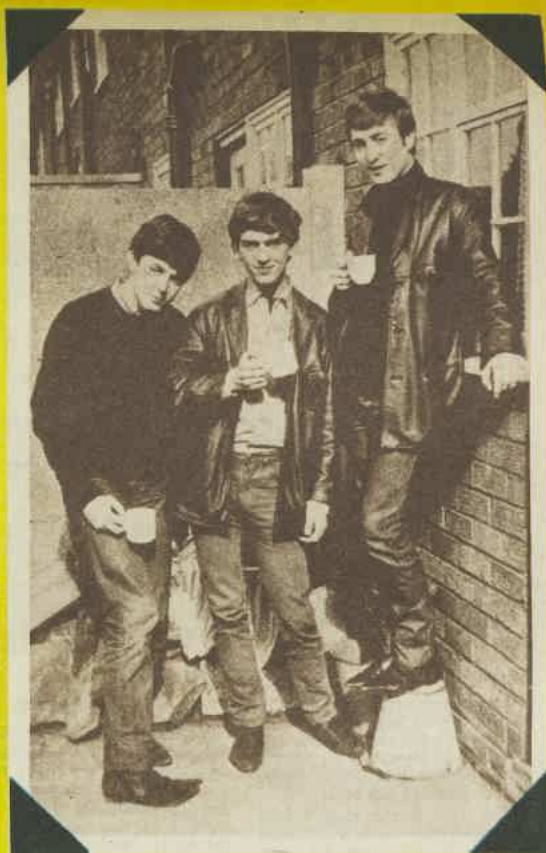


RINGO (RIGHT) AND PAL AT SEASIDE.

A BEATLE CHILDHOOD SNAPSHOT ALBUM



GEORGE (RIGHT) AND BROTHER.



EARLY IN CAREER: PAUL, GEORGE, JOHN.



BABY GEORGE.

ONE-MAN (HE'S 16) MOVIE INDUSTRY



CHRIS LOFVEN

● Tucked away in a small room of a terrace house in the Melbourne suburb of Carlton is a thriving one-man film industry — run by a 16-year-old schoolboy.

HE is Christopher Lofven, who recently scored his biggest success in almost five years of film-making under the name of Kangaroo Films. He received an honorable mention in the open category of the Australian Film Awards, organised by the Australian Film Institute.

The awards are given annually to professional film producers, a title Chris can claim as he has already sold several of his 18-odd films and has had public showings of most of his others.

The film which earned him the honorable mention, "House With A Secret," was his most ambitious and expensive effort to date.

In 16mm. black and white, it runs for six minutes, has a soundtrack, and cost £30 to make.

It tells the story (devised by Chris) of a young girl who picks up a wallet and finds adventure when she searches for its owner in an old house.

"Veteran" star

The actual "shooting" took the then 15-year-old Chris four days of his Christmas holidays. The editing, scripting, and sound took two months.

The cast was headed by Andrea Shaw (a veteran of movie-making through her appearances in the television series "The Terrible Ten"), assisted by nearly 20 extras, including Chris' sister and brother-in-law, and school-teachers Kristin and Peter Green, who also helped with the scripting and editing.

Chris has already sold two copies of the film to the Vic-

torian State Film Centre and has sent another to the Australian Broadcasting Commission for auditioning for television.

He has also entered it in the Second International Film Contest for Young Film Makers at Milan, Italy.

Inspiration

With "House With A Secret" finished, Chris has embarked on an even more ambitious project — a half-hour documentary, as yet unnamed, about the young tenants in the apartment house where he lives.

"The action is entirely improvised and follows the people in the course of their day," Chris explained.

Fair-haired Chris, in Intermediate school year, first became interested in film-making after seeing newsreel cameramen at work.

He worked on a newspaper run to save enough money to buy a camera, and at the age of 11 made his first film with an 8mm. camera.

The results of this film and others were so promising that about a year ago he bought a 16mm. camera on hire purchase. He has three more years to pay it off.

Chris sold one of his 16mm. films ("Fishing Boats, Queens-cliff") to ABC television for £65 as an "interlude" in national programmes. The proceeds helped finance later ventures, such as "House With A Secret."

Naturally, Chris says he hopes to make a career of movie-making. —JULIE BEAMS.

RIGHT: The boys get hairdos on the set of their film.

By (another)
GEORGE HARRISON

● What's this Beatle film all about? Is the story of "A Hard Day's Night" as crazy as the title certainly is?

PART TWO:

IT all began when Liverpool playwright Alun Owen handed over the script.

This was something quite different from the final story.

So different, in fact, that when I asked if I could have a copy of it the producer's secretary said: "I'm sorry, you can't."

"There have been so many script changes since we started filming that it wouldn't be fair to have you quoting dialogue or mentioning action that we are no longer using."

Each day the filming became more hilarious as writer Owen, spotting new angles for fun, kept inserting fresh situations into the script—much to the delight of The Beatles, who added notions of their own which Owen promptly incorporated.

The playwright told me: "I spent lots of time with the boys getting each individual's approach to situations, and I tailored the words of the story to each one of them."

"They helped immensely, for they are full of ideas. George or John, for instance, would do something off-the-cuff while we were filming, and it would strike me as being just the thing for a particular spot."

"So I would write it in. As a result we have a story that I think you will agree, when you see the film, bubbles with happiness and Beatle realism."

I went to actor Norman Rossington for a summary of what the film was all about.

"It's being changed all the time," he, too, warned me.



Filming The Beatles

"Even now, when I'm finishing my part in it, I don't know quite how the film will finally look."

"Anyway, let's try to give you an idea of the story. It covers 36 hours of The Beatles' hectic lives."

"It starts with The Beatles leaving Liverpool's Lime Street Station by train for London, where they are to do their first TV show."

"I'm with them as Norm, their road manager."

"Paul's granddad, played by Wilf Brambell (Stephoe, of TV's 'Stephoe and Son,') insists on coming, too. He's an old devil."

Girl-trouble

"He keeps trying to date any attractive woman passenger while the boys, Paul mostly, try just to steer him out of trouble."

"Then the lads spot a lovely girl in a first-class compartment and start working out how to get an introduction to her."

"Meantime, I'm getting upset and demanding that they should all toe the line a bit, as this London engagement means everything to their future."

"We get to London and book in at a West End hotel."

"There, John Lennon decides to take a foam bath. That sequence is a beaut."

"You've never seen anything more zany than John wearing three caps, up to his neck in bubbles, while he plays with toy submarines."

It goes on like this for an hour and a half, the cheerful chunk of

nonsense called "A Hard Day's Night."

There's Granddad walking outside the theatre where the boys are appearing.

He carries a sandwich board announcing that he is selling "The Only Authentic Autographed Pictures."

The old fellow makes hay until the police arrest him for obstruction.

As the man responsible for their good behaviour, Norm's troubles soar steadily.

The boys get into a downstairs dancing section of a very exclusive West End gambling club which has its casino upstairs.

Learning of the gambling above, they decide to "have a bash."

But the commissionaire guarding the casino says sternly: "Gentlemen must wear dinner jackets in the club."

So somehow they pinch waiters' togas and get inside, carrying chaos with them.

There is an escape from a crowd by helicopter.

False beards, moustaches, and women's clothes are used as disguises.

There is a chase through streets, girls in pursuit. During this, Ringo hides his head in a dryer at a ladies' hairdressing salon.

Said Norman Rossington:

"It's just the kind of action The Beatles get wherever they go these days."

"In fact, apart from the fiction of Granddad, there isn't much that happens to the boys in the film

which does not happen to them in real life."

I asked The Beatles: "Is there any love interest in it. You know, a line of romance for any of you?"

"That slush?" exclaimed John in a shocked tone. "Not likely."

"There are plenty of girls around, of course, but none of us gets tied up romantically with any of them."

"We wondered about that ourselves before we found out details about the film, but it seems that the producer had the same idea—no love slush."

"After all," he pointed out, "this is supposed to be the things that happen to us in London and in the train."

"You couldn't expect any hearts and flowers stuff to crop up in that short while."

"Besides, it would be right out of keeping with what the fans think about us. I'm married and the girls accept that."

"And Paul, George, and Ringo are bachelors. The fans probably wouldn't like them being caught up in heavy romance, even in a film."

He's right when he says there are plenty of girls in "A Hard Day's Night."

Producer Walter Shenson told me: "Wherever The Beatles go there are pretty girls, so we're making sure they are in plentiful supply in this movie."

The 1961 "Miss World" contest winner, Rosemarie Frankland, is one of the glamor gals who decorate the stage.

● Continued next week

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SUN FASHIONS

● Going north this winter? Then have a look at these glamorous and casual sun fashions when deciding what clothes to take with you. These eye-catching designs in silk and cotton (they're inexpensive and come in a range of sizes) are from a new Sydney collection to be shown soon. (Pictures by staff photographer Don Cameron.)



FULL-SKIRTED party-cum-dance-dress with the new swift look in boldly printed polished cotton. Notice how the graceful fall of skirt swings from gathered, widely cut back. High-front bodice is V-cut and there's a built-in bra that's shape-making.

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SNAZZY Thai silk three-piece: the jacket is easy, the prison-stripe blouse sleeveless, the slacks fitted. Pieces sold separately if required.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — June 24, 1964

Supplement

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S GO NORTH

PERFECT for resort wear (especially if you're long and lanky), the swinging patio skirt-blouse worn belted or loose over a fitted bra. It's printed pure silk.



GREAT for almost any occasion — sleeveless button-through shift (it fastens at back with self buttons) in printed polished cotton. The high-line bodice is flattering.

BELOW: Cut-out shoulders that fasten with covered buttons are features of this lovely long shift in beige textured silk. Scattered wildflower motif all over is unusual, pretty.



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Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — June 24, 1964

There's no ques-

BANDSTAND

'Silly season' for artists' names

● Glancing through disc lists I was rather amused by the names of some of the English groups and artists.

FOR instance, there's Tommy Quickly, Cliff Bennet and the Rebel Rousers, Lulu and The Lovers, Johnny Kidd and the Pirates, The Druids, Peter Jay and the Jaywalkers, The Undertakers, Keith Powell and the Valets.

And, Long John Baldry and his Hoochie Coochie Men, Georgie Fame and the Yardbirds, Manfred Mann's Manfreds, The Rolling Stones, The Crazy Rockers, The Animals, and Freddie and The Dreamers.

Also, among the new groups are The Applejacks—five young men and a girl, attractive Megan Davies, who is probably

the only girl instrumental on the beat scene. She plays bass guitar.

The Pretty Things is another group which is breaking into the big time in London's West End. They are all competent musicians and they work themselves into a frenzy on stage giving out with rhythm and blues numbers, including Bo Diddley's "Pretty Thing," from which they picked their name.

In contrast to the groups of artists from industrial areas, five boys who are all Harrow "old boys" have called themselves "A Band Of Angels."

They formed during

their winter term at England's famed school in 1961, but only turned fully professional in March this year.

Originally they called themselves "The Group," but changed it to "A Band Of Angels" after seeing it on a Christmas card.

The next craze?

AS I travel round Australia, the most frequent question I'm asked is—how long will The Beatles last? and, who will replace them?

Now if you or I could predict the next musical craze we would be in control of the pop music world, and also be extremely wealthy.

If I had known The Beatles would become such big business when I showed a film clip, "A Report On The Beatles," long before they hit the international big time, well!

● Picture at right shows FREDDIE (second from left) and THE DREAMERS in action. Freddie is a highly strung performer—literally. Part of his act is to "fly" and bounce around the stage attached to a wire from above.

It must be admitted by even the staunchest Beatle fan that they certainly can't be any bigger than they are now. But it's certain the next craze will not be as astonishing as the success The Beatles have enjoyed.

There are indications that the next craze may involve quieter songs. Take for example Gerry Marsden's "Don't Let The Sun Catch You Crying," and Billy J. Kramer's "Little Children."

But somehow I doubt it. In my opinion I think we will continue to hear up-tempo numbers.

The 64,000-dollar question is—what will the change be, and from where will it come?

FOOTNOTE: Meanwhile the King continues singing better than ever, and currently being seen around Australia in his best film yet—"Love In Las Vegas."

Great days for Irish

STATUESQUE singer Sharon O'Brien has signed a long-term contract with C.B.S.

Sven Libaek, A & R man for the company, is shopping around for material for her and has big plans. An album perhaps?

Another batch of "Boxes"

THE WOMENFOLK—a band of girls who wear long Quaker-type costumes on stage—have released "Little Boxes" on R.C.A. I hear they are a

THE CLASSICS

BRAHMS: Violin sonatas

TWO distinguished performers who happen to be among those playing to Australian audiences this year are brought together on an outstandingly fine chamber music disc issued by R.C.A.

They are the pianist Artur Schnabel, who is considered by many the finest interpreter of romantic piano music living, and the brilliant violinist Henryk Szeryng. They play the second and third violin-and-piano sonatas of Brahms.

These two mature works show two contrasting sides of Brahms' personality. The second sonata is warm and lyrical, at times almost playful; the third and last, written soon afterwards, is a big, passionate, and restless work which makes tremendous demands on the players.

One might expect that two players like these, who are both virtuosos in their own right, would find it hard to blend their personalities in a chamber performance. But violin-piano sonatas are rather different from other forms of chamber music; controlled independence, rather than absolute blending, is essential to them. And in these two performances Szeryng and Schnabel are linked by their deep understanding of Brahms and his styles.

—MARTIN LONG



SHARON O'BRIEN

BY

Susan Henderson



swinging act on stage and they have recently been signed to appear with Ed Sullivan when he appears at a club at Lake Tahoe in America.

Praise from a "great"

DURING Peter, Paul, and Mary's visit to Sydney (where they made such a tremendous impression as swinging people and great performers), Peter and Paul found time to go and listen to some Australian folksingers and folk music at The Troubadour — the centre of Sydney's folk music community.

They talked with some of the artists who perform there, and Peter borrowed a guitar and sang some songs.

Peter was also very impressed with Gary Shearston, and took a copy of his last album back to the States with him as he was interested in some Australian numbers included on the disc.

He also thought Gary's version of "Turn Turn Turn (To Every Man There Is A Season)" the most moving he has heard.

And, as Peter knows Pete Seeger who adapted it, that's a compliment indeed.

By the way, Gary has a new album of contemporary folksongs due for release shortly. The C.B.S. LP will be called "Songs Of Our Time" and will include some numbers he wrote himself.

Singer's new job

JAMIE Mahar, who is out with a good new single on Leedon — "I Wouldn't Want It Any Other Way" and "Slippin' and Slidin'" — recently tried his hand at script-writing and television producing.

He wrote a comedy TV series (with English comedian Ron Parry) called "The Adventures of Wipe-out Wally," a satire on surfing, starring Ron Parry as Wipe-out Wally.

A pilot episode which Jamie helped produce has been finished and he is hoping the series will be sold.

What doctor ordered

HERE'S hoping Colin Cooper's new single takes off for him. On C.B.S. Colin wrote one side, "I Don't Know," and his manager, Dr. John Chapman (who wrote "Southern Aurora" for the Joy Boys), wrote the other side, "I Wanna Be Loved."

ON the film front, Ann-Margret will play her first dramatic part opposite handsome French film star Alain Delon in "To

Scratch A Thief." And Hank Williams, jun. (he's 15), is singing all the songs in the film "Your Cheatin' Heart," the story of his father's life. However, George Hamilton will be seen on the screen miming young Hank's voice.

"Satchmo" slept here

THE New Orleans Jazz Club in America has bought the house in New Orleans where Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong was born and is restoring it as a tourist attraction and a shrine to dixieland music.

Well, that's it for the time being.

SO LONG, AUSTRALIA. SEE YOU NEXT WEEK.



GARY SHEARSTON

Music from the films

ON the film front, Ann-Margret will play her first dramatic part opposite handsome French film star Alain Delon in "To

"BANDSTAND" can be seen on Saturday evenings from TCN9 (Sydney); QTO9 (Brisbane); TVW7 (Perth); TVT6 (Hobart); CTC7 (Canberra); on Sunday evenings from GTV9 (Melbourne); NWS9 (Adelaide).

TEENA *by Libba Terry*



TOPS IN SPORT Splash in her teens

By CYNTHIA ROBINSON

● The year's upside-down success story on the Australian teenage sports front belongs to graceful 17-year-old Robyn Bradshaw, of Tuart Hill, Western Australia.

FOR Robyn is a diver of the champion variety, and she has been chosen to compete in the Tokyo Olympics later this year.

This is a feat no other teenager can claim, for the Australian diving team is only two strong, and the other member is 21-year-old Sue Knight, the N.S.W. star who captured a gold-medal double at the 1962 Commonwealth Games.

Like Sue, Robyn attributes much of her success in diving to her early training in ballet.

"Ballet teaches you to be graceful, and if you're not that, well, it's just not worth taking the plunge from a diving-tower," said Robyn.

Robyn, who has a twin brother and two older sisters, first began learning classical dancing when she was four, and gained honors in all her Royal Academy of Dancing lessons through to grade five.

She intended tackling the Elementary exam, but had to sacrifice this when her school exams and her diving demanded more of her time.

"But ballet is still one of my great loves," said Robyn, "and it's going to be great to be with Sue in Tokyo, because she knows so much about ballet (she's done her Solo Seal exam) that we can talk about it when we're sick of talking diving."

Robyn, who is studying shorthand, typing, book-keeping, etc., at Tuart Hill High School, hasn't limited her sporting successes to diving.

Back in 1958 she won the W.A. State Women's Junior Gymnastic title, and it was after this that

she decided to take up diving seriously.

"I'd been thinking about it for a year or more," said Robyn. "I'd even had quite a few lessons after someone saw me dive off the jetty at Como into the Swan River and told me I had talent."

This talent was successfully developed by Robyn's coach, Bruce Prance, and in 1960 Robyn won her first Juvenile State diving title.

The following year she not only retained this under-14 title but also won the Junior title for the under-16 enthusiasts.

Since then she has just gone right on winning, and today she holds no fewer than 30 diving titles.

In 1963 her tally of victories included four State titles—the Junior Spring and Highboard and the Senior Spring and Highboard—and just for



ROBYN BRADSHAW

good measure she also carried off the National Junior Highboard Championship.

This year, after retaining her two senior State titles, she headed for Sydney to compete in the national titles and to try to win her way into the Olympic team.

It was a tough task to set herself, but Robyn had the talent to win through. She came a close second to Sue Knight, and her trip to Tokyo was certain.

Since then Robyn and Sue have toured New Zealand with a team of synchronised swimmers.

Now they're both engaged in heavy training programmes for Tokyo.

Robyn's busy schedule doesn't leave her much time for other interests, but this doesn't worry her. "After all, with Tokyo and the Olympics ahead, who cares about anything else right now?" she asked.

NEXT WEEK: Marilyn Black and Peter Vassella.

Beauty
in brief

VARY YOUR DIET

IT'S all very well telling people not to eat thick soups, fried foods, filling puddings, and the like in colder weather, but the fact is that warm, stimulating foods of this kind are what you want when it's cold.

Naturally nobody in his right senses would dream of making winter an excuse for stocking up on heavy foods, but there's no need to deny yourself altogether.

A wise girl will begin to pay very special attention to her diet now. Best way to do this is to make sure you get your full quota of all the "needed" foods by eating meals which are particularly rich in them.

As a reminder, these are the four basic food groups for well-balanced eating: ● Milk and milk products

(cheese, yoghurt, etc.); ● meat, eggs, poultry, and fish; ● vegetables and fruits; ● bread, cereals, and whole grain.

An adequate diet should include servings from all four groups every day, for each group has a special job to do in helping toward an adequate diet.

Once you know WHAT to eat, the idea is to figure out how to work in some of the WANTED dishes and plan meals accordingly. It's not all that easy to do, but well worth trying.

This way you shouldn't be tempted to overdo those solid winter dishes — at least, not too often.

— CAROLYN EARLE

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Louise
Hunter

Here's
your answer

Cheats hit back

"WE are four 14-year-old girls attending a leading girls' college. Until now we have gone around in a group of six, but recently we saw two of the group cheating during the term examination. Not wanting to be tale-bearers, we first decided to try and urge them to acknowledge their disgraceful conduct to the class mistress themselves, so we sent them a conscience letter (anonymously). We think they must have found out who sent it, because, although we have been friendly toward them, their attitude to us is quite different. They have done everything they can to harm and annoy us, except spit in our faces. We asked them what was wrong, and they have since been worse. What do you advise us to do?"

"Narks," N.S.W.

A lesson for you to learn: don't try to play judge and jury — or conscience, either — to other people. You've already discovered how unrewarding it can be!

These girls harm themselves—not you—by their cheating, and by their display of spite at being found out. But anonymous letters are a cowardly device. Tell the girls quite frankly that you wrote the letter, but that you've realised that whether they own up to cheating or not is their own affair.

If they still behave spitefully toward you, DON'T on any account try to retaliate (you'll be tempted to, of course). Just keep on being friendly, or at least civil, to them. The quickest way to put an end to this sort of unpleasantness is to ignore it.

Bus Don Juan

"WE are two fairly attractive girls with a genuine problem. We are both in love with the same bus conductor, who is a bit of a flirt, and we are not sure he likes us. When we get on the bus in the morning and hand him our money he often squeezes our hands. He always smiles and calls us nice names. He is never too busy to stop and have a word with us. Do

you think he likes us? If you think he does, what can we do to let him know we like him? We are both 15 years old."

Sue and Donna, N.S.W.

I doubt if he likes you any more than he likes ALL attractive girls—especially the ones who are young and gullible enough to imagine they're in love with him, and let him squeeze their hands.

As you grow up, you'll realise that Don Juans like this one are a dime a dozen. You'll learn that their pass-making is nothing more than a light-hearted hobby. And you'll also learn (I hope) to fend them off just as light-heartedly.

Mother's aid?

"MY daughter, an attractive blonde, 17 years of age with a very charming personality, is very fond of a boy whom her brother often brings home. Until recently he had been going with another girl, but he broke it off last week to go with another girl the very next night. This came as a shock to my daughter, as he has showed affection for her and delights in entertaining her with various tricks. He told my son that he thought she was too good for him, but she thinks that attitude is silly, as he is very nice. I think he thinks of her as a sister and very loyal friend. My daughter's experience with boys is very limited, and so I think she may be a little backward. How can she convince him that she is not too good for him, and how can she act so that he will think of her other than as a sister, without being cheap and over-forward? She could not act this way if she tried, as she is not that sort of girl."

"Mother," Tas.

One of the hardest lessons mothers have to learn is that they can't endure their children's heartaches for them. Disappointments are an inevitable — and necessary — part of growing up. And a sparkle of

A word from Debbie...

● *Dreaming of tulle and orange blossoms, and discussing that special date with HIM?*

THEN — before you plunge into a mad whirl of shopping — take time off to check the basic needs for your trousseau.

Here are some essentials:

- 4 nightgowns or pyjama sets (dreamy, glamorous numbers by all means, but check — will they launder and wear well?).
- 2 brunch coats (pretty, but tubbable).
- 1 winter dressing-gown. (How about "His" and "Hers" in harmony?)
- 1 pr. matching mules or slippers.
- 4 lingerie sets (bras, petticoats, and pantees). Plus at least 6 extra prs. pantees, and 2 girdles or suspender belts.
- 6 prs. stockings (3 light, 3 dark — and how about some pretty nylon bags to keep them in?).
- 1 pretty boudoir cap (a bride should NEVER show her rollers!).
- 1 complete set cosmetics and toilet articles (a beauty case to keep them in is a good idea, too).

Well-cut slacks (or skirts) and shirts, and good-quality knitwear are a good investment for any

bride. (These are garments that stay smart a long time — and remember that your husband will see you most at weekends when you're casually dressed!)

You will, of course, base the rest of your wardrobe on the type of life you will lead, and the climate of your future home town or city. Don't go overboard on frocks (remember that fashion is fickle) — but include at least one becoming after-five frock for special nights out.

Accessories? You'll doubtless have a complete set — shoes, gloves, and handbag — with your going-away outfit. Two more sets (with change of season in mind) should give the average bride a good "change-about" wardrobe for quite a time.

If you're a dancing couple, don't forget matching or toning evening bag and shoes.

Shopping advice: Buy the best you can afford — aim for quality rather than quantity. Choose colors that mix-and-match happily. But let your head go on one or two "just for fun" items.

Remember, this will probably be a once-in-a-lifetime splurge!

interest in a boy's eyes does more for a girl than all the motherly confidence-boosting in the world.

You could help your daughter through your son, though. This boy probably thinks of her as his mate's sister simply because he always sees her in the same setting. Ask your son to organise a few group outings which will bring the two together.

Away from family eyes and ears, your daughter may be less self-conscious about letting her feelings show. Indicating that you like a boy doesn't have to mean fluttering eyelashes and dropping hankies. Most girls have their own subtle ways — and I'm sure your daughter has, too.

Temper tantrums

WE are two German immigrants (17 and 18) and we are considered attractive by boys. There are two boys who are very much in love with us, and we are with them, too. But the trouble is that we have the two most violent tempers you have ever seen. Last week the boys said something to us which didn't quite agree with us so we got wild and told them we didn't love them any more, and that we hated them. It wasn't the first time, but we haven't seen them since. Could you tell us something to overcome our tempers and get back our boy-friends, please?

"Worried," N.S.W.

Only spoilt babies (some of them, admittedly, very BIG babies) react with tantrums when they don't get their own way. Mature people have their own opinions, but respect those of others, too.

If you've shown many of these flashes of temper in front of your boy-friends before, I wouldn't be a bit surprised if you've scared them off for good. How to get them back? There is one way which might succeed.

Phone or write to them, apologising for your rude, temperamental behaviour, and promising that it won't happen again. If they give you another chance, and you're tempted to let fiery words fly again, how about taking a deep breath, and counting up to ten?

It's an old trick, but there is sound sense in stopping to reflect before you say something you could regret.

Simple arithmetic

I AM mad about a boy who doesn't know I exist. Every day I see him I get my school-work mixed up because I am thinking about him. He learns tap dancing. I would like to join his club, but when I dance I fall over my own feet. How can I get to know him? Please tell me, as I got 12 out of 100 last week for arithmetic.

"Dunce," N.S.W.

LOOKY! KOOKY COOKIE IS A SPOOKY BOOKIE

● I see that a 21-year-old girl is the only legal S.P. bookmaker in Britain.

A COURT recently allowed her to take over her father's bookmaker's licence.

This is an interesting trend. Racing could be the richer if other girls followed her example.

Why, even the nickname of the business could change.

Imagine it — the Sport of Minks. (Or, Minx?) And, if a girl-bookie was particularly pretty, perhaps it would be the Sport of Winks!

Prices laid by a lady bookie could be interesting.

What bloke could resist odds like 36-24-36 to 1?

A girl should be a good judge of fields — women are always playing them.

But one might doubt their ability to balance a book anywhere but on their heads.

If, for instance, it's true that the woman always pays, then it's a rather grim financial outlook for a lady bookie.

Also, her prices might be too generous. Lasses are notoriously "over the odds."

Oh, well (as the saying goes), that's how the bookie crumbles.

I suppose the next thing will be the widespread appearance of girl jockeys.

But can you imagine a girl wanting her weight made public?

Or being in a photo-finish without having had a chance to primp?

My dear, winning by a nose — unpowdered — is just not worth it!

FOOTNOTE: I would like to thank Miss Val Mustard, of Ormond, Vic., for her recent kind letter.

I wish all my readers were as keen as Mustard!

— Robin Adair

Don't try. Just try to learn this lesson instead: you can't divide your attention between sums and love-sick swooning and still get the right answers.

Bridesmaid's duties

IN six weeks' time I am to be bridesmaid to my cousin. I am anxious to know what my duties will be (1) before the wedding; (2) during the wedding and reception; (3) at the dance after the reception.

"Anxious," Vic.

The bridesmaid is actually the "bride's maid-in-waiting" — the one who gives her personal assistance.

This means: 1. Giving the bride any needed assistance with her last-minute shopping. Helping her pack

for her honeymoon and (if necessary) checking that her luggage reaches the honeymoon departure point. Helping her dress for the wedding. Arranging her veil before she enters the church.

2. Holding the bride's bouquet and left glove while the groom puts the ring on her finger. Helping her change into her travelling ensemble.

3. No duties. Just relax and have fun. (The best man should, of course, be your escort.)

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.



RINGO



JOHN



GEORGE (in foreground, with koala) and PAUL at a pre-Australian-tour party.

SECOND OPINION

"How long will it last?"
 "That depends. His leg is partially paralysed and there's no sensation. You could amputate it and he wouldn't feel a thing. But there's nothing organically wrong."

Dr. White watched the information sink in. She was attractive, intelligent, doing her best to control her natural anxiety, and succeeding admirably.

"He's never had anything like this before," said Isobel. "He's a very healthy boy. Just the usual things like chicken-pox. But this . . . he seems . . . well, almost glad about it!"

"Indifferent is the correct description, Mrs. Stretton. You see, David's making his leg a scapegoat. Inconvenient as it is, he'd rather have a useless leg than come to conscious grips with the conflict which has caused it."

Isobel looked puzzled.
 "But I can't think of anything which could . . . anything big enough to do this?"

"It came on when he was asked to jump into the swimming-pool," said Dr. White. "Has he ever had a frightening experience in the water?"

"Not that I know of. The last time at the baths, at home, the instructor let him go under, but it was nothing. You know the sort of thing. He was perfectly all right afterwards."

"What happened exactly?"

"I wasn't there that morning. His father went with him. But he doesn't go in the water."

"Why is that?"

SHRUGGING, Isobel replied, "He has a sensitive skin. A kind of allergy, I guess. I think he's had it since a child."

"He can't swim, then?"

"No."

"And you can swim well?"

"Pretty well."

"Is David an only child?"

"Yes, but we don't spoil him."

"Does he get on well with his father?"

"As far as I know."

"But surely you would know that, wouldn't you, Mrs. Stretton?" he asked.

"Well, of course. I mean . . . you see Paul, my husband . . . he's rather . . . reserved . . . very British, I guess you'd call it. He worships David, but somehow he's kind of too serious about it all. I think David has rather more fun with me, if you understand?"

"You mustn't mind my asking this, Mrs. Stretton, but it might be important. Are you and your husband on good terms? You are together, aren't you?"

"Yes . . . at least we're not at the moment. He's abroad . . . on a business trip."

"But on the whole, as parents, you rub along as well as the next pair?"

"Until Paul went away last week, everything was fine," she said. "Except that she'd written a letter, and broken up ten years of marriage."

The doctor sighed. She was covering up, but it would take a cleverer man than him to sort it all out.

"I think, Mrs. Stretton, with your permission, I ought to get a psychiatrist to look at David. There's a good one I know in Reading."

"I'd like to have the best in the country," said Isobel. "I'm sure my husband would, too."

"When will he be back?"

"I don't know exactly. Probably this weekend."

"A few days aren't important. The boy won't come to any harm. I shall keep an eye on him. You can get in touch when you've discussed it together."

Dr. White glanced at his watch. Isobel stood up.

"This condition isn't . . . it isn't incurable, is it, doctor?"

"Not these days," he said.

"There's usually some simple cause or explanation. But it needs special experience and training to dig it out. Are you going back to town tonight?"

"No. I'd like to see David again

in the morning. I'm staying at The Green Man."

"That's on my way. I can give you a lift."

They went down the passage and out of the house. The cedars on the headmaster's lawn looked forbidding and induced in her a sense of helplessness and depression.

At the pub she managed to get some cold beef and salad. She ordered a stiff scotch with it and afterwards went straight to bed. But it was nearly midnight when she dropped off, but by then she had come to a decision about the morning.

The phone woke Bridwell from a heavy, alcohol-aided sleep.

Night calls were rare in his particular branch of medicine. He picked up the receiver sleepily. He knew the voice but he couldn't instantly put a name to it.

"Miss Angers? Oh, yes, I know."

He listened to her rambling apology for waking him. He cut it short.

"What do you want?"

"It's just that I've remembered something. About Mr. Stretton."

"Well?"

"His son is at Winfield School, near Reading. He may have heard from his father."

Bridwell was awake immediately.

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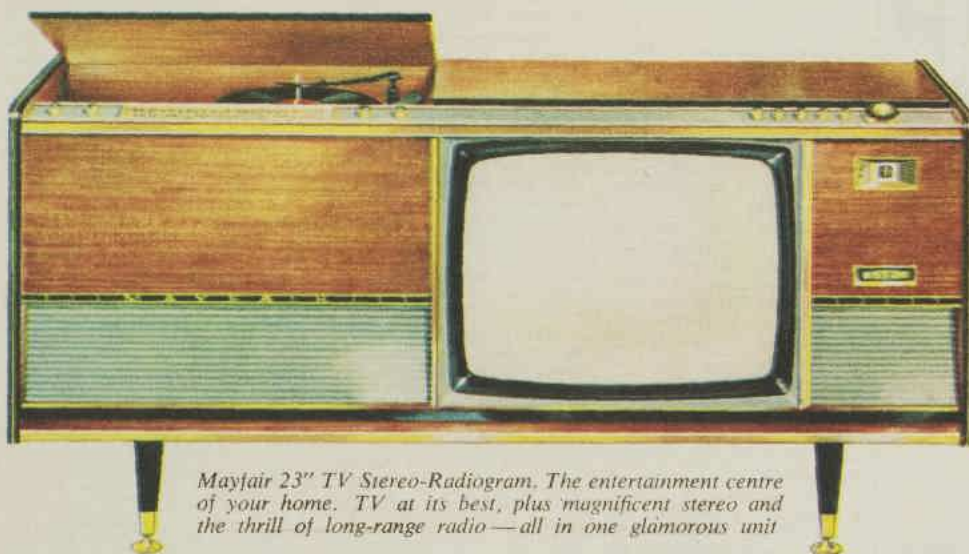
the keynote is styling...

"MAYFAIR" by ASTOR

This is the new look in TV, richly styled furniture in its own right, designed to add extra grace and charm to your kind of furnishings, fill your viewing hours with superbly presented entertainment. This is ASTOR Mayfair, and each of these splen-

did units brings a host of technical refinements. All come in a choice of expensive hand-matched timbers, protected for a lifetime with the lustre of glass-hard Polyester. This is truly the new TV. See how good it can be. Look for ASTOR Mayfair.

it's an
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Mayfair 23" Console. Elegant TV that moves where you wish on silent, smooth-running castors.

Mayfair 23" Barclay. The Lowboy with all the features you want combined with the new low-long look.

FINE PRODUCTS OF THE VAST RESOURCES OF ELECTRONIC INDUSTRIES LTD.

Chuck out your chest, Charlie



Charlie is going to have a fine figure. In particular, he'll have a strong chest, that will throw off coughs and colds while others go under. Charlie's mother adds an extra food to his winter meals—one spoonful of Lane's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil. Lane's gives him the real body-building oil, the oil you just can't get into a pill or tablet. It gives him extra Vitamins, Hypophosphites and the goodness of fresh eggs, too. Now's the time to protect your family's chests, with Lane's. Plain (with creosote, for bad coughs) or orange-flavoured.



REXALL CHILDREN'S ASPIRIN

dissolves in water!

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What is the most natural way to bottle-feed baby?

Baby authorities agree that rubber teats remain the best of present-day feeding methods if two essential features are present. First, rubber with the tender softness of a mother's breast. Second, a teat of natural shape. Maw's Anti-Colic Teats meet both essentials. Maw's Teats are made by a 'dipping' process—which gives a beautifully soft teat, nearer to nature than hard, moulded teats. Maw's Teats are cherry-shaped for correct feeding action. Maw's Teats in four hole sizes fit any bottle with the Maw's Adaptor. Maw/Milton Sterilizing Unit is the positive way to keep teats and bottles clean, germ-free. From your family chemist.

T11

KEEP FEET SNUG

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Get Dr. Scholl's Air-Pill® Insoles. Millions of tiny air cells cushion feet in blissful comfort, insulate shoes against winter cold, summer heat. Made of Schott's air-ventilated foam, it's for men's and women's. When you visit your chemist or store...

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CHILBLAINS

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BAUME DALET
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the successful continental foot ointment. 5/- at chemists.

HUNDREDS OF HOME PLANS are available from our Home Planning Centres located in leading retail stores throughout Australia.

See this week's new architect-designed home on Home Plan page.

Page 38

"I see, Winfield. Thank you for telling me."

"It's no trouble, Dr. Bridwell. Only I thought you might..."

Bridwell replaced the receiver on her and irritably reached for a cigarette. He cursed Miss Angers and Stretton, and the last two glasses of brandy. But he knew he'd got to follow the trail through to the bitter end.

When the car stopped in the mews, Isobel paid the driver, who carried the cases to the door. She thanked him and at her request he drove off, leaving them together. She took David's hand, and slowly, one at a time, she went with him up the steps.

The boy moved like a cripple, but the gait was so grotesque that it reminded Bridwell of an old shell-shock case from World War I. The mother looked quite breathtaking. He'd been wrong. Stretton must have some remarkable qualities. He stepped out of the parked Rolls and walked across the mews.

"Mrs. Stretton?" he called up.

Isobel, latchkey in the door, looked down and got an impression of thinning sandy hair, immaculate tailoring, and a dark red carnation in a buttonhole.

"Yes?"

"Thank goodness. May I join you?"

Without waiting for a reply he bounded up the steps.

"Norman Bridwell."

She found she was shaking his hand. He ruffled David's hair.

"Hello, what's your name?"

"David, sir."

"Are you a friend of my husband's?" asked Isobel.

"Yes. We were at Meresbury together."

He picked up the cases, and before she could think of an objection they were all three in the flat and she was asking him into the living-room and switching on the electric fire.

"I'm sorry the place is kind of messy. I've been away and Paul's abroad."

"Have you heard from him?"

"We've had lots of postcards from Daddy, haven't we, David?"

"Six," he said.

"Where was the last one from?" Bridwell tried to make the question sound casual.

"Rome, wasn't it?" asked Isobel.

"Mummy, can I go and unpack my things?"

"Of course, darling." She turned to Bridwell. "Sit down, Mr. ... er ..."

"Doctor Bridwell."

"Excuse me a moment. Come on, David."

She took his case down to his room and unsnapped the catches.

"Is he the doctor I've got to see?" asked David.

"I don't know who he is. You unpack while I get rid of him."

Isobel went into the bedroom and renewed her lipstick. If she let go for a second, the worry about David and the anguish over what she had done to Paul would overwhelm her.

While she was out of the room, Bridwell fidgeted with the things on the chimney-piece. The silent clock irritated him. He turned it round, wound it up, set the pendulum going and then moved the hands, pausing at each hour for the chiming to state their message.

Rome. He was no further on. Except perhaps toward making a fool of himself. He'd either got to give vent to his suspicions or keep his trap firmly shut. Yet now he was

Continued from page 37

here he'd have to say something to her in case she heard from Stretton again. Otherwise he might as well have stopped short after the first call to Miss Angers. Checking with his wrist-watch he set the clock at twenty minutes to two.

"Would you care for a scotch, Dr. Bridwell?"

Isobel went over to the cabinet. She didn't want him to stay, but she needed a drink herself.

"Thank you," he said. "I must apologise for barging in like this."

"Please don't."

Isobel frowned at the empty whisky bottle. Paul might have had one drink when he'd picked up his case before leaving, but not nearly half a bottle. Again she had the uneasy feeling she didn't know her husband at all. She said: "I'm afraid the scotch is dead. I guess it'll have to be gin."

"Anything will do."

"No ice, either. As you saw, we just got back."

BRIDWELL

nodded. "I'm sorry about the boy. I couldn't help noticing. How long has he been like that?"

"Two days. It came on at the swimming-pool. I'm told it's hysterical."

"Poor little chap. Who are you going to take him to?"

"Someone in Reading was suggested. But I decided to bring him home from that freezing-cold school of his. Tonic?"

"Thanks. Undoubtedly the best psychiatrist in the country is Bill Widmark. Gets astounding results. Know him very well."

She handed Bridwell a glass.

"I'll fix it up for you if you like. He'll see the boy straight away for me. He has a waiting list an arm long."

"That's very kind of you, Dr. Bridwell," she said, relieved but puzzled at the same time. "But I don't quite catch on to why you're taking this interest. Or come to that, why you're even here at all."

"I've been trying to get hold of you, Mrs. Stretton, since Wednesday. I just missed you at Winfield this morning," he said.

"But why? I don't know you. It can't be that important?"

"It could be vitally important. And it could be ... well, just laughable."

"All right. I'm laughing," she said, but her mind was tearing through an anxious thicket of possibilities.

"Just before he went away I took an X-ray of your husband's chest," said Bridwell.

Isobel leapt at the frightening implication.

"What is it? Tell me what's wrong with him!" she asked quickly. "You can tell me. I've seen him have these peculiar attacks of ..."

"He mentioned them to me, too, but they're almost certainly functional; hysterical, if you like. That's why I've been worried about the possible effect of what I told him."

"Well, what did you tell him?"

"That he had cancer of the lung."

"Has he?"

"No."

"Then why ...? Why?"

"Because his films were mixed up with someone else's. I only discovered it two days

ago. It's most unfortunate. But I assure you I've never been involved in a mistake like this before."

"You're sure it's a mistake?"

"Absolutely certain. The person whose films I thought were your husband's is already dead."

"But Paul ... Paul will be all right?"

"In that respect, undoubtedly," said Bridwell.

"But I'd be happier if I could let him know it. I'm afraid he might be tempted to do something silly because he thinks there's no hope."

Isobel considered the remark carefully.

"No, Dr. Bridwell. Paul would never do anything like that."

"I hope you're right."

"But surely he'd have been to someone else after you? In Paris or Rome. A second opinion?"

"He had that before he went. On the same films."

"But if anything like suicide were in his mind he wouldn't have written perfectly ordinary and cheerful postcards to David."

"Unless they were a cover-up for his real intentions."

"I don't understand, Dr. Bridwell."

"I learnt from his secretary he took out an accident policy the day he left."

"But that's Paul all over. He's a very careful man."

"To the extent of £100,000?"

Isobel took his glass and went to the cabinet.

"How would that do him any good?"

"It would do you good. And David. If he could have an accident."

"But he hasn't had an accident."

Bridwell took the drink from her. The quiet trusting logic of the woman made him embarrassed. He would have welcomed an emotional outburst so that his obsessional preoccupation with Stretton would seem well founded, not imaginary, as she was beginning to make it appear.

"I expect you imagine all this, because you feel so responsible about the X-rays," she smiled.

"I do," he said. "Anyway, if you hear where he is, I'd like to know. Or if he comes back before you hear, you'll put him on to me straight away, won't you?"

HE gave her a

card with both his consulting-room and flat number.

"I will, Dr. Bridwell."

There would be other problems to solve when Paul returned. Paul and David. She wanted them both, whole and well, and hers. She walked with Bridwell to the door.

"I don't know exactly when or how he'll come back," she said. "When he set out on this trip, he got a friend to fly him to Paris in the fog last week," she laughed.

Bridwell spun round.

"What?"

"I guess he didn't want to hang around at the airport. He's incredibly conscientious over keeping business schedules."

"Good heavens, don't you understand what you're saying?"

Isobel stepped back.

"No, I ... I don't."

"You're saying he was trying to get himself killed."

Cold fear licked at Isobel.

"But how ...?"

"The fog. He wanted to crash."

"But he couldn't know he was going to ..."

SECOND OPINION

"He could hope. It just didn't come off, that's all. So he tried again."

"When?"

"In Paris. The balcony of his hotel room collapsed."

"How do you know?"

"I spoke to the fellow who was with him. Something must have gone wrong. And then Athens. Do you know what he did in Athens?"

"Of course I don't know."

"He climbed to the top of the Parthenon."

"The Parthenon? What for?"

"To take pictures. To have an accident. But they stopped him before he could ... jump."

"I don't believe it. I don't believe Paul could ..."

IT wasn't possible. Paul would never do these things. He couldn't. These things required an iron nerve and boundless physical courage. And much as she knew she loved him, his qualities did not lie in that direction.

"This is crazy, Dr. Bridwell. I'm certain Paul would have consulted someone else about his X-rays," she repeated. "He wouldn't have accepted one or even two opinions without a fight—Paul had David and me. He would want me to ..."

She drew in her breath as the revelation stunned her. It wasn't just the X-rays. It was her. Her note to him. The empty whisky bottle. She was responsible, more responsible than this doctor who had only made a technical slip.

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The thread snapped then and she began to sob. Bridwell helped her to a chair and when she had stopped crying he put a cigarette between her lips and lit it.

"I'm deeply sorry to be the cause of such distress," he said, "but ..."

"It isn't you," she replied quietly. "Before Paul went away, I left him a note to say I was ... leaving him."

"I see," said Bridwell.

The rear tyres of the Lancia spun viciously, kicking up a spray of pebbles and dust, and then they were out from the pines and gripping the metal surface of the road. The car sped down the gradient of the Corniche, the pitch of the engine snarling up to the first gear change, dying away, dropping, picking up again to the second.

As he swept toward the corner Stretton glanced in the mirror and saw a black saloon top the rise behind him, but there was nothing in front, for nothing had passed him. Come on, man, come on. Easy a little. That's it, you're round. Into top now. There they are, the pretty red and white poles. Three-fifty yards. Go for them, Stretton. Paul Stretton, David Stretton, Isobel. No, keep your foot down. All right, don't look at the poles. Forget them, forget the poles. Forget them, forget the train, forget everything. Look for the car behind. When it comes round the corner it'll be the last picture in the glass. Just look and keep your foot down ...

He heard her scream behind him, as the girl's terrified face suddenly filled the silver rectangle of the driving mirror. His right foot

To page 44

Fashion FROCKS

● Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.



"K R I S T E N."

—Smart frock featuring set-in sleeves is available in soft angora in black, royal, and tango - pink. Skirt is lined to hold its shape.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £6/18/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £7/1/6.

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Postage and dispatch 6/- extra on all garments.

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Such poise and assurance... such confidence... yours when you choose Modess napkins. Only Modess has such fine features... an exclusive Masslinn* cover for extra softness, a "Magic Channel" of protection and a discreet deodorant you can trust.



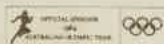
MODESS 'SUPER'
a larger napkin
with Masslinn cover



VEE-FORM BY MODESS
Exclusive V-shape
with Masslinn cover

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Johnson & Johnson



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - June 24, 1964

Page 39

IS THIS A NEW SECRET of LONGER LIFE?

This article is based
on a lecture given by
LELORD KORDEL

American Nutrition Expert
who recently visited Australia.

You know that animals live
to about 7 times their
maturity. And you also know
that man matures at 18 to 20
years of age.

So, if man lived the span of
all other animal life, he could
expect to reach an age of 126
to 140 years without losing
any of his vigor.

His energy and youthfulness
would be retained up to with-
in a few years of his end.

Why doesn't man live that long?

Why does he die, on the
average, at three times
maturity when animals live to
seven times theirs?

One big reason is because
man — (without doing any-
thing about it) — allows the
"pull of gravity" to weaken
his muscles and tissues. This
makes them sag and creates
life-shortening pressures with-
in the body.

These unhealthy pressures
interfere with the body's cell-
nutrition. In thus weakening
his muscles and tissues, man
becomes an easy victim of all
kinds of diseases.

Can we retain youthful vigor?

The ancient scriptural
writers seem to have under-
stood this. Else why should
they have adjured us to "re-
new our youth like the eagle?"

The eagle oftentimes lives to
an age of 250 years. Why?
What does he do that man
does not do?

The eagle moves in a way
that preserves his heart. He
works with gravity — not
against it!

We can take a life-prolong-
ing lesson from the eagle!

Don't let old age dry you up

The parts that are affected
first are those the heart finds
it hardest to reach—the nerve
centres and tissues which con-
trol the ageing process.
If you will let the blood



reach those areas for a time
each day — improve their
nutrition and relieve the pres-
sures — you give them a
chance to "renew your youth
like the eagle."

How to increase brain power

Dr. Donald Laird in his ex-
periments at Colgate Uni-
versity found that man's brain
functions 7% faster and 14%
more accurately when the
body is working with gravity
instead of fighting it!

In the past several years, a
health-conditioning salon in
New York has become famous
for restoring youthful figures
to middle-aged men and
women by a "pressure-
relieving" system that co-
operates with gravity's pull.

The improvement in per-
sonal appearance is amazing:
Chins become more youthful.
Cheeks firm up! Pot bellies
disappear!

FREE — with our compliments

We wish to give you a
little book called "Renew Thy
Youth Like the Eagle."

It explains the methods
which can best be used to
REINVIGORATE and REVIVE
the tissues and nerve centres
of the body.

There is no charge for this
very helpful booklet. As a
public service, it is FREE to all
who want to learn more
about this aspect of personal
health.

To get your copy of "Re-
new Thy Youth Like the
Eagle"—send name and ad-
dress with a 5d. postage
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Essendon, W.S. Victoria.

Mr. HERBERT LAZARUS
5 Glass St., Essendon W.S. Victoria

Please send me a copy of "Renew Thy Youth
Like the Eagle." I enclose 5d postage stamp.

Name _____

Address _____

City, State _____

FLOWER CAKE...

● This beautiful cake, garlanded with flowers that are mainly
Australian wildflowers, was designed as a specially warm welcome
to guests from overseas. It is shown in color in this issue.

AS a conversation piece, a cake
like this would be a wonderful
way of starting off a party with a
swing. With it on the centre of the
table, very few other decorations
would be needed.

And—what is perhaps best of all—
the flowers are edible, as well as the
cake.

In the pretty garland, red waratahs
and their green leaves, white flannel
flowers, and yellow wattle set off brown
boronia, pink Kurrajong blossoms, and
other flowers of a more delicate shade.

Any type of fruit cake can be used
as a foundation for the floral decor-
ation. The cake in our picture is a
fruit cake and is 10in. in diameter.

It was covered first with a layer of
marzipan, then a layer of super-cream
plastic fondant. The flowers and leaves
were moulded from modelling fondant,
and attached with dabs of royal icing.

Scallops round the base were built
out with No. 3 icing-tube and the lace-
like extension work was done with
No. 00 tube.

The greeting "Welcome to Aus-
tralia" was written with No. 00 tube
in icing the same color as the fondant
covering and the letters were tinted
gold when dry.

Millinery wire was used to attach
and group the flowers where necessary.
The stems that help to give such a
natural appearance to the garland were
bought ready made and are the type
used in millinery-making.

Recipes for the cake, marzipan,
super-cream plastic icing, modelling
fondant, and royal icing are on these
two pages, with sketches of the flowers
(slightly enlarged) and the directions
for making them.

RICH FRUIT CAKE

Twelve ounces butter, 12oz. brown
sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, few drops
almond essence, grated rind 1 orange
and 1 lemon, 6 eggs, 4lb. mixed fruits
(such as sultanas, raisins, currants, peel,
cherries, figs, etc.), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sherry,
brandy, or rum, 3 tablespoons mar-
malade jam, 1 teaspoon parisian
essence (optional), 15oz. plain flour,
pinch salt, 1 teaspoon spice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon
each cinnamon and nutmeg.

Chop fruits and pour over sherry,
brandy, or rum; cover and stand over-
night. Cream butter with brown
sugar, vanilla, almond essence, and
fruit rinds. Add eggs one at a time
and beat well. Mix in parisian essence
and jam. Sift dry ingredients and add
alternately to butter mixture with
soaked fruit. Fill into 10in. cake-tin
lined with 3 thicknesses of paper. Bake
in slow oven $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 hours.

MARZIPAN

Four egg-yolks, 4 tablespoons sherry,
2 teaspoons glycerine, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. marzipan
meal, approximately 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. icing sugar.

Sift almost all icing sugar into bowl,
stir in the marzipan meal. Make well
in centre, add beaten egg-yolks, sherry,
and glycerine; mix well. Turn out on
board, knead well.

MODELLING FONDANT

Three-quarters ounce gelatine, 6oz.
water, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. glucose, 3lb. pure icing
sugar.

Add gelatine to water and dissolve
over gentle heat. Add glucose and
cool, but do not allow to become cold.
Add approximately 5oz. of icing sugar,
a little at a time. Put in plastic bag
and leave several hours before using.
Knead in remaining icing sugar until
desired consistency is reached.

SUPER-CREAM FONDANT

Two ounces liquid glucose, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar,
2 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. water, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. glycerine, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon
cream of tartar, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. gelatine, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.
water (extra), 2oz. solid white shorten-
ing, 2 to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. pure icing sugar, color-
ing, flavoring.

Stir glucose, sugar, water, glycerine,
cream of tartar over heat until sugar
and glucose are dissolved. Bring to boil,
cook until mixture forms soft ball when
dropped into glass of cold water or
registers 240deg. F. on sugar ther-
mometer. Dissolve gelatine in extra
water, add to glucose mixture. Add
chopped white shortening. Allow to
cool and gradually beat in 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. pure
icing sugar. Put into plastic bag, leave
at least 24 hours or until required.
Before using, knead in remaining icing
sugar, coloring, and flavoring.

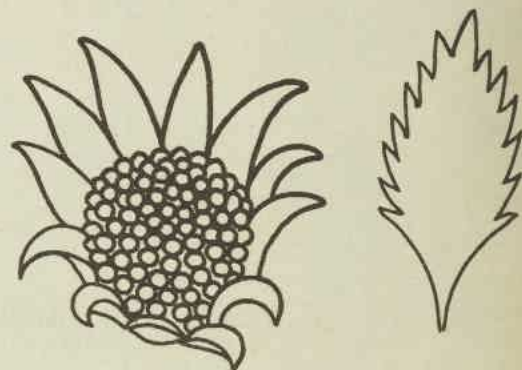
ROYAL ICING

Two egg-whites, approximately 1lb.
pure icing sugar, few drops acetic acid.
Beat egg-whites lightly, gradually
add icing sugar, beating until desired
consistency is reached. Add few drops
acetic acid. Color as desired.

Waratah

Mould a rounded cone from white fondant,
insert fine stick in base, and dry. Using royal
icing and No. 1 icing-tube, cover cone with small
points. Dry, paint red with food coloring. Cut 12
petals from white fondant, 6 slightly smaller than
the others; shape to fit cone, then place sideways
to dry so shape will be retained. Secure petals to
cone with royal icing, the 6 smaller ones first,
then remaining 6. Dry, paint petals red with food
coloring.

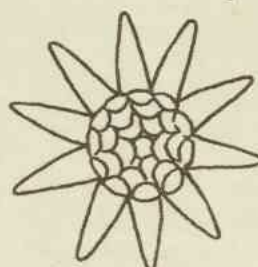
Leaves: Roll out fondant, cut to shape, and bend
into any desired position; dry, paint with green
food coloring.



Flannel flower

Take a small, straight strip
of white fondant, cut one end
into 10 sections. Roll an-
other small piece between fin-
gers for the flower centre and
wrap the fondant round it.
Turn back petals and pinch
each to a point. Remove
surplus fondant from base and
insert wire.

When dry, tint the tips of
petals a pale green and pipe
the centre with pale green
royal icing.



Kurrajong

Take a small, straight strip
of white fondant, cut one
edge of it into 5 sections.
Wrap round knitting needle,
join and fold petals back.
Flatten and pinch each petal
to a point with fingers. Re-
move from needle, shape base,
insert wire, and remove sur-
plus fondant. When dry, paint
the outside only with red
coloring. Attach millinery
stamens in centre of each
with royal icing, then arrange
the flowers in sprays.



to welcome honored guests



AUSTRALIAN wildflowers predominate in the spray that decorates the cake.

Christmas bells

Mould a pear-shaped piece of white fondant over knitting needle and hollow out centre. Pinch edge into scallops and attach wire to base. Dry, paint yellow, then blend in orange coloring, leaving the scallops round the edge yellow. Dry; attach stamens with royal icing.



Apple berry

Mould from white fondant in same way as kurrajong on opposite page, without pointing petals and omitting stamens. When dry, paint outside lemon-yellow. (These flowers are also called dumplings.)



Boronia

Mould a small quantity of yellow fondant over point of knitting needle, then snip edge to form 4 petals. Remove from knitting needle, pinch petals lightly, and insert wire. When dry, paint outside only with light brown coloring and attach 4 short millinery stamens in centre with royal icing. Arrange in sprays by binding wire together with green tissue-paper.



Lantana

Take a small, straight strip of mauve fondant, cut one edge into 4 sections, narrow and wide alternately. Roll small piece of lemon-colored fondant for centre and wrap mauve fondant strip around it. Fold petals back, pinch narrow petals into points; flatten and frill slightly the wider petals. Insert wire, remove surplus base. Arrange in clusters, small buds in centre.



Gum nuts

Mould very small quantities of fondant over the point of knitting needle to form a hollow. When dry, paint flowers deep brown. Make small green stems from fondant and secure to nuts with royal icing.



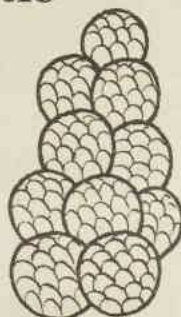
Mountain devil

Roll with fingers 7 small pieces of fondant to resemble tubular pieces of bloom. (There are 7 of these tubular pieces in each flower head.) Attach the 7 pieces at base, then insert red millinery stamen in top of each. When dry, paint flowers red and pipe white dots round base of each stamen with royal icing. (Alternative name of this flower is honey-flower.)



Wattle

Mould into balls small round pieces of yellow fondant. Press each against tulle to give bobbled effect. Allow to dry, secure to wire with royal icing. If any wire is visible through wattle, squeeze small points of royal icing on to wire, using No. 1 tube. When dry, tint these points pale green.



Red hot poker

Using yellow royal icing, pipe these flowers on to fine wire with No. 1 tube. Begin with small points and gradually make points larger, sloping downward. Dry carefully, stick into an orange or bread to keep upright so they won't get damaged and lose shape. Then tint tips of flowers with orange food coloring.

Note: The fine wire necessary to make these flowers can be bought at millinery departments or at stores that specialise in cake-decorating equipment.





It's the sneezin' season
and only new Kleenex^{*} tissues have wet strength
for big sneezes plus softness so kind to tender
noses



Grandma's happy home on wheels

● Several years ago we were faced with that common heart-breaking problem—how to make sure life is happy for a mother left all alone in the world.

WE had been a large family of seven children, and our home had been a large, rambling, family home. Even after we'd all grown up and married, Mother and Dad stayed on in the home. It was too big for just two of them, but it had been "home" to them for nearly 35 years, and besides, as Dad used to say, the walls seemed to be able to stretch to accommodate us all (grandchildren too) whenever we returned home.

But after Dad died, the house was far too big and too lonely for Mother to live in by herself. She had always been independent and hated the thought of living with others, but loneliness was a thing she couldn't bear. So we looked round for a small, modern, compact home for her.

But no matter how small and modern a house is, there are always jobs an elderly woman cannot manage. Unfortunately, our family was rather scattered, and none lived close enough to mow the grass, etc.

So, after much thought, Mum decided to live with her family—to spend a few months at each one's place.

But modern homes of today just do not seem to be built like the old family homes. They're usually three bedrooms at the most, so it meant that at each place Mum stayed she put someone out of their bed and their room.

Even though we all protested it didn't matter, Mum nevertheless felt she was putting us all to great inconvenience.

And then, of course, there was Mother herself. To live constantly "out of ports" must be one of the hardest things to do. You must get rid of all surplus "junk,"

and just carry the essentials. This left no precious treasures to be displayed; no corner entirely her own.

After being "boss" of her own household for 35 years, it was hard living in other people's houses, where things just didn't suit entirely.

Then there were the children. Even the mothers of teenagers quite often feel tempted to rant and rave at teenagers, and nerves are on edge with the wireless blaring out incessantly from early morning until late at night with modern pop tunes.

It just doesn't work

How much worse then for the Grandmother, who must just put up with all the noise, and then, when she changes to another house, to go in the opposite direction to tiny babies . . . babies who are teething and fretful, work piled up that must be done, and, of course, Grandma doing it and getting quite worn out.

Well, in other words, it just doesn't work. There is nowhere in a modern home where Grandma can retire and get essential peace and quiet.

This is why our family got together for a conference and from it came the most wonderful idea. With Mother's consent, we pooled our resources and bought a modern, luxurious caravan for her.

This has been a real godsend. We didn't buy a tiny, cramped one, but one with lots of space, and it has now become Mother's "home" to her.

All the sons and sons-in-law had towbars fitted to their cars so that any one of us, at any time, can move Mother and her "home" on to the next place.

In each yard we keep a special place for the caravan.

FAMILY AFFAIRS

(This reader provided her name and address, but wishes to be anonymous.)

In fact, in the bigger yards they even have a fenced area to put the caravan, and here Mother has a small garden, growing such things as parsley and bulb flowers.

These gardens give Mother something to potter round while she is there and yet do not need a great deal of upkeep when she is not.

All the children, right down to the youngest, know they visit Grandma's house only by invitation, and so she is not annoyed or pestered all day by children underfoot.

But oh, the wonderful times they have and the joyous laughter that comes from Gran's house when, all dressed up in "Sunday Best," they visit Grandma for afternoon-tea or tea.

Grandma is always there to hear any troubles and to help in the thousand ways that Grandmas do, and yet she is still boss of her own home.

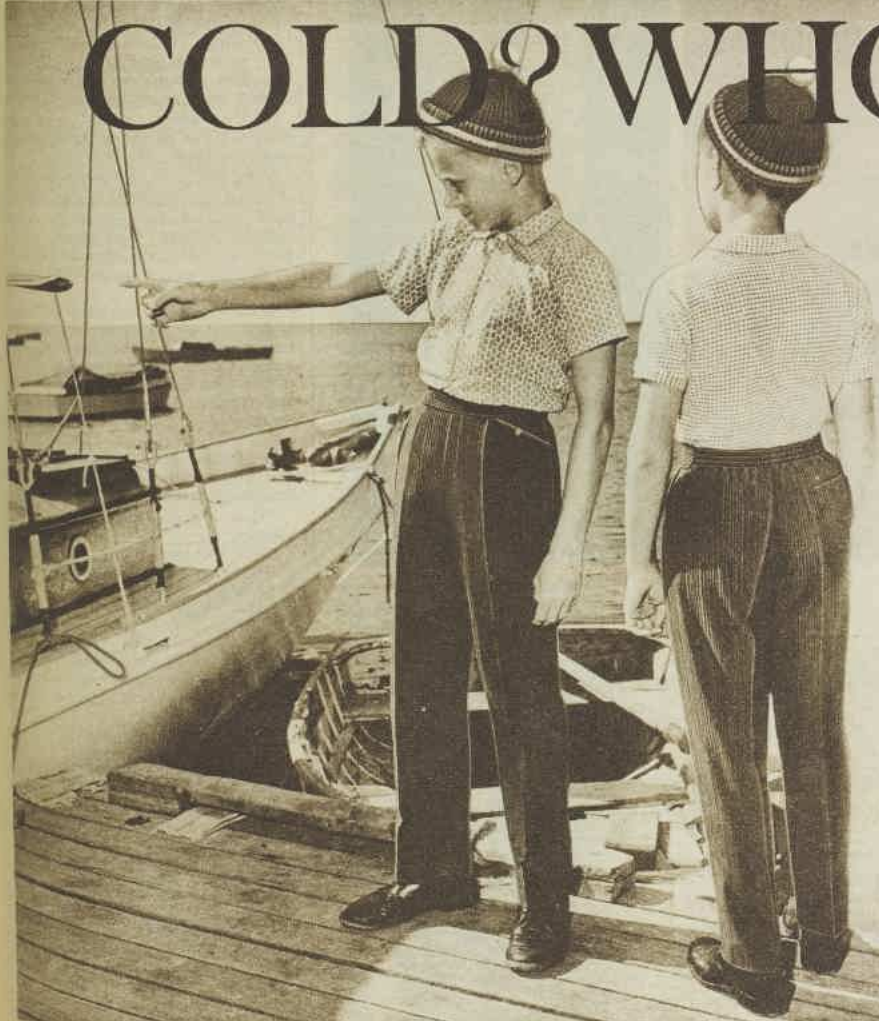
She can get up at 10 o'clock if she feels like it, without upsetting any routines, or 5 a.m. on a Sunday if she feels like it, without the rest of the family having to stir "because Gran is up."

When one of her daughters had to have an operation and was ordered a month's complete rest to follow, Mother just packed up the caravan and she and her daughter went off to the seaside for a wonderful month's recuperation.

One of the more clever sons rigged up a "bell system," which Mother can ring at any time (the bell rings in the house wherever she is staying), so she knows that if anything goes wrong at night, if she feels sick at any time, she has only to pull on the cord near her bed and one of the family will be with her within seconds.

It seems to us we have worked out the perfect system to have three generations living harmoniously together and also where we can keep a watchful eye on a dearly loved mother.

COLD? WHO CARES...



King Gee Cadets are warm and comfortable anywhere on cold winter days—they're tailored from fleecy-backed Sanforized Bradmill Cord. With zip fly, metal buttons, American style waist and boilproof elastic back, King Gee Cadets are this winter's smartest, toughest trousers. If your boys are at the rough-and-tumble age, they'll love Cadets. You'll love Cadets, too—they're quickly washable, always look smart and the narrow cuffless bottoms have extra large hems to let down for growing boys. Get King Gee Cadets at your favourite store.

* REGD. TD. MK. SHRUNK FABRIC

KING GEE Cadets for the young men of the nation.

KG 244

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punched the brake pedal, pain jarring up his leg, and he wrenched at the steering wheel. The tyres squealed and the Lancia swerved and slithered crazily over toward the rocks and trees, turning, and the wheel was spinning through his fingers, as the first impact checked the slide briefly. On, backwards and round, a second hump, and down through the soft grass.

His head hit the roof, but he had the wheel firm again and aimed at the space between two trunks. They were through, another twenty jolting feet, and then all at once, motionless, on its side, with the engine still running. Automatically he switched off the ignition. Beyond the trees the sea was blue and distant. Somewhere behind and above, the 1.30 from Cannes shrieked over the level-crossing.

Apart from a tender scalp and

Continued from page 38

a painful neck, Stretton seemed unharmed. Some diabolical freak of circumstance had once more inexplicably shattered his carefully prepared intention. Trembling with rage and the shock of his cavorting perilous descent, he swung round on his passenger.

"You little fool! What the hell do you think . . . I!"

His invective died away in the emptiness of the car. For a fleeting splinter of time his mind reeled under the suspicion that the image of dark hair and staring eyes in the mirror was an illusion, engineered by his imagination to absolve yet again his courage from failure. But an open handbag on the seat and a high-heeled sandal by the gaping

door had him lurching out of the car and scrambling breathlessly up the slope, his shoes slipping on the grass where the tyres had flattened it in two snake-like tracks between the trees.

She was lying partially hidden by a shrub, one shoeless foot flung out at an odd angle. Stretton dropped to his knees and lifted her head, instantly feeling the sticky warmth of blood on his hand, where it came from a cut behind her ear. As he turned the young face toward his, he recognised her as the girl who'd been with the two youths at the hotel pool.

"Shirley," he heard himself calling, "Shirley, Shirly . . ."

But she didn't respond and panic

sucked him down with a sickening plunge into the depths of his own remorse and guilt. All he'd done with his hollow display of self-sacrifice was to kill, to murder. Why she was in the car, or how, he couldn't fathom, but the result was the same. He'd set out alone to take his life, but death had come in company with the young and the fair and the living, and there was no such thing as the solitary solution.

He picked her up in his arms and the lightness of her body answered a lightness in his head. Distantly through the trees he could hear the sea, and the cicadas built up a ringing chorus round him as he began to carry her toward it.

The man came leaping and sliding down the slope from the road, calling out as he did so, but Stretton walked on, dazed, heedless, until the other caught up with him.

"Are you all right?"

He pulled Stretton round by the arm.

"Hey, where do you think you're taking her?"

"I've killed her," said Stretton. "Killed her. I've killed her. Killed her . . ." He went on chanting his self-accusatory creed.

"No you ain't. Look, she's opening 'er eyes."

" . . . killed her."

"Now stop that. You're all in, mate. Let me have her."

The burly cockney took the girl from his arms. Stretton made no resistance. He stood dumbly watching the man shift the slender body on to his shoulder. The girl looked hazily at Stretton, trying to orientate herself, gave up, and closed her eyes again.

"Come on," said the man, "I've got my car at the top."

Stretton tried to move his legs, but they buckled under him and the sea roared in his ears and a rushing blissful darkness extinguished his consciousness.

IT required the services of a breakdown-truck with a winch and the muscular effort of three garage hands and Brown, who insisted on taking charge of the proceedings, to get the Lancia up to the road. It was six o'clock when he drove it back from the garage to the hotel and handed the ignition key to Stretton.

"Apart from the panelbeating, which you'll have to get done, there wasn't much wrong with it. Two shock-absorbers, a shackle-pin, and the exhaust-pipe bracket."

"I'm more than grateful to you," said Stretton. "What do I owe you?"

"Hundred francs."

Stretton gave him a note.

"Will you have a drink?"

"No, I must hop it. I want to get to Aix before bedtime. Are you all right now?"

"Apart from a headache."

"And the girl?"

"Nothing very serious. Concussion, some cuts and bruises. She's in bed. The doctor's been. He says he doesn't want to see her again."

"I wouldn't mind," grinned Brown. "You've got a good-looking daughter there, Mr. Stretton."

"Oh, it's . . ." Stretton began.

"Well, so long." Brown shook his hand. "And don't drive so damn fast in future. You could easily have hit that train, you know."

"Yes . . . yes, I could," said Stretton.

Brown got into his own car and turned out of the hotel drive. Stretton opened the rear door of the beaten-looking Lancia, picked up the backless sandal and the handbag and carried them thoughtfully into the hotel.

He knocked twice before he heard her tell him to come in. She was sitting up in bed with the clothes drawn up to her chin.

"How are you feeling now?" he asked.

"Not too bad, thanks. Just a bit shaky. What about you?"

"I'm all right."

"And the car?"

"It'll go."

Stretton put the shoe on the floor by the other one and placed the handbag on the bed. She opened it immediately and sighed with relief.

"That's lucky," she said.

"What's that?"

"My passport. I thought it might have dropped out."

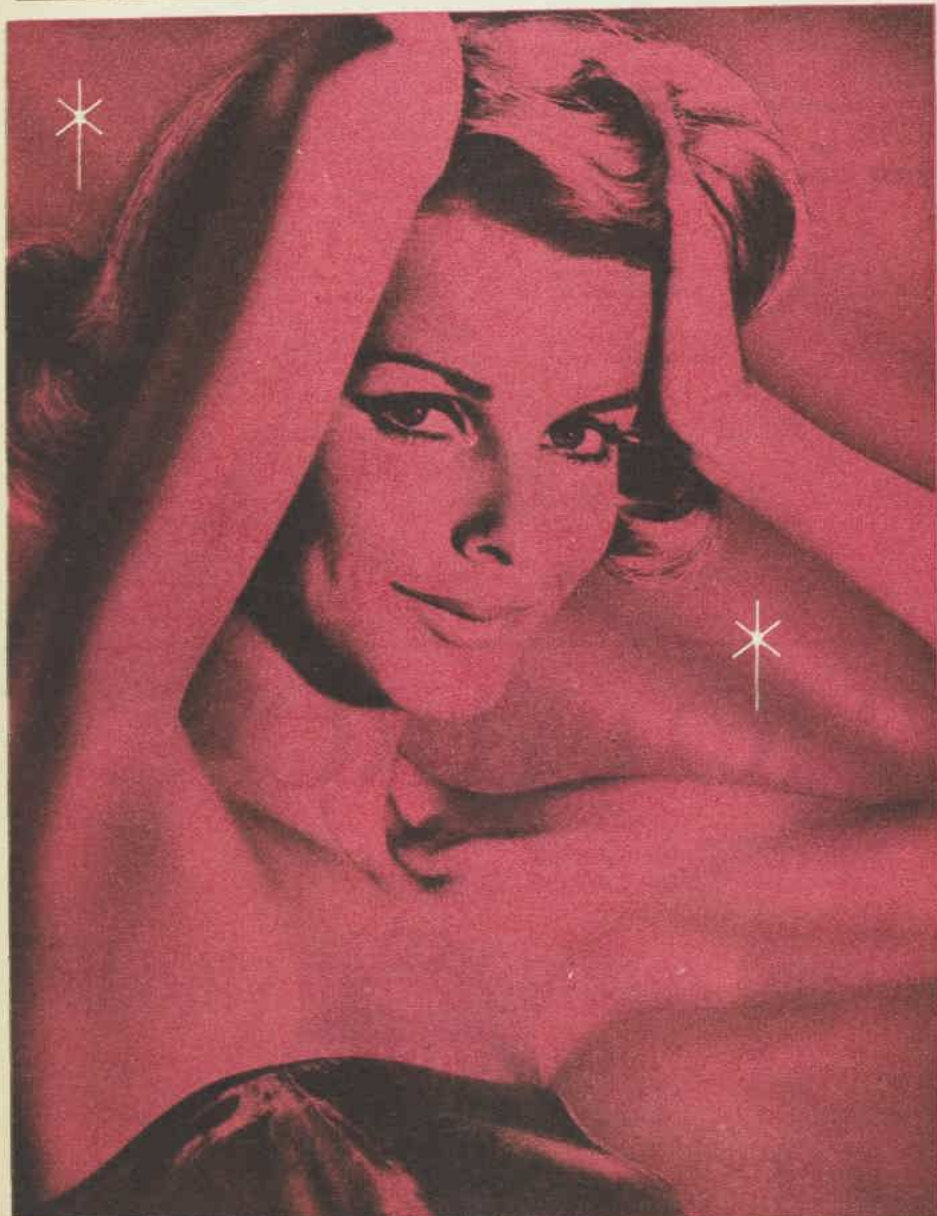
"May I see it?"

"You'll let me have it back?"

"Of course I will."

"Shirley Doreen Yates, Telephoneist. Born London, 1947." That made her seventeen. "Height 5ft. 5in. Color of eyes, blue. Color of hair, dark brown." It told him nothing he couldn't have guessed. The terse, unemotional description gave no clue as to behaviour or motive. He flipped over the pages. There was an entry-stamp for Ciampino Airport, Rome, dated six days

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way to good grooming. Pretty and light . . . so quick and easy . . . a dream to use! New Lady Gillette . . . specially for us — and all truly feminine women who love to be lovely. Buy Lady Gillette now! Only 21/6 at all chemists and stores.

NEW

Lady Gillette®

ago, and one of the French Surete Nationale at Menton a day later. She'd had £15 issued on the foreign exchange basic allowance. He handed the slim book back to her.

"So now you know, don't you?" she said, and put the passport back in the bag. She took out a mirror and regarded herself intently.

"What's your name?" "Stretton."

"I mean your first name," she laughed.

"Paul," he said, and walked defensively over to the window.

"Paul," he heard her say. "That's a nice name."

"If you'll tell me where they are, I'll get your friends to pick you up in the morning."

"No... no, don't do that." The fear in her voice puzzled him.

"Why not?" he asked.

"If I wanted to be with my friends, I wouldn't be here. I wouldn't have got in your car."

"Why did you? I can't imagine what you expected..."

"I didn't expect to have an accident," she said tearfully.

"I'm... I'm sorry about that," replied Stretton. "But if you hadn't been in the car, you wouldn't have been injured."

"If I hadn't screamed, I'd be dead. So would you," she retorted.

THE truth of the accusation brought back the guilt and horror of finding her lying on the grass.

"You were going straight for the level-crossing. You're a mad, crazy driver."

"But why hide in the car like that?"

"I don't know. I'd walked miles already. I saw them putting your case in the car. I knew you were English. I thought you'd be going home to England. You are, aren't you?"

"No... no, I'm not."

"That's not true. I can tell the way you said it."

"It is true."

"Please take me. I won't be a nuisance. I promise," she pleaded.

"I'm not going back to England," he repeated. "But I'll... I'll put you on a train or a plane, if you like."

"I haven't any money left."

"Very well, I'll give you some, and buy you a ticket tomorrow."

"Not tomorrow. Couldn't we go now? I'm O.K., really I am."

She threw back the clothes and put her feet on the floor. Stretton caught her as she stumbled.

"Get back into bed."

"It's all right, I just feel dizzy. It'll go in a minute."

"Not if you get up, it won't. It's too soon."

He put his hand under her knees, and eased her back into bed.

"But I don't want to stay here. Please, let's go. Please... please..."

She put her arm round him suddenly and began to cry uncontrollably.

It was no good now. She was part of his problem; part of the living and the dying, and the impossibility of isolation.

Continued from page 44

"What are you afraid of?" he asked.

"Them."

"Who?"

"Stan and Duke. They stole that money from the shop. It was in the papers. A record shop. Twelve hundred pounds. Stan said he'd won a football pool." She looked as if she was about to cry again. "It was going to be such a smashing holiday."

"But... but you had nothing to do with it, did you, Shirley?" asked Stretton.

"Of course I didn't, but if I'm found with them... Oh, don't you understand, I just want to get home?"

"Yes, yes, of course you do. Now

listen, Shirley. You're quite safe here. I'll tell Monsieur Lardier you're not to be disturbed, that you're my guest, and, if anyone inquires for you, you're not here, haven't been here. And in the morning I'll put you on the plane at Nice. All right?"

She searched his face for a moment and then relaxed back on the pillow.

He closed the door and went down to see the proprietor. He explained the situation, and as a precaution Monsieur Lardier telephoned a description of the two youths, with their names, to the police in Cannes.

After he had eaten, a feeling of

complete exhaustion overcame Stretton. He still had a headache and his limbs and back were stiff and painful as if he'd taken a beating. He had no strength left to fight any more. You could try to escape so long, but there came a time when defeat had the semblance of victory.

He cashed some travellers' cheques and told the concierge not to wake him till eight, and went upstairs. Before going to his new room at the front of the hotel, he opened her door to say goodnight, but she was fast asleep.

Isobel walked silently away from David's bed. Whatever dream had made him call out and fetch her

running anxiously to his room must have changed now to something sweet and bearable.

She set David's door well ajar, the more easily to hear him should he cry out again. As she bent down to wedge the corner of the wood with one of his shoes, she noticed the shaft of light from the passage made shiny fragments of reflection on the carpet under his bed. She put out her hand and gathered up the pieces of litter and took them back to her bedroom.

David was a tidy boy. It was unlike him to hide rubbish like that. Curiously, she wondered why he had torn up one of Paul's postcards. She began piecing it together on the dressing-table and, as the picture grew, and the parasol-tables took up their positions round the

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Let's make a PALM ISLAND Pie

a brand new recipe for Golden Circle Pie Time



rich in
vitamin 'C'



15oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE Crushed Pineapple, 2 tabs. cornflour, 1lb. pitted dates, 1 beaten egg, 1 tab. butter.

Heat pineapple and syrup till boiling. Thicken with cornflour blended in 1/4 cup water. Remove from stove, beat in egg and butter, add chopped dates. (Egg may be omitted). PASTRY: Sift into basin 2 cups plain flour, 1/4 cup cornflour, 1/2 teaspoon baking powder. Blend in 4oz. butter. Add 2 tabs. sugar and 1/2 cup lightly toasted coconut. Beat 1 egg in cup. Add milk to half fill. Stir into dry ingredients to make firm paste. Roll out two-thirds to line 7-inch square layer pan. Add filling, cover with remaining pastry. Bake in moderate oven (375 degs. F.) about 25 minutes. Sprinkle with toasted coconut. (All spoon measurements are level)

PACK SLICES IN
SCHOOL LUNCHES

Golden Circle Tropical CRUSHED PINEAPPLE



THE C.O.D. CANNERY, NORTHGATE, BRISBANE, Q.

HAZEL . . .
... by Ted Key



"Anything else?"

Hazel can be seen on Launceston's Channel 9 at 6.20 p.m., Thursdays.

swimming-pool, she realised it was one she didn't remember.

Quickly she turned over a torn corner, and the franking of the French stamp told her that it had been posted only two days before. David must have received it this morning at Winfield and said nothing. Feverishly she reversed the remaining pieces, reading the phrases about the weather in Paul's beautiful hand. But it was not his writing which riveted her attention and set her heart pounding. It was the printing along the edge: "Hotel St. Martin, Agay. Var. Tel. 214."

The elderly concierge, waistcoat unbuttoned, eyes shut, feet up on the desk, mumbled and cursed for some time before he ill-humoredly heaved himself up, and grumbling went to the small switchboard and snatched up the receiver.

Continued from page 45

"Allo? . . . oui, Hotel St. Martin . . . Stretton? oui, Monsieur Stretton is 'ere . . . not sick, but after an accident . . ."

He slammed down the receiver and then disconnected the main plug angrily. He shuffled back to his seat in the office, put his feet up once more, settled down in the chair, and closed his eyes.

Bridwell turned the Rolls into the mews and drew up outside the flat. Isobel heard the car and had opened the door before he'd reached the top of the steps.

"What's happened? Did you speak to Paul? Is he all right?" she asked anxiously.

"I couldn't get through. But after

a good deal of trouble I persuaded the exchange at Cannes to check the line. It's either out of order or more likely it's been disconnected at the hotel end."

"I don't think I really believed you, this afternoon . . . that Paul had been trying to . . . but now . . ."

"I'm afraid now there can be no doubt," he said. "This attempt—it's at least the fourth—puts coincidence out of the question."

"Thank heavens he didn't succeed. But I'd feel better if I knew about the accident; how seriously he's been injured?"

Bridwell took out his case and gave her a cigarette.

"It must be fairly trivial or he'd

be in hospital." He snapped his lighter. "In a way, it's . . . it's a pity he isn't."

"What do you mean?"

"He'd be safe there."

"But if he's hurt, surely he can't be thinking of . . .?"

"Your husband has built up a pretty consistent record of determined effort. He's not likely to give up now. Unless we face that possibility, that probability, we shan't be able to deal with it, shall we?"

"But what can we do?"

"I've already done something. Quite a lot, in fact," said Bridwell.

"I've sent Paul a telegram explaining the whole stupid mistake."

"When will he get it?"

"It should be delivered about

eight in the morning. But it might be delayed; he might be off early. It isn't good enough on its own."

"So what else?" asked Isobel.

"There's a plane leaves London Airport at 2.30, arriving Nice 6.25. Though I loathe night flying, I shall be on it."

"But I must come as well," she exclaimed.

"I thought you'd say that," he smiled, "so I've bought you a ticket, too."

"Oh . . . thanks," she said simply, and then as she saw the complication: "But . . . I can't leave David."

"Naturally not. Altogether I booked three seats. And I've also organised a car at the other end."

He sounded so matter of fact, so assured, that with the relief of mounting hope she couldn't repress the laugh which bubbled up inside her.

"I guess no one could put the skids under you, Dr. Bridwell," she said.

"Two people have," he replied dryly. "And the name's Norman."

"I'll remember that," she smiled, and then looked at the clock.

"Two-thirty you said? Hey, I'd better get a move on."

"We ought to leave in half an hour."

She went to the door and then turned.

"Now you've sent the telegram and arranged everything I could . . . David and I could manage the rest on our own. There's no real necessity for you to go all that way."

"Perhaps not," he replied, "but it's Sunday and I've nothing better to do. Besides, I have a feeling I might still be useful."

"Thanks again," she nodded. "I guess this is what you British mean by the old school tie."

"Something like that," he laughed.

BUT, as she closed the door, Bridwell knew he was not going for any such sentimental reason. The old school tie; the fashionable term of derision; the world of the outmoded, unangry insiders. And yet, in a curiously inverted way, it was because of that. The inconvenient journey might relieve him of the incubus which Stretton had become ever since he'd recognised him as the boy he'd "taught a lesson to" at Meresbury. Though Bridwell didn't confess to such an emotion, it was shame, nevertheless. He'd been letting something down.

As soon as Isobel had packed a case for herself and David she went into his bedroom and switched on the light. He awoke slowly, rubbing his eyes.

"Wake up, David, I've got a surprise for you," she said.

"What do you say?"

"We're taking a trip in an aeroplane."

"It's still night-time, isn't it?"

"Yes. That makes it more exciting, though," she answered, trying to encourage herself as much as him.

Yawning, he began to climb out of bed, sleep relinquishing him jealously.

"Where are we going?"

"To see Daddy."

"But he's in France."

"That's right. It'll be fun, won't it?"

He didn't reply, and began putting on his shirt and trousers, but she had to help him with the sock over the useless foot.

"David . . .?" she asked.

"Yes?"

"Why didn't you tell me you'd had a postcard from Daddy this morning?"

Surprisingly he glanced under the bed.

"I forgot, I expect," he said.

She didn't pursue the evasion, but was puzzled by it.

"What made you tear it?"

David continued tying a shoelace. As she went to help him with the other one he pushed her away roughly.

"It's all right for you. But Daddy can't swim, either, can he?" he blazed angrily.

The vehemence of his outburst hurt and nonplussed her.

"Daddy doesn't go in the water because it makes his skin bad."

To page 47

"Tell us Loxene
why does everyone love you more than us?"



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SECOND OPINION

Continued from page 46

"He has showers," was the logical retort.

"Then I expect it's because he didn't learn when he was your age. It gets more difficult when you're older."

"So he can't swim?"

"I... I don't think so."

"Well, I'm not going to swim."

Ever," David said grimly.

She watched him struggling with his tie.

"All right, David," she said quietly. "Nobody's going to make you."

When he had finished dressing, she opened the door.

"Come on. Wash your face and hands."

HE walked along to the bathroom, and the sight of his awkward progress made her blink back the tears. She left him on his own and returned to the living-room.

"All set?" inquired Bridwell.

"David's washing. He won't be long."

"Do you think it'll do him any harm. Taking him with us, like this?" she asked.

"Probably do him good. Anyway, he won't be able to see Widmark till next week."

"David's acting very oddly. Do you suppose he didn't mention the postcard because it was a picture of a swimming-pool?"

"From what you've told me I'm surprised he didn't shred it to ribbons."

"He suddenly seems so resentful toward me," she said in bewilderment. "Why should he be like that?"

"I'm only a radiologist," he replied. "But at a rough guess I'd say it's because you despise his father for being unable to swim."

"But I don't," denied Isobel.

Bridwell smiled at her.

"Not now perhaps. But you have done. It wouldn't be unnatural."

"Well, I've never said so," she answered, turning away from his gaze.

"The boy probably sensed the thing. He didn't mind till he had that ducking at the pool. Now he's afraid of the water. Suddenly he and his father are on the same side. Against you."

"Yes..." she said. "Yes, I can see that that's possible."

"His father's got an excuse for his insufficiency — his professed skin-trouble. Now David's produced one, too — his leg."

She considered the explanation and as she did so it became frighteningly clear and obvious to her.

"Of course... it must be like that," she exclaimed. "But how can it ever be put right?"

"I said I'm only a radiologist," he answered. "You really mustn't worry. It won't help. Besides, I'd take a bet Bill Widmark'll find the answer in no time."

He put on his coat and they collected David and took him down to the car. He sat in the front between them. When they reached the airport there was no delay in take-off.

The sound of a car slithering to a halt on the gravel drive outside brought Stretton to complete wakefulness. The face of his wristwatch, easily visible in the streaks of early sunlight which pierced the slats of the shutters, stated it was just before eight. The slam of a car door, and then another, was followed by low-pitched conversation. Something about the voices, the intonation, was familiar. Dressing quickly he went across to the window and eased back one of the shutters.

He recognised them immediately. They were standing arguing by the white Alfa Romeo. Stretton couldn't catch the words, but Stan suddenly pointed vehemently across the drive, and, shrugging sulkily, Duke followed him over to the battered Lancia. The significance of their

To page 48

• More Australian place names

NEW SOUTH WALES

Coff's Harbour

Name derives from Korff's Harbour, after Mr. Korff, a settler.

Lightning Ridge

Because a mob of sheep was once struck by lightning here.

Uralla

Aboriginal: Various translations as "big hill," "running water," or "bye and bye." Captain Thunderbolt, the bushranger, was surprised in a hotel here and, after a desperate duel, was shot by a police officer.

VICTORIA

Gabo Island

When asked the name of their locality the

aborigines replied Gabo, which probably was the equivalent of our "What?" or "We don't understand." It was, however, believed at the time to be their name of the locality of Cape Howe.

Korumburra

Aboriginal: "Blowfly."

QUEENSLAND

Chinchilla

Although it has assumed the spelling of a town in Spain and a small animal famous for its fur, it is derived from Jinchilla, an aboriginal word for the cypress pine.

Kalangadoo (S. Australia)

Aboriginal, Kalanghool: "Swamp with

many red gums." The name was given to a station there in 1849.

Swan River (W. Australia)

Named on January 6, 1697, when black swans were first seen on the river by an expedition under the Dutchman de Vlamingh. Two were captured alive and presented to the Governor of Batavia.

Bothwell (Tasmania)

Was named by Sir George Arthur, Governor from 1824 to 1836, when he noted the preponderance of Scotsmen at a dinner.

Macarthur River (N.T.)

Discovered and named by the explorer Leichhardt after James and William Macarthur of Camden, N.S.W.



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actions worked like an instantaneous catalyst on his own. Stretton closed the shutter, ran into Shirley's room. He shook the girl's sleeping form vigorously, but she was awake as soon as he touched her.

"What's the matter?" she gasped. "Keep your voice down," he whispered. "They're here. Stan and Duke."

"Oh, no!" she said, and cowered back among the clothes.

"They haven't found you yet, and I'm not going to let them."

"You don't understand. They've both got flickers. They'll carve you up."

"Be quiet and listen to me," he commanded her. "There isn't much time, but there's just enough. Can you drive a car?"

"Yes, but..."

"Good. There's a train leaves

Continued from page 47

Agay for Nice in fifteen minutes exactly. You'll just make it."

He pulled out the wad of notes he'd exchanged for his travellers' cheques and thrust them into her hand, together with the ignition key.

"The moment I'm downstairs, get dressed."

"But they'll come up..."

"No they won't," he said, and slipped into his shoes. "As soon as you see them from your window going with me to the swimming-pool, run down to the car and drive to the station. When you get to Nice, take a taxi to the airport. Once you're through the Customs and in the departure lounge no one can touch you."

"I'll never do it," she said.

"Of course you will," he encouraged her. "And Stan and Duke won't ever bother you again. Very shortly they'll have more to answer for than a robbery. Goodbye and good luck."

He opened the door a few inches and then slipped out. Slinging his camera round his neck, he walked along the passage to the stairs.

The two youths were in the vestibule. They had taken up positions at each end of the reception-counter so that neither Monsieur Lardier nor the concierge could make a move except into the small office behind. Stan lounged insolently against the woodwork which he was using as a dartboard for his knife, enjoying the discomfiture

and even fear which was apparent on the faces of the hotelier and his employee.

"I assure you, monsieur," the proprietor was saying, "the young lady is not in the hotel."

"Now you don't want me to 'ave to kick down a few doors, do you?" replied Stan.

"Are you having some trouble, Monsieur Lardier?"

The boy swung round as Stretton approached from the stairs.

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

"Well, look who's here," he sneered.

"The swimming champ," Duke sneered.

"These 'gentlemen' think the ma'moiselle is..." began Monsieur Lardier, but Stan cut him short with a gesture and addressed Stretton.

"I suppose you haven't seen 'er either, dad?"

"She's not in the hotel," replied Stretton.

"But she's been in your car."

"What has that to do with it?"

"This," said Stan, holding up a circular, flat powder compact. "This is Shirley's. How did it get on your back seat?"

It was imperative to bait them, to decoy them away from the front of the hotel long enough for Shirley to make her break. The second part of the exercise, the part that concerned him alone, should be much easier to engineer. Stretton shrugged.

"I presume because she left it there," he said, and began to walk through the hall.

STAN was at his side instantly and Duke moved up behind him.

"Where do you think you're going?"

"To take some pictures," said Stretton. "The light's rather interesting at this time of day." He smiled at Stan. "But I gather you're rather sensitive about photographs."

"As Shirly been talking to you about me?"

Stretton took another step toward the terrace, but Stan held him by the arm.

"Come 'ere!" he commanded.

"What 'as she been saying?"

"Don't you think it would be more advisable if we discussed her conversation and her whereabouts in a less public place?" asked Stretton, with an obvious glance at the proprietor and the concierge.

He watched Stan's brown eyes jumping from one to the other. The boy was uncertain. He wasn't sure how much was known, how far things had gone, how dangerous the remark was; which was the way Stretton wanted it.

"Yeah," he said. "Let's have a cool talk, man!"

He nodded to Duke, and pushed Stretton in front of him. A sound behind them made them turn round. The hotel door burst open and a smiling fifteen-stone middle-aged postman came into the foyer.

"Bonjour, messieurs, bonjour," he greeted the assembly cheerily, and walked over to the concierge. Stan let go of Stretton's arm, but stayed close against him. Duke went back to the counter.

The postman put the letters down one after the other.

"Un, deux, trois, quatre, cinq, six, et un telegramme pour..." Stretton. He held up the envelope.

"For me?" said Stretton.

The postman came over and handed it to him. Stretton felt the point of a knife pressing against his thigh.

"Merci," he said.

"Merci, monsieur," replied the jovial Frenchman, and walked back to the entrance.

"Bonjour, bonjour," he called out.

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A259

The door was shut once more, and the sound of a motor-scooter followed immediately and rapidly died away.

Stretton tried to think what the telegram could mean. The office didn't know where he was.

"I'll have that," said Stan.

But Stretton slipped it into his pocket before it could be snatched from him.

"No, you won't," he said, and, thrusting the boy away, darted through the archway to the back of the hotel and ran along the path to the blue iron gate. Stan and Duke were after him like terriers. Stretton bounded down the steps, three at a time, and made for a table halfway along the side of the pool. By the time they had caught up with him he was sitting down and making imaginary adjustments to his camera.

Continued from page 48

The telegram, whatever it contained, was a stroke of luck. If they didn't already, he could make them think it was connected with Shirley. The essential task was to keep the talk flowing until he was sure she was at the station, or better, until he heard the train whistle as it went over the level-crossing carrying her safely to Nice.

He wasn't going to think about the water till then, but he could see it out of the corner of his eye, winking and dappling in the morning sunshine. It had been waiting for him all along; waiting to receive him gratefully like a prodigal son. He could never have done it on his own. It was odd that in all the previous attempts other people had

come between him and dread success. Now it was these two unprincipled thugs who would help him to ultimate victory. He explored their malevolent barbarous faces as they sat down menacingly on either side, and he knew they wouldn't fail him.

"All right, dad," said Stan. "Where is she?"

"I couldn't be absolutely certain at this minute."

"Hold him, Duke," ordered Stan. Stretton allowed the boy to pin his arms behind him. Stan felt in his pocket and hooked out the telegram and tore open the envelope. He read the telegram and threw it on the table.

"What's this, code or something?"

SECOND OPINION

"Let me see it," requested Stretton. "I may be able to translate it for you."

Duke relaxed his arms a little.

"You'd better," said Stan. "And quick."

Stretton's eyes scanned the white strips of type rapidly. It was absurd, impossible. Bridwell. Symptoms functional? Did that mean all this time he'd been . . . ? He read the message through again. Bridwell! It was succinct, authoritative, convincingly apologetic.

"Well?" said Stan.

Suddenly the tangled knot of emotions and fears and screwed-up pinnacles of courage were unraveling and bursting apart inside him like the broken mainspring of an

overwound clock. He wanted to shout with rage and hatred and relief, but the shaking which had taken hold of his body and the sound which came from his throat he recognised as ironic, uncontrollable laughter.

The sting of pain on his cheek as Duke slapped him brought him back to the grim reality of his present predicament. He'd prepared his own trap so carefully, and now his mind was frantically clawing round inside it, seeking a way out. Now he needed time, too, as well as the girl.

"What does it mean?" Stan snapped.

"If you'll let go of my arms," he said, "I'll tell you."

"You'll do more. You'll tell me where she is."

"Certainly, but not until you release me."

Stan regarded him suspiciously a moment and then signalled with his knife.

"Let him go, Duke. But if you try anything, daddy . . ." he warned.

Stretton shook himself free of the hands which had been holding him, lifted the strap over his head, and put the camera on the table. Then he picked up the telegram. Surely by now Lardier had phoned the police? He glanced toward the steps and the iron gates, but they were shut and he could see no one beyond them. Not that the decrepit concierge would be any help, and the waiter was either not yet on duty, or anxious to avoid trouble.

Apart from the gates, he knew of no other way out from the enclosure of the terrace. It'd have to be a fight. Stretton looked at his adversaries and wished he had Jock Macpherson's experience. He heard a metallic click behind him. Obviously Duke wasn't taking any



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But what form? Liquid or Cream? "Dettol", you see, offers you a choice. Actually, your decision should depend mainly on the cut, abrasion or infection. And it pays to have both types in the medicine cabinet at all time.

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Whichever you use, cream or liquid, it will be for the best. Keep "Dettol" handy, in tube and bottle. When sympathy is needed, so is "Dettol".

FROM CHEMISTS ONLY



"... another advantage—
you never get saddle
sores."

chances. Although he was bigger than either of them, they had a weapon each, and the ruthlessness of a background incomprehensible to Stretton to help them. More than that, there was a third familiar aqueous enemy on their side, whose aid they wouldn't hesitate to enlist.

"Get a move on," shrieked Stan. Stretton spoke deliberately and slowly.

"This telegram means . . . that there has been an extraordinary . . . mistake . . ."

Stretton shot his chair back, kicking the table forward at the same time. He heard Duke cry out as the iron framework struck his legs and toppled over him. The impact of the table had knocked the knife from Stan's hand. As he bent down, swearing, to pick it up, Stretton hit him hard on the jaw. He reeled away, sprawling. But the other one was on his feet again. He lunged forward with his knife, and Stretton grabbed the camera by its strap and whirled it at his head. It only caught the boy a glancing blow, but it checked him sufficiently to give Stretton time to start running toward the far end of the pool.

"Round the other side," he heard Duke shout behind him.

He dodged between the tables, but he had only a few yards' start,

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, gives some interesting information about antiques owned by readers.

I would be grateful if you could tell me the age of my solid silver case. It has a hinged lid, which is marked on the inside with a lion, a profile, and the letter "F," and on the outside with a crest. I believe it has been in the family for many years.—Mrs. R. Collingwood, Suva, Fiji.

Your specimen is a sterling silver snuff box and the date letter "F" is probably for 1882. The profile is of George IV and appears on silver from 1784 until 1891. It was used as a duty mark.

Could you please tell me something about my jug, which I have had for many years. It is stamped Wedgwood.—Mrs. H. E. Dix, Virginia N.E.9, Brisbane.

Your Wedgwood jug (right) was made about 1875-1880. The famous Wedgwood factory was founded by Josiah Wedgwood (1730-1795) at Burslem in 1759.

It is probably Jasper, a material with nearly the same properties as porcelain. Wedgwood recorded his discovery of this in 1774.



● Delicate Wedgwood jug

● Old spinning-chair

I have a spinning-chair which was brought out from England. Could you please tell me its date and origin? — Mrs. L. Wyndham, Maroubra, N.S.W.

Your beautiful spinning-chair (above) was made in the late 19th century. Spinning-chairs similar to yours were not fashionable until the second quarter of the 19th century. Your example, while exemplifying the French and Italianesque influence, was probably made in England.



● German centrepiece

I have a large ornament about which I would like some information. It is 14 inches high and the base is 11 inches across. There are no markings on it.—Mrs. A. Beehag, Yenda, N.S.W.

Your large porcelain centrepiece (above) is German. It is probably Dresden and is about 75 years old.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 24, 1964

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CAR V	71.7	15.8	40	5' 0 1/2"	13' 4 1/2"	8 GREASING POINTS
CAR F	76.8	17.8	41	4' 9 1/2"	12' 9 1/2"	11 GREASING POINTS

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and he could see nowhere to escape. Frantically he began climbing up the diving-stand. He made a surprise turn halfway up and kicked out at his pursuer. His foot caught the boy in the chest, but he didn't stop to see if it was effective. He reached the top as he heard the splash. Stan was coming up the other side. Stretton held his camera strap at the ready.

As he waited for his assailant to get within range he heard a train whistle in the distance. He swung the camera at Stan's head, but it missed, the strap slipped from his fingers. He tried to catch it, but he was off balance, and then he was clawing the air and the water was coming up toward him. As he fell, like the fraction-of-a-second exposure, the camera that was his eye caught Duke, clothes dripping, climbing out up the steps.

Continued from page 50

Stretton opened his mouth to scream, but the roaring and the suffocation were round him, over him, compressing him. He fought frantically with the dark, smothering silence. His foot touched something solid, and then he lost it again and the light was back once more. He shouted as he opened his eyes, and two figures were looking at him, and seemingly from a long way away he heard a voice saying: "Leave him, he can't swim," and it was gone again, and the blackness welled up and the life-long nightmare enveloped him, searing his chest, his mind, his body. And he hadn't the strength, or the will, or even the desire any more to wake up, for all at once the pain had

gone, and the darkness no longer terrified him, nor the silence, and there was a kind of joy in the peace of infinite solitude.

Bridwell ran the length of the pool, leaving the agents de police to deal with the two youths. He could see the body suspended face downward near the diving platform. He tore off his jacket and shoes and plunged down into the salt-tanged water.

He rolled Stretton over, got his hands under the armpits, and kicked vigorously. Surfacing, he brought him on his back to the steps, heaved him on to his shoulder and carried him up to the side of the pool.

Working with professional precision, he stripped off the coat and

folded it to form a pad under the lower part of the chest. Turning the head to the side he knelt and began the slow, rhythmic compression of the thorax.

Stretton slammed the carriage door. Bridwell pulled down the window and leant out.

"Haven't been in a train for years," he said.

"Sign of affluence," smiled Stretton.

"Or age. What was it somebody said? Growing old is when you stop doing things for the first time, and start doing them for the last. Or words to that effect."

The engine made an impatient noise, jerking the carriage.

"Well, goodbye, my dear chap." Bridwell thrust out his hand. Stretton saw the lamplight glint on the sandy hairs on the backs of the fingers. He grasped them warmly.

"Goodbye, Bridwell, and thanks for the artificial respiration," he said.

"Look upon it as settlement of an old score. If they can take that, Stretton, there's nothing much the matter with your lungs."

"I still can't . . ."

Bridwell punched him playfully on the chest.

"Nerves, anxiety neurosis, call it what you like. Fear of drowning, conflict over David. All right. Now you've drowned. You're a new man. Work it out, old boy."

The carriage began to move slowly along the platform.

"But all those symptoms . . ."

"They've gone, haven't they?"

"Yes," Stretton laughed.

"Well, now try that little experiment with the boy."

"I will."

"Let me know what happens. We'll have dinner some time."

Stretton raised his hand in agreement. The thinning head of hair disappeared from view, and the train chuffed away up the slope from Agay.

OUTSIDE the station, Stretton picked up the Lancia where Shirley had left it and drove into St. Raphaël. Although it was Sunday, it was France, and several shops were open. He found a model of suitable size and performance, and from the store next door he bought a pair of swimming-trunks. Then he drove back to the hotel.

The following morning, carrying the little motor-boat, David limped with him down to the swimming-pool. Both suitably dressed for sunbathing, they sat on the steps at each side of the shallow end, and sent the miniature craft across the water to each other.

"Goes jolly well, doesn't she, Daddy?" said David.

"Jolly well," said Stretton.

After it had made several return trips, Stretton purposely gave the clockwork key an insufficient number of turns. As he pushed the boat away he deflected it with his hand. The motor stopped, as he intended, after a few seconds, and the model hove to, becalmed, about five yards from the end of the pool and quite out of reach from either side.

"You didn't wind it up," accused David.

"I thought I did," lied Stretton.

"Now what are you going to do?"

Stretton went to the end of the pool, lay face down on the surround, and tried ineffectually to reach the boat with his hand.

"Too far, I'm afraid," he said, and got up.

"I know," exclaimed David. "We can throw stones in beyond it, and the splashes'll make it come nearer."

"The hotel wouldn't be very pleased if we chucked things into the pool," replied Stretton.

"What about a stick?"

Stretton looked round.

"Can't see one anywhere," he said sadly. "Looks as if we shall have to leave her, David."

"Oh, no, Daddy, we can't do that."

"Well, have you any bright ideas?"

David's face puckered in concentration.

"We could get Mummy, I suppose," he said at length and without enthusiasm.

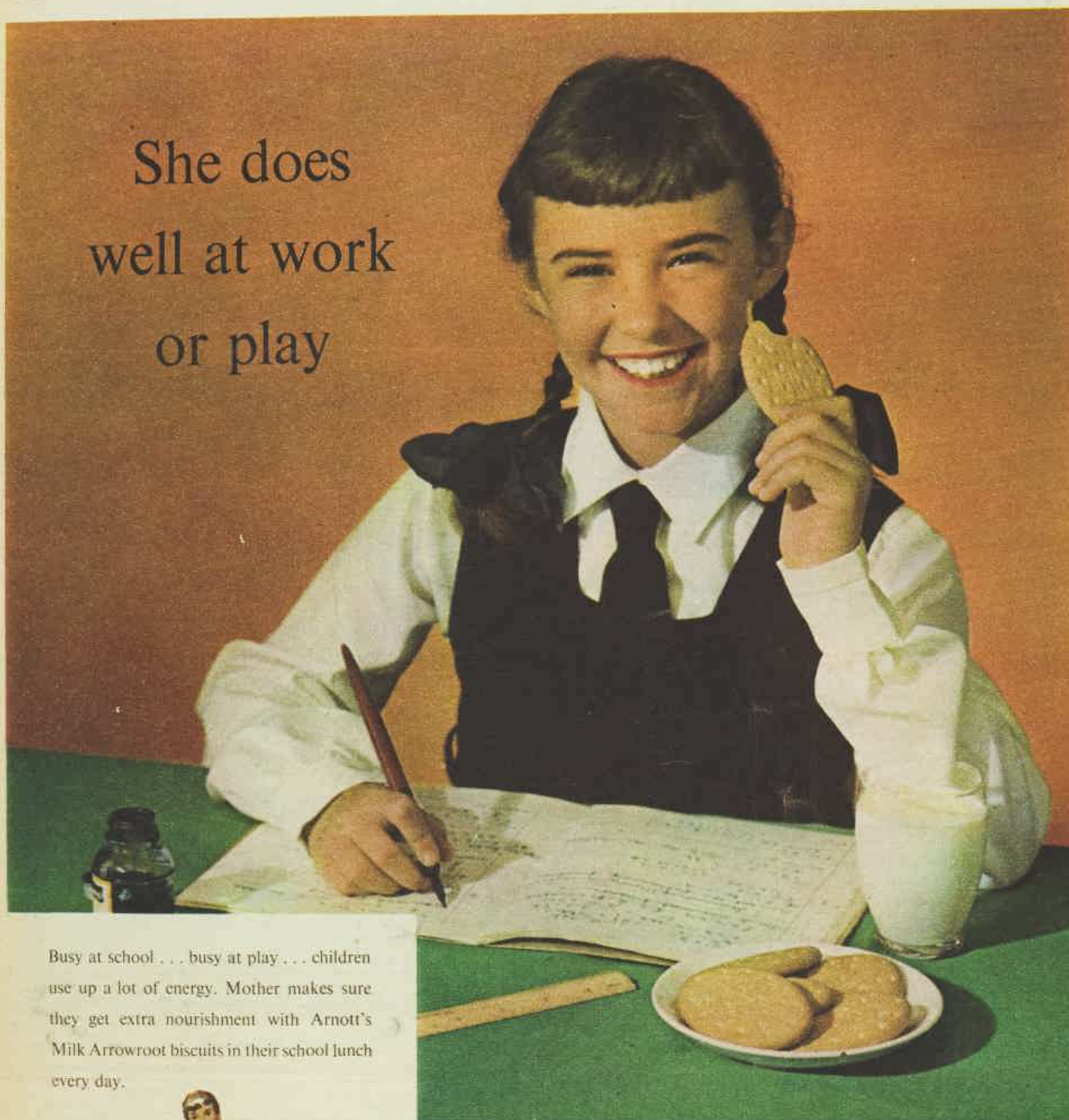
"Yes, but she's resting. Pity to

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Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper. Short stories should be from 5000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection. Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4085W, G.P.O., Sydney.

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wake her up. Besides, she wouldn't think much of us, would she? We ought to be able to do it on our own somehow."

"I know," said David. "But how?"

Stretton walked back to his side of the pool stroking his chin thoughtfully.

"David," he said. "There's only one thing for it."

"What's that?"

"One of us has got to go in and get it."

"Well, I can't," said the boy. "It's only three-foot deep. Just come up to your chest."

"Yes, but my leg."

"Of course, I was forgetting."

"Why don't you, Daddy?"

"I would, only . . . after yesterday I'm not very keen on going in swimming-pools."

"Nor am I," replied David, with feeling.

"But you can swim."

"I can't."

"Jolly nearly, anyway. I wish I could do as much."

Stretton walked down two steps and tested the water with his toe.

"Quite warm."

David imitated his action, but made no comment. Stretton licked the back of his hand.

"This is salt water, you know. It's supposed to be much easier to swim in."

He watched the boy dip his finger and suck it thoughtfully.

"David, I've got an idea," said Stretton.

"What?"

"We'll do it together. You walk from your side and I'll walk from mine."

David looked long and hard at the water before replying.

"What if we slip or something?"

"We won't both slip. If I go down you can help me up and vice versa."

"No, thanks," said David. "Let's leave the silly old thing where it is."

FROM THE BIBLE

• "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His holy name!"
—Psalm 103:1.

"Yes, I suppose you're right," Stretton sighed, and then added: "You wouldn't think a little boat like that could beat the two of us, though, would you?"

Stretton went and sat on a chair at one of the tables. David walked round the end of the pool, dragging his leg, all the time watching the boat which was slowly turning round and round on its keel. Eventually the boy came and sat by his father.

"Daddy?"

"Yes, David?"

"If we held hands . . . and went in together . . . ?" he began tentatively.

Stretton pretended to consider the proposition at some length.

"Yes," he said seriously. "That might be the answer."

He stood up, and taking his son's hand, walked with him to the steps. Stretton felt no trepidation as the water rose halfway up his body. He helped the boy down beside him. Then together they waded the few yards to the boat.

"Got it," said David.

"Well, I don't know," commented Stretton.

"What?"

"What we were making such a fuss about, do you?"

David laughed sheepishly, and letting go his father's hand grasped the boat and wound it up.

"I knew you hadn't wound it," he said.

He set it on a course back to the steps. Stretton went after it.

"Stay there, David, I'll send it back."

"O.K."

Once more they played the game with the boat, sailing it to and fro. After a time Stretton moved to the side and held on to the rail with his hands. Then he began kicking rather aimlessly with his legs.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 24, 1964

Continued from page 52

"Daddy, come on," called David. "Sorry," he said. "I was just wondering if I'd got the leg-stroke right. I'd like to swim if I could."

David waded unevenly and stood by him. Stretton repeated his irregular movements. David laughed.

"You're hopeless, Daddy," he said.

"What?"

"Move them up and down, not sideways," David commanded him.

Stretton tried again and then stopped his struggling and stood up.

"How? You show me."

The boy put his hands on the rail and let his legs float out behind him. Stretton held his breath as he watched one foot begin to make splashes. The other leg moved

feebly about under the surface. Then suddenly the boy was pounding the water vigorously with both feet, sending up a fountain of spray over Stretton.

"Like that," shouted David. "Like that!"

Impulsively, his heart overflowing, Stretton picked up his son and hugged the little boy close to his own.

"Good boy, good boy . . . good boy," was all he could say again and again.

From the window, Isobel watched them come along the path from the gate. As she saw David, still clutching the boat, break away from his father and run ahead toward the hotel, she didn't know whether to

cry or to laugh with relief and happiness. But, as Stretton looked up at her, smiled and waved, the tears clouded her eyes and then came in profusion.

After lunch they packed, and Stretton put through a call to the office. Then they loaded the Lancia and he turned the car out of the drive and headed west along the Corniche.

"Hey, where are we going?" said Isobel. "This isn't the way back to Nice."

"I know," he replied, "but a few more days in the sun would do us all some good. I thought we might have a look at Aiguebelle."

She laughed and touched his cheek with her lips.

"I guess I'll get used to you in time, Mr. Stretton," she said. "But will the office?"

Stretton's face grew serious. "They've made me Head of Medical Sales."

"What . . . ?" exclaimed Isobel, incredulous. "Then where's Macpherson going?"

"Nowhere. His plane crashed taking off at Idlewild."

"Oh, no."

Stretton sighed. "It could happen to anyone," he said. "Funny thing, but . . . he didn't have an accident policy."

Behind them, David knelt on the car seat looking through the rear window. As they grew smaller in the distance he watched two red and white poles fall slowly down across the road.

THE END

SECOND OPINION

New softness New shine Better behaved hair

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FOR NORMAL HAIR

Sunsilk Beauty Shampoo never overwashes your hair. That's because you need only one lather — one gentle lather that doesn't wash away the natural oils that keep hair shining and easy to manage. New softness, new shine, and better behaved hair — it's yours with SunsilK Beauty Shampoo.



FOR OILY HAIR

Sunsilk Lemon Shampoo is a special blend of deep cleansing ingredients that remove excess oil from your hair, leaving it shining clean and keeping it that way from one shampoo to the next. New softness, new shine, and better behaved hair — it's yours with SunsilK Lemon Shampoo.



FOR DULL HAIR

Sunsilk Tonic Shampoo revitalises dull, lifeless hair to healthy beauty. That's because it contains Allantoin to stimulate the scalp and treat the root cause of drabness in dull hair. New softness, new shine, and better behaved hair — it's yours with SunsilK Tonic Shampoo.

SYCI 08.W.W.J.P.C.

AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● If one of your children were faced with a tricky operation of some sort, who would make the decision as to whether or not the operation should be tried? You? Your husband? You and your husband together? The doctor? Or the three of you, in consultation?

WHAT made me wonder about this was the statement by a prominent surgeon in the British Medical Journal that when children face dangerous operations their parents should have no say in life-or-death decisions.

At first glance this idea must seem abhorrent to any parent, and yet the child is not the property of the parents, and we do allow the law to insist that we behave toward our children in certain ways it lays down in regard to health and sanitation and education and common humanity.

The British doctor's argument is that "a sense of guilt is too dangerous a companion for the rest of life. When the operation fails, as it sometimes must because it is so intricate, the parents would always feel they were to blame if they had taken the decision. A doctor should not feel any sense of guilt in the event of failure, provided all medical steps have been taken to ensure success."

Most people, fortunately, get through life without having to make these huge decisions about difficult operations, but most of us are faced at some time with a doctor's statement that it would "probably be a good thing" to take out little Johnny's tonsils or his appendix.

And if the child is very young and the ball is thrown

back to the parents in that way, it's not always an easy decision to make. It must be doubly hard for men and women who have lost their wife or husband and have to take single-handed responsibility for their children's welfare.

Any parent, handing over a child even for minor surgery, knows full well that, human nature being what it is, they're going to blame themselves in the very unlikely event of anything going wrong; but most, I suspect, would rather make the decision themselves, having first learnt everything they can about the pros and cons from people qualified to advise them, than have the decision taken out of their hands.

This sort of uncomfortable need to decide vital questions often crops up again much later in life when children, now elderly themselves, have to make decisions for very old parents, perhaps already beyond the stage when they can assess the situation and make up their own minds.

Perhaps the parent is old and ill and thoroughly miserable, and there's a good chance that an operation will relieve the symptoms and make the end of that old person's life more comfortable. But perhaps the surgeon has also said that there's a certain amount of risk attached to the operation. Who's to make the decision if the patient can't?

Personally, if I were the patient and in any condition to say so, I would prefer that that decision was made for me by someone who knew me and was fond of me, in consultation with the best medical experts they could get advice from.

Don't ask your doctor to be a superman . . .

PEOPLE are often shy of showing any doubt or indecision when they're talking to a doctor. And yet what could be more natural than wanting a second opinion before making what might prove to be a life-or-death decision?

Any doctor who showed that he resented this would surely be more concerned with his own pride than his patient's peace of mind.

I'm making no criticism of the English doctor who suggested taking these decisions out of parents' hands. The fact that he made the suggestion surely shows that he's deeply concerned with people's mental as well as their physical well-being. I'm simply arguing that for most people it wouldn't work.

A feeling of guilt IS a heavy burden to carry, but it's something human beings impose on themselves, and no regulation in the world can alter it.

If the parent makes the decision and the operation goes wrong he will, against all reason, have that feeling of guilt.

But if he refused to make the decision, if he left it up to somebody else, wouldn't he find other reasons for blaming himself—for not having taken the responsibility, for not having put his whole heart and mind to the problem instead of saying "I don't understand these things, YOU decide."

We depend on our doctors for so much: for sympathy and patience and willingness to get out of bed in the middle of a cold, cold night, as well as for skill and knowledge.

That seems to be asking enough of any man or woman, without forcing on them the extra burden of making decisions that are rightfully ours.

A doctor's not a superman, and presumably he's capable of mistakes. Mightn't he be in danger of making rather more if, to everything else, was added the burden of being a super, decision-making parent to every sick child he was called in to treat?

Leaving the final decision about one's child to a doctor—who may have 16 other urgent cases on his mind as well as all the other physical and financial and domestic burdens which influence people's judgment from time to time—would seem to me about as sensible as presenting myself to a surgeon and saying, "Here I am, take out anything you like, only let's not talk about it. I don't want to know what you're going to do or what the result is likely to be."

But then I'm one of the sort who likes to know what sort of pills I'm swallowing, and even what sort I'm pushing down the dog's or the cat's throat.

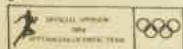


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*The best to you each morning—
in flavour, crispness, vitamin-packed nourishment*

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 24, 1964

Page 55



4TH MARVILLE Mother's Choice



NATIONAL BAKING QUEST

1,032 PRIZES WORTH £11,244

YOUR FAVOURITE RECIPE COULD WIN!

NATIONAL PRIZE

Australia's Baking Queen wins
**OLYMPIC GAMES CRUISE FOR TWO
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You don't have to be a Blue Ribbon Cook to win a prize in Marville-Mother's Choice National Baking Quest! This Quest is especially for you—the housewife. Home economists and

Sail with Sitmar on a fabulous 45-day luxury cruise for two to Tokyo for the Olympic Games. Departing Sydney September 26, 1964. £500 cash to spend—and your Morris 850 State Prize waiting when you return.

professional cooks are not permitted to enter. So send your favourite recipe in now . . . you may be Australia's next National Baking Queen!



STATE FIRST PRIZES 6 MORRIS 850's



Plus free travel to Melbourne by **ANSETT-ANA** with free accommodation at the luxurious Southern Cross Hotel to participate in the National Bake-off for Australia's Baking Queen.

CONSOLATION PRIZES

26 PHILIPS EXPLORER '7' TRANSISTORS

Each valued at 26 gns.—awarded to State Finalists who do not win a car, a range or a mixer, and to National Weekly Winners.



CONSOLATION PRIZES

980 CROWN CASSEROLE DISHES

4-pint casseroles awarded to State Weekly Winners

CLOSING DATE FOR ENTRIES JULY 31, 1964—SEND IN YOUR RECIPE NOW

STATE SECOND PRIZES

6 METTERS RANGES,

each valued at £145/17/6. A luxury range with every modern feature, including Metters exclusive "East-West" barbecue in Turkey-size oven.



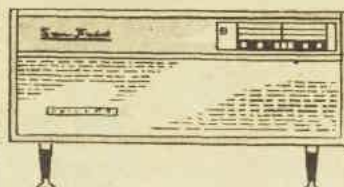
STATE THIRD PRIZES

6 Kenwood MIXERS

Each valued at £39/10/-. Complete with glass heat-resistant mixing bowl; "K" beater for mixing cakes, pastry, puddings; high-speed whisk for egg whites, omelettes, meringues; doughhook for heavy mixes and a spatula. Plus big illustrated recipe-instruction book.



SCHOOLGIRL PRINCESS AWARD



The National Schoolgirl Princess wins a Philips Partigram and £50 cash for her recipe. State Princesses win £50 cash. (This section open only to schoolgirls under 18.)

IT'S EASY TO ENTER HERE'S HOW

1. Send your favourite recipe for biscuits, cakes, scones or pastries made with Marville Margarine and Mother's Choice Flour to: 4th Marville-Mother's Choice National Baking Quest, Box 300, P.O., Wahroonga, N.S.W.
2. Detach entry form, fill it in and attach it to your recipe. Extra entry forms available from your grocer.
3. Attach your entry to a Marville Margarine wrapper and the "pre-sifted" seal from the front of a Mother's Choice Flour pack (except where this contravenes State laws).

Weekly and Princess prizes (see prize list) will be awarded on recipe alone. 6 State Finalists will be selected in each State and will actually bake their recipes under controlled conditions in State Capitals.

Winners of State Bake-Offs will compete in the National Bake-Off at Melbourne, and the winner of this will be crowned "National Baking Queen."

Competitors in State Bake-Offs enjoy free travel on their trip to the State Capital. National Finalists will be flown to Melbourne via Ansett-ANA with accommodation at the luxurious Southern Cross Hotel.

Weekly winners announced in "Australian Women's Weekly" from issue dated July 8.

Put attachments here

ENTRY FORM (detach along dotted line)

Conditions of entry: Judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into. Employees of Marville Margarine, Mother's Choice, or their associated Companies (and their families), home economists, bakers and chefs may not enter. All recipes become the property of Marville Margarine and Mother's Choice Flour.

I enclose my recipe and accept the conditions of the 4th (1964) Marville-Mother's Choice National Baking Quest as advertised.

Name (BLOCK LETTERS)

Address

Signed State

Schoolgirl Princess Award. Tick here if school student under 18 ☐

MM304

Delicious turnovers win prize

● For party, lunchbox, supper, our prize-winning recipe, chicken turnovers, will fill the bill.

TRY using cold cooked rabbit or veal as an alternative filling in the prize recipe.

All spoon measures are level.

GOLDEN CHICKEN TURNOVERS

Six rashers bacon (rind removed), 1½ cups minced cooked chicken, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 4 to 6 tablespoons sour cream, 1lb. pastry, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon water.

Saute bacon until crisp in heated pan, drain well, and crumble. Mix chicken, parsley, onion, crumbled bacon, salt, pepper, and enough sour cream to make mixture moist but not wet. Roll out pastry on floured board to ¼ in. thickness, cut into 5 in. squares with sharp knife. Place 2 tablespoons of chicken filling on each square, glaze edges with little water, fold pastry over into triangle. Seal edges well, prick tops; place on oven-tray. Combine egg-yolk and water, brush tops. Bake in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes. Serve hot.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. E. Regeling, M.S. 733 Kalbar, via Ipswich, Qld.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING

One egg, 1 lemon, ½ cup sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon mixed spice, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 2oz. butter, ½ cup brown sugar, ½ cup milk.

Break into greased basin (in which pudding is to be cooked) the egg, juice of lemon, and ½ cup sugar; beat until slightly thickened. Sift flour, salt, spice, and cocoa in separate bowl. Rub in butter, add brown sugar, mix well. Mix to moist dough with milk (adding more if necessary). Fill dough on top of lemon mixture in greased basin. Cover with greased paper, steam rapidly 1 hour.

Consolation prize of £1 to Miss G. Pearce, Kadina, S.A.

LOW-CALORIE RECIPE

BELOW is a savory lunch or supper dish which can be prepared in advance and refrigerated until required.

CRAB-STUFFED TOMATOES

Four medium-sized tomatoes, 6½oz. can of crab meat (with bony tissue removed), ½ cup low-calorie dressing (see below), 1 tablespoon finely chopped celery, 1 tablespoon capers, juice of 1 lemon, salt and pepper, lettuce leaves.

Cut tops off tomatoes, scoop out flesh and seeds. Sprinkle shells with salt and pepper; set aside. Place tomato pulp in basin with remaining ingredients. Mix well, spoon into prepared shells. Place each tomato on lettuce leaf and serve well chilled. Serves 4; calories per serving, 103.

Low-calorie Dressing: Two eggs, ½ cup reconstituted non-fat milk crystals (use double the usual amount of milk solids), salt and pepper, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, 2 drops tabasco sauce, ½ cup white vinegar.

Beat eggs in top of double saucepan. Blend in all ingredients except vinegar. Place over simmering water, gradually add vinegar. Cook, stirring, until mixture thickens; cool. This makes about 1 cup of dressing; each dessertspoonful has 20 calories.

Household hints

● These useful hints will save time and effort in cleaning, polishing, washing, and cooking. Each wins £1/1/- prize for a reader.

TO wash a plastic shower curtain, put 3 table-spoons of kerosene in a bucket of very hot water, soak curtain in it about 20 minutes, then rinse in very hot water. Do not use soap. Hang curtain on line and when dry it will be soft and easy to handle.—Mrs. E. Chappell, 18 Austral Ave., Preston N.18, Vic.

Clean suede shoes with steel wool, then brush them. They will keep fresh and attractive.—Mrs. J. Muir, 54 Lachlan St., Thirroul, N.S.W.

Putty will keep fresh and soft after use if the container is sealed, then placed upside down in a tin of water. This will prevent it drying

out.—P. J. Fillingham, 103 Gailey Rd., Taringa, Brisbane.

Spray newly cut edges of hessian cloth or heavy linen with a little hair spray before sewing. Neat seams can then be made without the difficulty of frayed edges.—J. Robbins, 31 Errol St., Maryborough, Qld.

Dip veal cutlets in egg and coconut, instead of breadcrumbs, with a pinch of herbs and seasoning. This gives a delicious, crunchy covering and delightful flavor.—Helena Geoghegan, Flat 10, Alexandria Pde., Waitara, Sydney.

If you run out of boot polish for your leather shoes, put four or five drops of lemon juice on the leather and rub well. It gives an excellent shine.—Miss M. Platz, 17 French St., Booval, Qld.

Prevent mice from entering the house by blocking up their entrance holes with steel wool. Mice cannot chew through it.—Mrs. B. Marklew, Private Bag 27, Murtoa, Vic.

Don't waste stale scones. Cut them open, put a dab of butter and slice of packet cheese on each half and grill slowly until cheese is brown and crisp.—Miss B. Boodle, 10 Stephen St., Newtown, Geelong, Vic.

FOR THAT TRUE
CHOCOLATY FLAVOUR USE

Cadbury's
COCOA

...the added touch that
means so much



It tastes as luscious as it looks
MOCHA LAYER SPONGE

...one of 7 new Marjorie Miller recipes

Ingredients: 3 eggs; 4 ozs. castor sugar; 4 ozs. S.R. flour less 2 tabs.; 2 tabs. boiling water; whipped cream; 1 dess. Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa; 1 teas. instant coffee; chocolate icing.

Method: Separate the whites from the yolks of the eggs. Add a pinch of salt to the whites and beat until stiff. Beat in the sugar gradually. Beat in the egg yolks. Fold in the flour, cocoa and coffee that have

been sifted together three times. Fold in the water. Divide into two greased and floured 7" sandwich tins and bake in a mod. oven 350° or Reg. 5 Gas—400° Electric for 15-20 mins. When cold fill with whipped cream sweetened and flavoured with instant coffee. Ice with chocolate icing. The sponges may be split through the centre and sandwiched with the cream making a four-layer cake if desired.



Give all your cakes "that personal touch" with

CADBURY'S BOURNVILLE COCOA

SIX NEW
HILLMAN IMP CARS
to be given away!



Win a car of your very own in
**CADBURY'S
'POPULAR CAKE'
CONTEST**

All you do is this: Pick up Cadbury's latest recipe folder at your grocer's. In it you'll find details of the contest, an official entry form and seven delicious new chocolate cake recipes. Try each one then state on the entry form what you think will be their order of popularity.

Remember! Six New Hillman Imp cars must be won. Total value nearly £5,000.

There's no entry fee! Send in as many as you like but accompany each entry with a Cadbury Bournville Cocoa packet top. (Except where this infringes local laws.)

Post entries to:
'POPULAR CAKE' CONTEST,
Cadbury's, Claremont, Tasmania.

Contest closes July 31st, 1964.
Winners will be notified personally and announced in the daily press on Friday, August 14th.



COOKERY IN PICTURES

Party cake



COAT sides with vanilla cream, roll in chopped nuts, press on gently with palms.



PLACE cake on plate, pour on enough icing to cover top, without running down sides.

A **BASIC** sponge cake, iced and decorated attractively, is ideal for special occasions such as tea parties, and is easy to make.

Sponge: Four eggs (large), pinch salt, 6oz. sugar, 6oz. flour, 3 teaspoons baking-powder, 4 tablespoons water, 1 teaspoon butter, jam, vanilla cream, chopped nuts.

Separate eggs, place egg-whites in clean, dry basin. Beat well with salt until white and fluffy. Add egg-yolks, gradually add sugar. Continue beating 15 minutes until mixture is thick. Add sifted dry ingredients, fold through carefully. Lastly fold in melted butter and hot water; place in 2 well-greased 8in. sandwich-tins. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Turn out on fine wire cake-cooler; allow to cool. When quite cold, sandwich together with vanilla cream and jam. With broad-bladed knife, cover sides of cake with vanilla cream. Roll in chopped nuts, place on serving-plate. Make up glaze icing, pour over top of cake, allow to set. Using No. 8 or No. 12 icing-tube, pipe fancy edge round cake with vanilla cream. Decorate with tiny piped flowers, write words on top to suit the occasion.

Vanilla Cream: Eight ounces butter, 8oz. sugar, iced water, vanilla.

Cream butter until light and fluffy, gradually beat in sugar, beat well until mixture is white. Pour on some cold water, stir gently, then pour off. Repeat these steps—beating and washing until all sugar has dissolved. Flavor with vanilla.

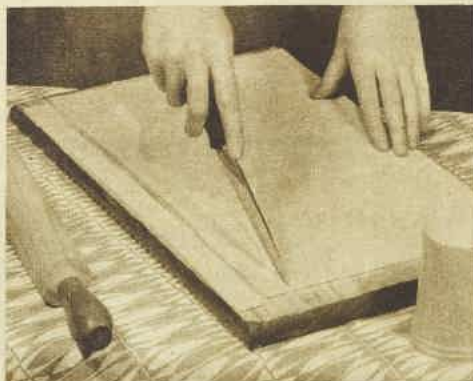
Glaze Icing: Four ounces icing-sugar, 1 teaspoon butter, water to mix, coloring, flavoring.

Sift icing-sugar into heatproof basin, add butter and sufficient water to make stiff paste; color and flavor as desired. Place over hot water, stir until smooth and shiny. Pour quickly over cake, allow to set.

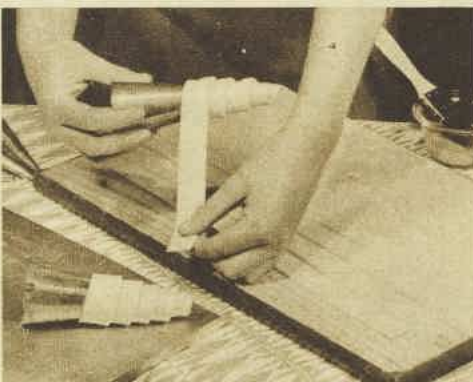


GALA SPONGE CAKE for special occasions is easily made from directions above.

Cream horns



ROLL pastry into oblong on lightly floured board, cut into strips about $\frac{1}{4}$ in. wide.



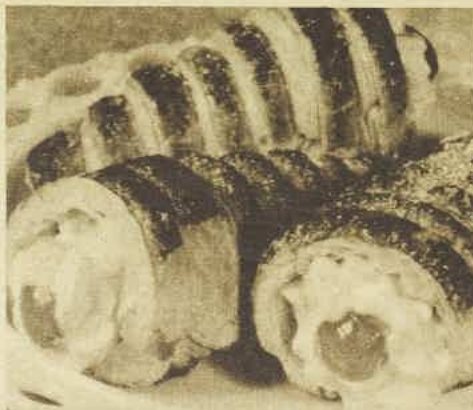
WIND pastry strips round cream horn tins, overlapping each time for firmness.

TO give these cream horns a rich golden color, glaze with beaten egg, then sprinkle with sugar before baking.

Pastry: Half pound flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, pinch salt, 4oz. butter or substitute, scant $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, egg for glazing, sugar.

Filling: Whipped sweetened cream, jam, glaze cherries.

Sift dry ingredients, rub in $\frac{1}{4}$ of the butter. Mix to dough with water. Turn out on lightly floured board, knead lightly, and roll into thin oblong shape. Spread smoothly with another $\frac{1}{4}$ of the butter (softened if necessary). Dust very lightly with flour, fold evenly into 3. Turn with fold to left, roll to thin oblong sheet, rolling only one way. Spread with another $\frac{1}{4}$ of the butter, fold, and roll as before. Spread with remaining butter, roll, and fold; fold again without butter. Allow to chill between each rolling, then allow to chill overnight if possible, before rolling out for horns. Roll into oblong shape, cut strips of pastry about $\frac{1}{4}$ in. wide. Lightly grease horn-tins, glaze pastry. Roll pastry round tins, glaze with beaten egg, sprinkle with sugar. Place on to greased oven-trays, bake in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes; cool slightly, remove from tins. Fill base with little jam, top with whipped cream, decorate with cherries.



GOLDEN cream horns are filled with a little jam, whipped cream, topped with cherry.

Cold souffle



BRING gelatine, flour, cream, vegetable mixture to boil, strain into bowl, chill.



STRAIGHT-SIDED dish is best for souffle because it is easy to tie paper collar round.

FOR a special luncheon party nothing adds more glamor or tastes better than a tall, elegant souffle flavored with chicken.

One dessertspoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups cream, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons oil, small piece each celery, onion, carrot, 1 clove garlic, 6oz. butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups boiled, finely minced chicken, 3 eggs, salt, pepper, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons nutmeg, 1 teaspoon tomato paste, 1 cup chicken aspic, 1 can asparagus spears (drained), breadcrumbs.

Tie band of lightly oiled paper round 7in. souffle-dish; chill well. Mix gelatine into flour, add 1 tablespoon of cream to oil, mix flour and gelatine into it. Mix in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cream, which has been brought just to the boil with celery, onion, carrot, clove garlic, then strained. Stir over heat until it comes to boil. Pour into shallow dish; chill. Whip remaining cream, set aside; chill.

Cream butter, add minced chicken. When quite smooth, slowly beat in chilled sauce. Beat in egg-yolks one at a time; then add all seasonings and tomato paste. Beat egg-whites until stiff, fold carefully into whipped cream. Fold this into chicken mixture. Fill into souffle-dish, set in refrigerator about 2 hours. Remove paper from souffle, cover outer raised edge with fine breadcrumbs if desired, or leave plain. Chop set aspic, arrange on top of souffle with the asparagus spears. Serve very cold.

Chicken Aspic: Soften 1 dessertspoon gelatine in a little cold water, dissolve in 1 cup hot chicken stock. Pour into shallow dish, chill until set.



COLD CHICKEN SOUFFLE, garnished with asparagus, makes an elegant luncheon dish.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 24, 1964

Step-by-step pictures show how to give the professional look to eight good recipes.

By our Leila Howard Test Kitchen

Dumpling stew



CHOP vegetables, add them to stew after the meat has had one hour's cooking time.



DROP dessertspoons of dumpling dough on hot stew. Cover tightly so they steam.

THIS delicious savory stew with parsley-flavored dumplings is one of the most economical you can make.

One and half pounds scrag-end neck of lamb, 2 pints water, 3 carrots, 2 onions, 4 potatoes, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 bayleaf, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato sauce, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons flour, water.

Remove bones from meat, cut into lin. cubes. Put into saucepan with the bones, cover with water, bring to boil; simmer 1 hour. Add sliced carrots, chopped onions, potatoes cut in large dice, salt, pepper, bayleaf, tomato sauce, and parsley. Bring to boil again, simmer further 10 minutes. Remove pan from heat, remove bones. Blend flour with little water, stir into saucepan, return to heat, and cook, stirring, until it thickens. Drop dumpling-dough by heaped dessertspoonfuls on top of hot bubbling stew. Cover tightly, cook further 15 to 20 minutes. Do not remove lid while dumplings are cooking.

Parsley Dumplings: One cup flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

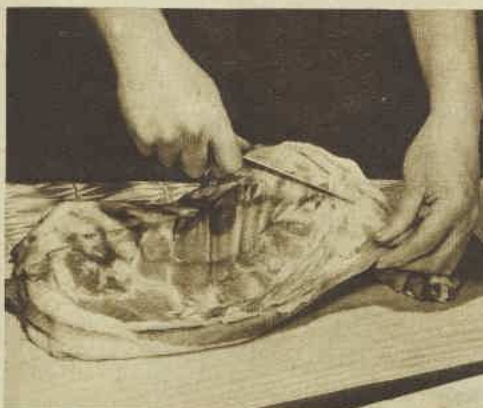
Sift together flour, baking-powder, and salt, cut in butter, stir in parsley. Add milk at once, stirring quickly to make soft, sticky dough.



HOT, SAVORY DUMPLINGS, flavored with parsley, make lamb stew a hearty dish.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - June 24, 1964

Lamb roll



BONE meat carefully without cutting through or stuffing may fall out in the oven.



SPREAD stuffing generously over meat, roll loosely so the stuffing has room to expand.

THIS dish is both appetising and attractive, but is very economical because lamb breasts are such an inexpensive cut.

One large lamb-breast, salt, pepper, 1lb. sausage mince, 1 finely chopped onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mixed herbs, 4 rashers bacon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft breadcrumbs, fat, vegetables for baking (such as pumpkin, onions, and potatoes), buttered peas, mint.

With small sharp knife remove all bones from lamb-breast. Make up stuffing by combining sausage mince, onion, herbs, breadcrumbs, and 1 rasher bacon (chopped finely); season with salt and pepper. Spread over lamb-breast, roll up. Secure with coarse cotton or skewers. Brown in heated fat in baking-dish, then top with remaining bacon rashers; bake in moderate oven until tender (about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours). Add vegetables to pan 1 hour before end of baking-time. Make up gravy from the pan drippings. Serve hot, cut in slices and accompanied by baked vegetables and buttered peas. Garnish with mint.



LAMB ROLL makes a savory baked dinner for the family, costs only a few shillings.

Two desserts



MERINGUE CASES can be made beforehand, stored a week or longer in airtight tin.



DIP banana slices in lemon juice to prevent discoloration, which will spoil appearance.

INGREDIENTS for each of these two delicious desserts can be prepared in advance, so only last-minute arranging is necessary.

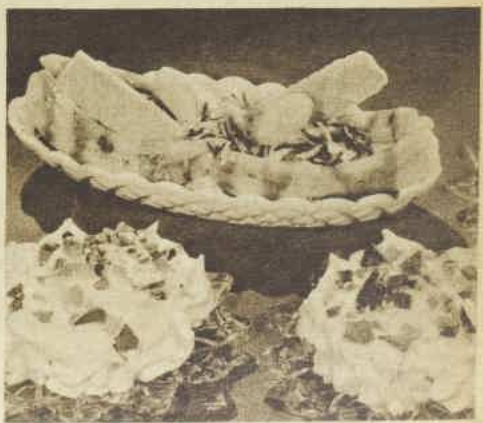
Banana Nut Split: Two trays bought or home-made ice-cream, 6 bananas, 12 wafer biscuits, 1 cup slivered toasted almonds, raspberry syrup.

Place 2 scoops ice-cream on each plate, top with banana cut into slices lengthwise. Sprinkle with almonds, pour over a little syrup, add 2 wafer biscuits to each sweet.

Toffee Meringues: One egg-white, 1 cup castor sugar, 2 tablespoons boiling water, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream (whipped and sweetened), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup canned crushed pineapple, peanut-brittle toffee-bars.

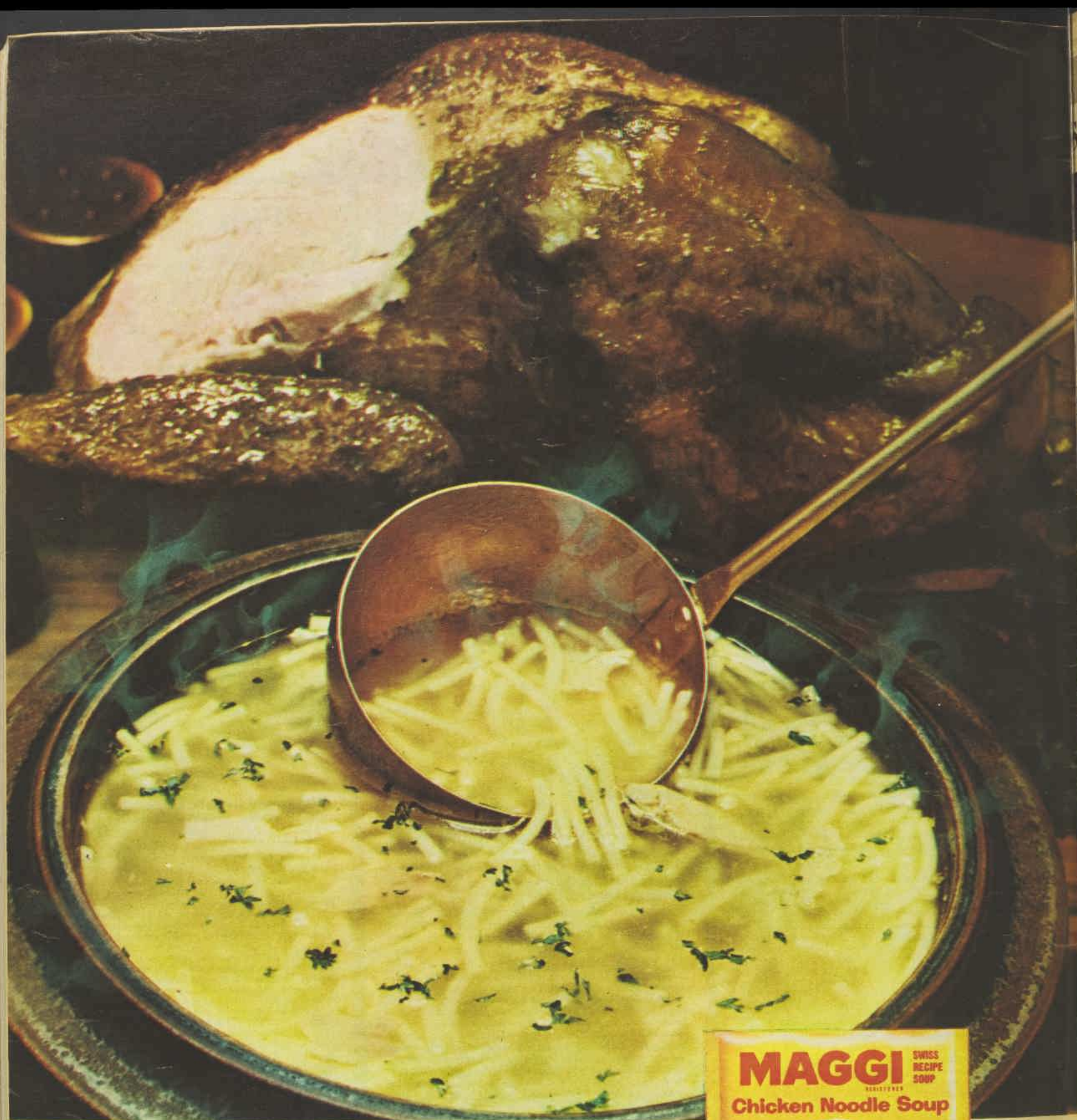
Combine egg-white and sugar, allow to stand overnight. Next day place mixture in small mixer-bowl, beat 2 minutes on speed 4 on electric mixer. Add boiling water, vanilla, and vinegar, beat 15 minutes on speed 7 or 8. Fold through baking-powder. Pipe on to greased and papered tray, making little basket shapes; bake 1 hour in slow oven. Allow to cool on tray. Store in airtight container. To serve, fill with whipped cream into which a little well-drained pineapple has been folded; top with crushed peanut brittle.

Continued on page 61



BANANA-NUT SPLIT shown in background and Toffee Meringues in the foreground.

Page 59



What's the magic of Maggi Chicken Noodle?
It gives you more flavour than any other soup.

More generous with flavour because it's
made with three chickens for every two before.

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real home-cooked flavour and goodness . . .
that's the magic of all Maggi soups.



Make Chicken and Corn Soup. Prepare 1 pkt. Maggi Chicken Noodle. Chop $\frac{1}{2}$ onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ capsicum, fry with 1 tspn. curry powder in 1 oz. melted butter. Add small tin corn kernels, combine with Chicken Noodle soup and simmer 10 minutes.

NE372

Spinach bundles



CHOP onion finely before adding to other ingredients to ensure good blend of flavors.



FLOUR hands lightly to simplify shaping of meat mixture to fill the spinach bundles.



MAKE a neat bundle by removing thick stalks from leaves before wrapping up.

It is often difficult to think of variations for vegetable cookery, but here is one which transforms spinach.

Spinach leaves, 1lb. minced steak, 1lb. sausage mince, 1lb. bacon (minced), 1 onion (finely chopped), 3oz. breadcrumbs, pepper, salt, thyme seasoning, 1 egg, sliced onion, stock or water.

Wash spinach leaves, remove any thick stems. Mix together steak, sausage mince, bacon, onion, breadcrumbs, and thyme seasoning. Add salt and pepper to taste, bind together with beaten egg. Shape into small oblong rolls, roll in little flour, wrap each roll into spinach leaf, tying or securing with toothpick. Place into casserole, pour over stock, sprinkle with sliced onion. Cover, bake in moderate oven 40 to 50 minutes. Garnish with parsley.



ECONOMICAL spinach bundles make a hearty main course for family meals.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - June 24, 1964

Steamed pudding



INDIVIDUAL PUDDINGS: Place dessert-spoon of jam in mould, then basic mixture.



CHOCOLATE PUDDING: Add 2 tablespoons cocoa blended with little milk to mixture.



FANCY FRUIT: Before adding flour, fold in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup each chopped cherries, nuts, fruits.

THE three puddings shown are made from one basic mixture, with the addition of a little fruit, jam, or cocoa.

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, little vanilla or grated lemon rind, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 8oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt.

Cream butter and sugar with vanilla, beat in eggs one at a time. Sift flour and salt together, fold into creamed mixture alternately with milk. Spoon into prepared moulds, cover loosely with aluminium foil or greased greaseproof paper; steam.

• Small individual moulds will take approximately 20 to 25 minutes to cook.

• Large moulds will take 50 to 60 minutes to cook.

Test by thrusting a skewer through centre of pudding; if skewer comes out clean, the pudding is cooked; otherwise continue to steam pudding a little longer.

Variations of this basic mixture will be found under the three pictures above.



THREE VARIETIES of steamed pudding are easy to make from basic mixture.



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dreams
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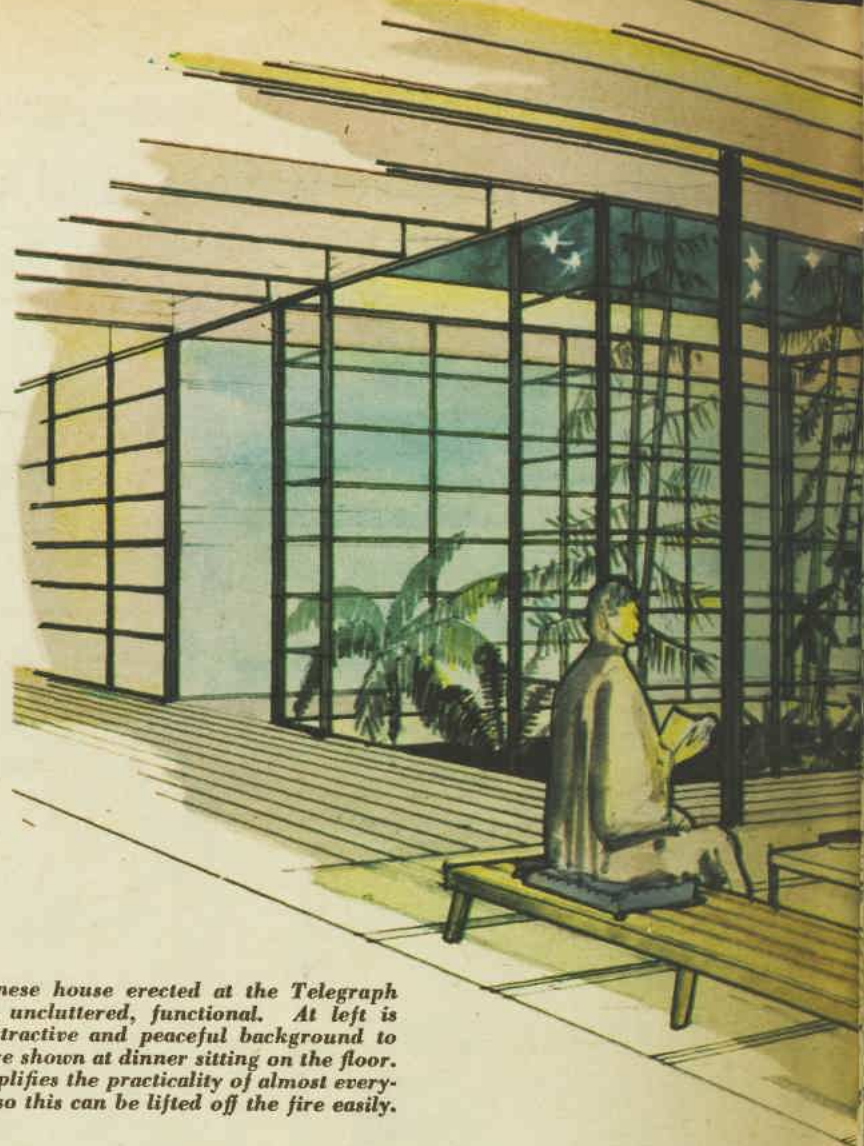
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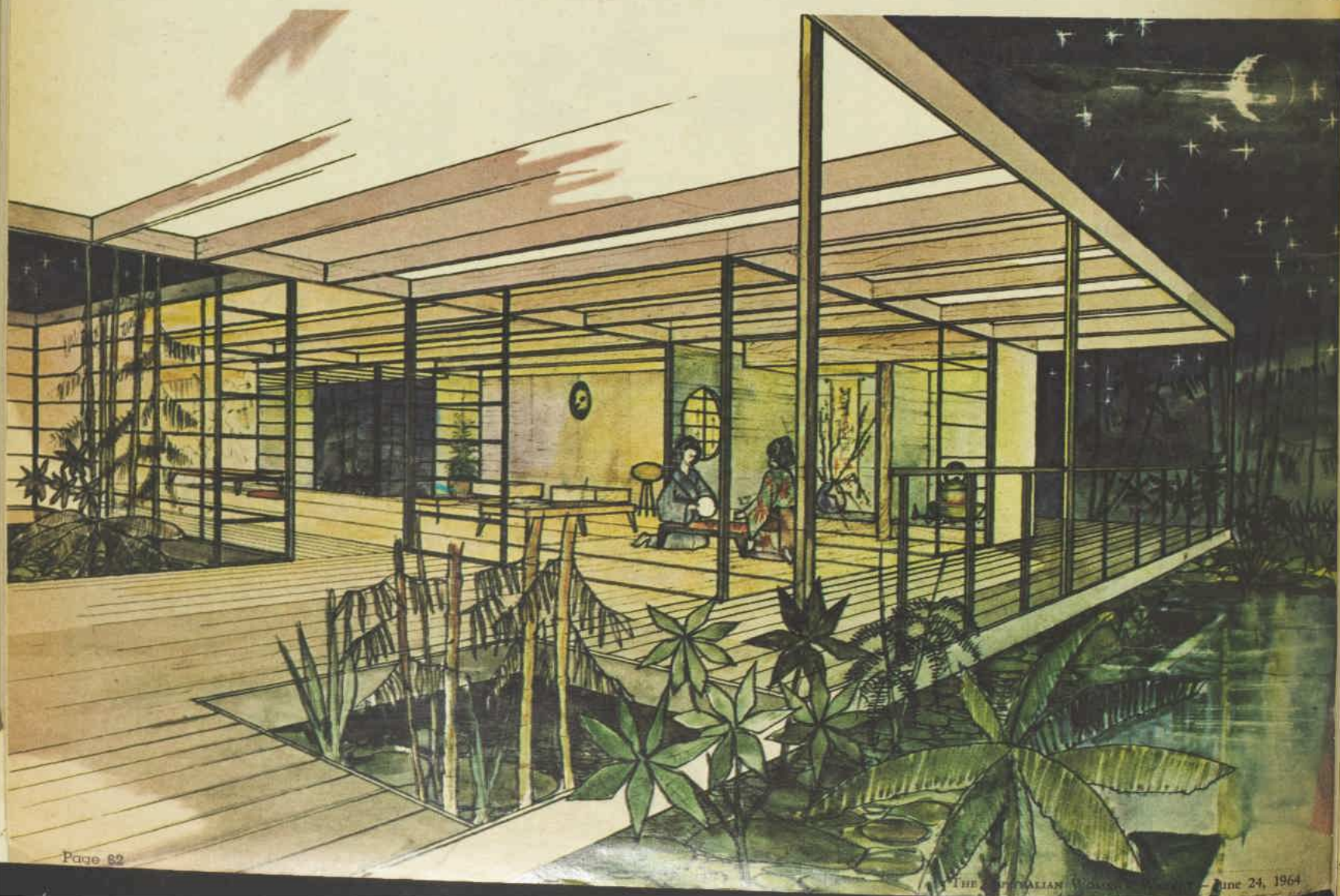
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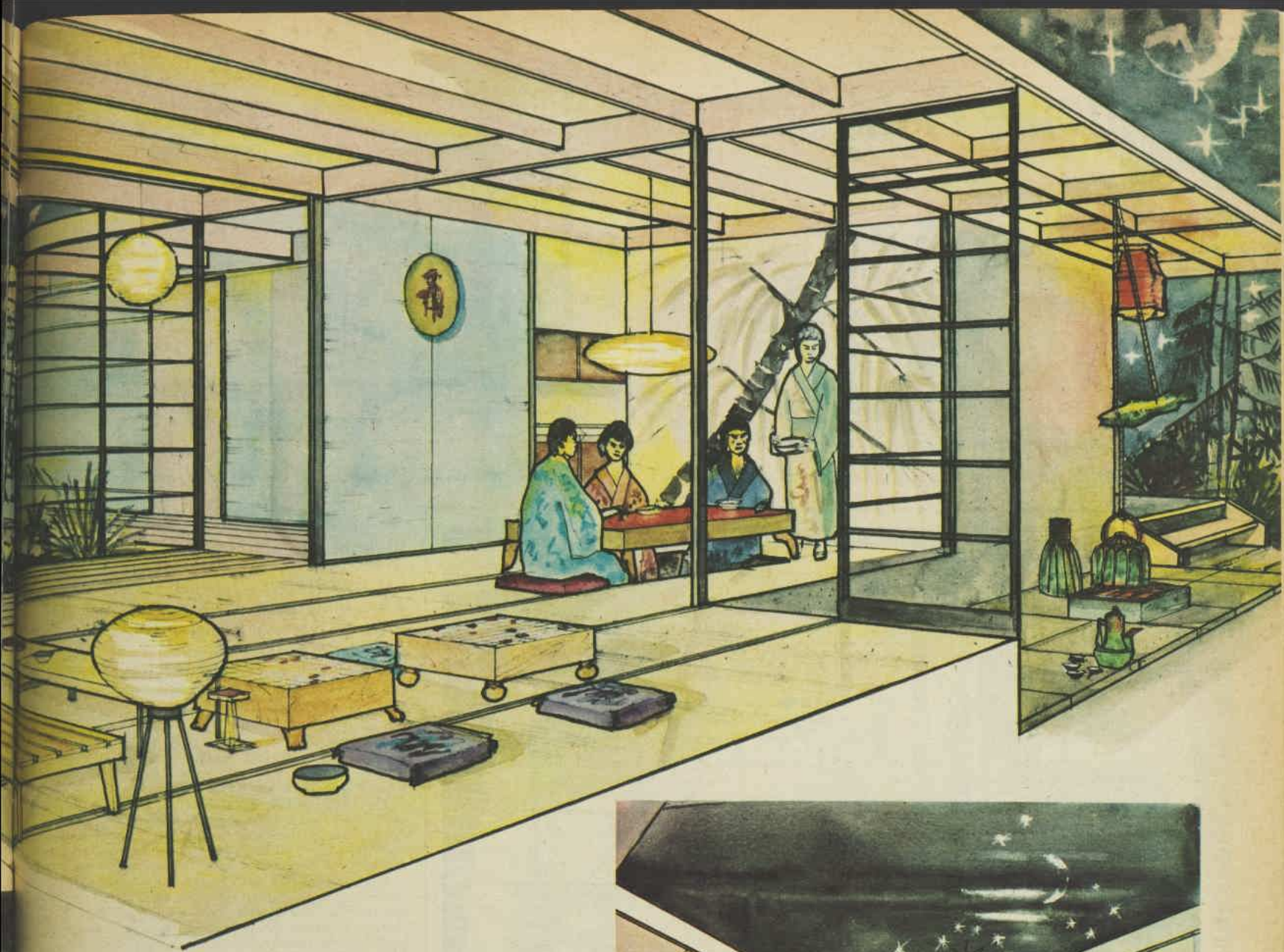
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Japanese house built for Sydney Home Show



INTERIOR SCENE: A panoramic view of rooms in the Japanese house erected at the Telegraph Home Show at Sydney Showground. All rooms are elegant, uncluttered, functional. At left is the main garden courtyard, its intricate design giving an attractive and peaceful background to the rooms surrounding it. In the dining-room, the family are shown at dinner sitting on the floor. Right, is the outside barbecue area, where a bronze fish exemplifies the practicality of almost everything — it is a counterweight linked by a rope to the kettle so this can be lifted off the fire easily.





ONE of the main exhibits at the 1964 Telegraph Home Show being held at Sydney Showground from June 19 to 27 is this full-sized Japanese house and garden, which has been built specially for the exhibition to illustrate how successfully oriental living can be assimilated by Western backgrounds.

The house, authentic in every detail, is erected under two black canopies to create a night scene and to capture more nearly the natural diffused lighting in Japan. Designed by Basil Beirman, the house follows the traditional way of building in Japan — that of creating the illusion of space in however small an area and, where possible, ensuring each room looks on to a beautiful scene. Hence the small courtyards, rock garden, and pool which are dominant features.

Every item is placed carefully, nothing is done to excess, the whole conception of house and garden exudes peace and tranquillity and displays to the full the blending of nature and building tantamount to the Japanese way of life. To complete the feeling of peace, many of the rooms have wall recesses which hold floral arrangements or scrolls, varied to match the seasons or current festivals.

The house covers an area of approximately 25 squares and is so constructed as to be easily transported to other main centres — Adelaide, Brisbane, Melbourne — where it is planned to exhibit it later in the year.

TEA ROOM (left), specially reserved for the ceremony of drinking tea, a leisurely practice lost in modern-day living. A *tokonama*, or decorative recess, is devoted to a Japanese flower arrangement. To the right is a charcoal fire used for heating the kettle. Exterior garden in foreground shows the close association of the garden with design of house as a whole.

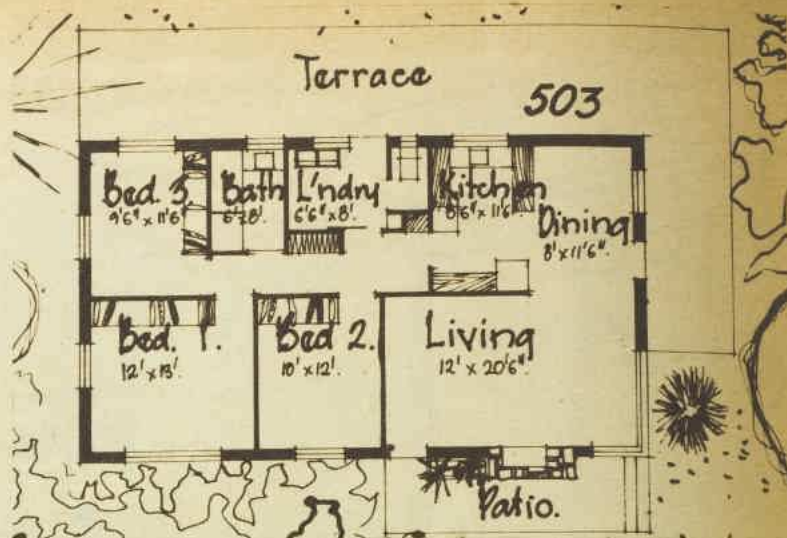


SMALL COURTYARD flanked by master bedroom, bathroom, laundry, and kitchen. In the bedroom, the bed is laid out nightly on the tatami mat floor and folded away during the day. Characteristic of Japanese bathrooms is the deep pit in which the bather stands or sits. The courtyard, with its dwarf trees and shrubs, is a feature found mainly in more luxurious Japanese houses.

Home Plans Service



PHOTOGRAPH shows unusual feature chimney surrounded by patio.



FLOOR PLAN shows compact layout—position of future verandah.

● Space-saving ideas and economical planning highlight Home Plan No. 503.

A GREAT deal of practical thinking has gone into the design of our Home Plan this week, which incorporates many out-of-the-way and attractive features usually associated with more ambitious homes. Where space could be saved it has been, yet the result is not cramped living but a compact, labor-saving house.

This Home Plan, No. 503, erected in Perth, is a three-bedroomed house with scope for expansion. The three bedrooms are all capable of accommodating two beds — the two smaller rooms would be ideal for children — and each room has fitted wardrobes.

The house is built in brick veneer with a low-pitched roof of terra cotta tiles. The random stone fireplace and large stone chimney surrounded by a patio give the house a country atmosphere. The patio could be used for informal entertaining or as a play area for children.

When constructed, the large terrace at the back of the house is poured at the same time as the concrete raft-type floor for a future back verandah. The potential size of the terrace makes it ideal for outdoor entertaining and summer barbecues, and there is easy access from there to the kitchen.

The concrete raft-type floor means that the floor is set almost flush to the ground, and thus underfloor maintenance is unnecessary. Because of this feature, the design is one well-suited to areas where the timber can be ruined by any type of wood-eating insects.

Aluminium sliding windows cut down maintenance costs, prevent warping of frames, and give a smooth, clear line to windows.

The interior of the house follows the practical lead set by the outside of the building. Bathroom, laundry, and kitchen are all adjacent to cut down on plumbing costs.

The kitchen is light and airy with plenty of bench space for working and a buffet separates this room from the dining-room, which saves steps and eases indoor entertaining. The kitchen has space for all modern fittings.

A large laundry, adjacent to the kitchen, is provided with twin tubs and fittings for washing-machine, etcetera. There is direct access to clothesline outside.

A separate toilet has been located off the laundry which reduces traffic through the house, particularly if children are playing outside.

Dining- and living-rooms are built on the open-plan style, although a door could be provided between the living area and passage to give more definite separation between this room and the bedrooms. A stone fireplace is the central feature of the large living-room which provides heat for both this area and the dining section.

A saving of floor space is achieved by not having a separate entry lobby. Access through the front of the house is directly into the living-room.

When built in brick this house occupies an area of 11.6 squares; 10.8 squares if built of timber. Its compact design will suit any regularly-shaped site, but it is advisable to choose a site with a northerly aspect to the rear of the block to get maximum use from the terrace.

Our Home Plans Service offers a comprehensive selection of plans to suit all types of sites. Plans can be adapted to suit the individual. Plan 503 and many others are available at our Home Planning Centres throughout the country. The addresses for these centres and the coupon giving details of our Home Plans Service are overleaf.



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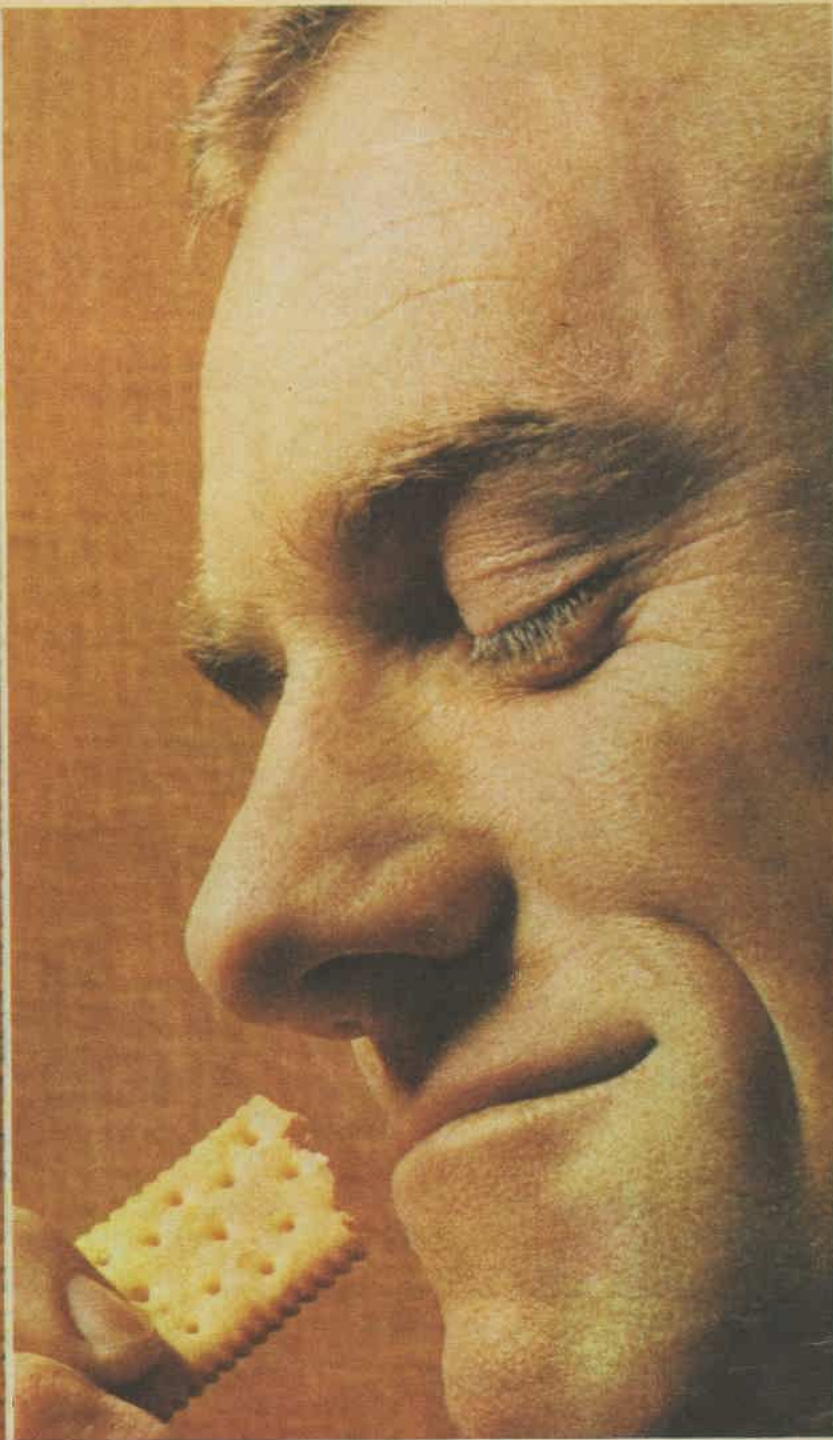
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REACH FOR SWALLOWS—ENJOY THE BETTER BAKING

"Let's go out through the gallery," she said. "I think you're a bit ready for Picasso, and they have some of his paintings on exhibit."

"Wait," he said. "You have plaster on your nose."

She stood still while he brushed her nose with his finger, taking longer than was necessary. They were rarely this close, and he felt an aching tenderness for her. He wanted to rest his palm on the curve of her cheek and he wanted very much to kiss her. But she turned away, and he couldn't tell whether she was Sally the child, who hadn't noticed how he felt, or Sally the woman, who didn't want to get involved.

They walked out to the gallery and looked at the Picassos.

"I like that one best," he said. "I like the way it's put together. It's solid."

She gave him an approving nod. "You have a good eye, Adam. It's too bad I'm going away or I'd have you really appreciating art."

"Don't go!" he burst out, so strongly that he caught something like fright in her eyes. "I mean—why do you have to go to Paris?" he went on, careful to sound friendly and mild. "There are lots of good teachers here in Los

Angeles. I was reading just the other day that we're becoming one of the art centres of the world."

"I've always wanted to go to Paris," she said. "Anyway, I think it's time I was moving on."

He studied her face to see if there was any meaning there for him. If she was moving on because of him, it would be a good sign. But her expression was opaque.

"I think you'll like Mat and Myra," he said as they walked out to the parking lot. "Myra and I were in high school together. She got married when she was a senior, but it didn't work out. Then a couple of years ago she married Mat. She told me she'd learned a lot from her first marriage and this one was going to be perfect. I guess it is, too. They never have a cross word."

"That's nice," Sally said noncommittally.

But she was quiet on the way home, and he was sure she was thinking about what he had told her. He hoped she was. Their entire future might depend on Mat and Myra and the weekend in Carmel.

Adam and Sally lived in the same apartment house

Continued from page 27

It was a large building built around a swimming-pool, and in warm weather the courtyard reverberated with shouts and splashes.

That was where, last September, Adam had first seen her. She was climbing out of the pool, her hair streaming wet, and she was wearing a bright red bathing suit. She wasn't the most beautiful girl in the world, but there was something about her that made him stop in his tracks. Apparently the reaction was mutual. She stood at the edge of the pool, motionless, staring at him.

He was trying to think of a clever way to introduce himself when she came over to him, without taking her eyes off his face, and said, "It's the darnedest thing I've ever seen."

He didn't know whether to laugh or scowl. "It's the only face I have," he said. "Maybe I should grow a beard?"

She shook her head solemnly. "Unbelievable. Even that little concave place right beyond your eyebrows. And your hair's the same shade of brown. Come on up and I'll show you."

Dazed, he followed her up the stairs and around the balcony to her apartment. Inside were packing cases, piles of books, a record player, and one worn sofa.

"I just moved in today," she explained. "Sit down."

She ploughed through a stack of books, came to the one she wanted, leafed through it to a certain page, and said, "There!"

Adam saw a portrait of himself. He was wearing a long bob and a white collar with a small ruff, and a necklace—but it was he, all right.

"Hey," he said. "Titan," she said. "Painted about 1540. Almost makes you believe in reincarnation, doesn't it?" Suddenly she laughed. "You must think you've walked into Weirsville. I'm Sally Benedict and I'm an art student. If you'll wait while I put on some dry clothes, I'll give you a cup of coffee."

He argued, but he could see that if it wasn't Dutch, she wouldn't go. He decided that since they hadn't been formally introduced, this was her way of being proper, and he gave in. They had a wonderful time. They talked and laughed—or rather, he talked and she laughed.

When they got home he asked her out for Saturday night, and she said, "No. I'm sorry, Adam, but I never date."

"You what?" he said, thinking that he must not have heard correctly.

"I never date," she said. "It doesn't have anything to do with you—you're very nice. I just don't date."

"But we just got in from a date!" he protested.

"No," she said. "We went out to dinner, like two friends."

He leaned against the door, smiling to cover his confusion. "I think this is Weirsville after all," he said.

SO MUCH IN COMMON

She flushed. "I'm sorry." He stood irresolute. This was a line he had never run into before. But she was an artist. Maybe she prided herself on being eccentric. He'd humor her.

"All right," he said. "Would you like to go out on Saturday like two friends?"

She bit her lip. "I'd like to sometime, but not so soon," she said. "I have a lot to do, getting settled. But it's very nice of you to ask. Thank you, Adam."

"You're welcome," he said coldly. He turned and walked away as fast as he could, not trusting himself to say anything more, even good night. He was furious and humiliated. Sally had given him every encouragement and then stopped him cold. As for her never dating, he didn't believe it. He decided to forget her, but he was awake half the night, mentally telling her what he thought of her. It didn't help much.

The next morning he ran into her on the balcony. He was determined not to give her the satisfaction of thinking he cared enough not to speak. "Good morning," he said cheerfully, and walked on with her "Good morning" in his ears.

The pattern was set, then, with "Good morning" and "Good night" and occasional comments on the weather. He tried to put her completely out of his mind, but he couldn't help noticing her. She was friendly with the people in the building, and sometimes two or three students would pick her up and they would go off together with canvas and easels, apparently to paint.

But on Saturday nights her light was always on and the record player was going, and no voices came from her apartment. If she did go out, he never saw her. He began to think that maybe she had told him the truth, and that she was one of those girls who were too shy of men to go out.

Then he remembered how she had acted with him, with a certain unmistakable sophistication in her manner, and the shyness didn't add up.

Winter came and the rains began. The days were gloomy; the courtyard was deserted. Adam came down with flu. He took to his bed, miserable. On the second day there was a knock on the door.

"I've brought you some soup," he heard Sally say from the hall.

He struggled into a robe. By the time he got to the door she was gone, but the soup was there—homemade, hot and delicious. He ate it all and left the pan outside his door with a note saying, "Thanks. You're a True Friend."

The next day she left fruit and a marvellous beef stew. The day after that he went back to work. On the way home he bought two dozen red carnations and presented them to Sally.

"Oh, thank you, Adam," she said. "They're beautiful, and I love red."

"I know," he said, because he had noticed that she often wore the color. The minute he said it, he knew he had made a mistake. She didn't want him to have any personal interest in her. Nevertheless, after that when they met on the balcony, they often stopped and talked.

One Friday night a few weeks later, Adam decided to spend the evening at home. It was pouring rain, and he had just settled down with a murder mystery when there was a knock at the door.

It was Sally, and he knew at once that something was wrong. She was wearing a pink sweater and skirt, her hair was piled on top of her head, and she had taken great care with her make-up. But she had been crying. There were circles under her eyes and her mouth was set in a determined smile.

"Well, hi," he said, careful not to act surprised. "Come in. Sit down."

She perched on the arm of a chair like a bird ready for flight. "I won't stay," she said. "I just noticed there's a movie playing about monsters from outer space, and I thought I'd go. I don't suppose you'd like to come along?"

"Swell," he said promptly. It struck him as an odd thing for her to be doing, but he was almost sure he recognised a cry for help.

They each bought a ticket—he knew better than to argue. The movie was full of spaceships, disintegrator rays, and green men with scales. When it was over, Sally seemed to be in a much better mood.

"I love horror movies," she

said. "When I'm really upset, it's such a relief to worry about monsters and vampires instead of real life."

They stopped for a cup of coffee.

"Sally," Adam said, "we're friends now, aren't we?"

"I guess so," she said. "If you want to be. Yes."

"Well, then, tell me, as a friend—what's all this jazz about never dating? Don't you ever want to get married?"

She stirred her coffee and then looked straight at him. "I've already been married," she said. "It didn't work out."

For a moment he was too startled to speak. That was one thing he hadn't thought of—she was so young. But there were lots of young marriages these days, and lots of them didn't work out.

"I'm sorry," he said.

"That's why I was so upset tonight," she said. "I just found out that Joe—that's my ex-husband—got married again. I don't know why it threw me so—we've been divorced for two years—but it did. We got married when I was seventeen. My parents were always fighting and I wanted to get away from home. But I was in love, too. I don't know what went wrong." Her eyes filled with tears and she busied herself lighting a cigarette.

"But, Sally," he said gently, "just because you had one failure doesn't mean you have to resign from the human race."

"You don't understand," she said. "The divorce wasn't Joe's fault. It was mine. And yet I tried so hard. I've thought and thought about it, and I can't figure out what I did wrong. And until I know what it was I don't dare date, because if I do, I might fall in love and get married and make the same mistake all over again. You see?"

"Not exactly," he said. "But I guess I'll have to take your word for it."

She gave him a cautious look. "We're still friends, then?"

"Sure," he said.

They smiled at each other and divided the bill for the coffee.

That was the beginning of what was the most disturbing relationship Adam had ever had. He and Sally saw more and more of each other. They went to art galleries and the beach, and they saw every monster movie in town. The weeks went by, and Adam

To page 67

A LOVELY GIRL



A lovely girl in crepe-de-Chine.

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realised his feelings were growing more intense.

In April, Sally told him that in two months she was going to Paris for an indefinite stay. He knew that if she went he would lose her for ever, and he lay awake nights trying to think what to do. She was the only girl he had ever loved, and he had never even held her hand. If she hadn't cared for him, he would simply have given up and let her go, but he was sure she did care, whether or not she knew it.

Then, in May, Myra Harmon called and invited him over for dinner. He hadn't seen the Harmon's in months, but sitting in their pleasant apartment with Mat and Myra exchanging smiles in the candlelight he had an inspiration.

Myra had married young and divorced and tried again. This second marriage was such an obvious success that even Sally couldn't fail to notice it. Maybe a couple of days with the Harmon's would give her courage. So he proposed the weekend in Carmel. The Harmon's thought it would be fun.

THEY started out early on Friday morning. Mat drove. He was a quiet, stocky man who was an investment broker. He and Myra seemed admirably suited to each other. She was blond and slender, high-strung, quick-tempered. She and her first husband had had constant clashes—Adam had witnessed some of them—but Mat's low-key personality seemed to be just what she needed.

Mat was a good driver, but he drove much too fast.

"Darling," Myra said at last, "don't you think you're driving a tiny bit fast? They patrol this road like mad, you know."

"I know, dear," Mat said. He slowed down a little, but not for long. Fifteen minutes later he got a ticket for speeding.

When they started up again, Myra said, "Honestly, sweetie, with all the poor drivers on the highway they have to pick on you."

Adam thought it was wonderful of Myra not to say, "I told you so." He glanced at Sally to see if she had noticed, but she was staring into space, a faint line between her eyebrows.

They reached Carmel at dusk and had a leisurely dinner. Sally engaged Mat in a long discussion of the stock market. Her questions were intelligent and searching, and Adam was surprised to see how Mat blossomed when he was turned loose in his own field.

"It's so complicated," Myra interrupted at one point. "Explain again about selling short, will you, honey?"

Mat explained, slowly and succinctly. Myra sat with an intent expression while he spoke, but Adam had the crazy idea that she wasn't really listening to him.

Over coffee they discussed where they should stay. Myra and Mat had come to Carmel on their honeymoon, and Myra thought it would be fun now to go to the same hotel.

"We probably should have made reservations," Adam said.

"Myra suggested it," said Mat, "but I didn't think we'd need them this time of the year."

The hotel, unfortunately, was full.

"I'm sorry, dear," Mat said. "I just didn't have any idea they'd be so busy now."

"Oh, heavens, it doesn't matter at all," Myra said brightly.

Adam glanced at Sally for a sign of approval, but she was wearing the same frown he had noticed that afternoon in the car.

It was ten-thirty before they finally found a place with three rooms. After they checked in Adam said, "Well, now what?"

"I'm exhausted," Myra said.

"Oh, come on," Sally said. There was an odd new ring in her voice. "Let's go into Monterey and see if we can stir up some action, Mat?"

"It's up to Myra," he said.

Sally didn't wait for Myra to answer. "This is a vacation," she said. "Come on—let's live a little!"

All the way into Monterey Sally chattered and sang songs. Adam

SO MUCH IN COMMON

listened in astonishment. This giddy, slangy behaviour was a part of her personality he had never seen.

They found a bar with a dance floor, and a band was playing the Twist. Mat and Myra sat at a table while Adam and Sally danced.

"Come on, you two!" Sally cried. "We don't know how," Myra said sedately.

"We'll teach you! Come on, Mat!" She dragged him off to the dance floor. Adam asked Myra to dance, but she shook her head.

Mat and Sally danced for what seemed hours to Adam. Now and then they came back to the table to urge Myra to her feet, but she smiled and said that it was more fun to watch.

"Mat loves to dance," she said to Adam as Sally and Mat swung into a cha-cha. "Your friend's very good, isn't she?"

Adam was too confused to answer. In his pocket was the five-dollar bill Sally had slipped to him to cover her evening's expenses. He fingered it as if it were a talisman, a token of the girl he thought he knew.

When they got back to the hotel, Myra and Mat tactfully left Adam and Sally alone on the patio.

"Sally," Adam said, "just what is going on here?"

For a moment her expression was grave and calm. Then she shrugged. "I'm glad we came," she said. "I'm

To page 68

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



now *really* live it up with mustard

Because now Keen's Mustard is ready-mixed. As "English" as the Keen's you mix yourself — full bodied, with a bite to it, and a flavour that lasts and lasts. In a jar you can put straight on the table, or pack for a picnic. Like to live it up, up, up? You can get two milder ready-mixed Keen's mustards as well! *Green label French* is quite suave and continental — makes a tasty, tasty difference to your grills. *Yellow label American* has a spicy, star-spangled tang that makes the dulllest hot dog bark . . . mildly of course. All three can turn you into an honest-to-goodness gourmet. Instantly. Often. And they stay fresh to the last dip. Keen's new ready mixed mustards are waiting for you at your food store right now. Live it up with mustard! & Soon?

KEEN'S ready *mixed* mustards

AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY:
Week starting June 17

SO MUCH IN COMMON

Continued from page 67

having a ball." She yawned. "I'm so sleepy. Good night, Adam." She was gone before he could say any more.

The next morning it was raining. Adam looked out at the grey sky and wondered if the night before had been simply a bad dream. Sally, flirting with Mat — it didn't make sense. He decided that he must have exaggerated the whole thing. People in love always had a faulty perspective. She liked to dance; she was in a gay mood. He had imagined the rest.

But when they met for breakfast it began all over again. Mat looked baffled and pleased. Myra grew ominously quiet.

They spent the morning shopping, with Sally trying funny beach hats on Mat, and both of them dissolving in laughter. Myra watched them with a strained smile. After lunch it was still raining, so they settled down in the hotel recreation-room for a game of bridge.

Mat and Myra were very good players and they discussed each hand. At first they were studious and polite about it, but gradually Myra's voice took on an edge and Mat began to sound critical. "We should have bid a slam," he said.

"It wasn't in the count," Myra said. "Dear, it was just lucky distribution."

"Sometimes it pays to take chances."

"That's what I think," Sally said gaily. "Nothing ventured —"

MYRA slammed her cards down on the table. "I've had just about enough of this," she cried. "If you two are so happy together, you can darn well get along without me!" She burst into tears and ran out of the room.

"My heavens," Mat gasped. "What's the matter with her? That isn't like Myra. Myra!" He hurried after her.

Adam turned to Sally. He was absolutely furious. "What's the matter with you, anyway?" he said. "You can't stand to see other people happily married, is that it? Is it?"

She was pale and her face was like stone. She got up and walked out.

Adam was too angry to think coherently. He struck out for the beach and walked for miles, trying unsuccessfully to make sense out of what had happened.

It was dusk when he got back to the hotel. He knocked on Mat's door. Mat came out and closed the door behind him. He looked exhausted but — Adam noted incredulously — happy.

"Adam," he said, "it's the damndest thing, but — I don't suppose you knew Myra and I were about ready to break up."

"No," Adam said astonished.

"Well, we were. I don't know — we just couldn't seem to reach each other. But today was like a dam breaking. Myra's been crying and I've been shouting. It was great. We're going to give our marriage another try. It sounds crazy, but I think all we needed was a good fight. We're going to have dinner in our room. I think the less the girls see of each other, the better." He beamed. "Myra's jealous — can you imagine?"

Adam left him and knocked on Sally's door. She didn't answer. He walked up and down the streets of Carmel, and finally he found her on the beach at the end of

Ocean Avenue, sitting huddled on the damp sand. "Hello, Adam," she said in a small, flat voice.

He went over to her, and she looked so cold and lonely that all the anger drained out of him and he was left with nothing but sadness. He sat down beside her.

"Ah, Sally," he said wearily. "I've spent all afternoon giving you hell, and now I can't say any of the speeches I planned."

She began to cry. He put his arm around her. "It worked out all right after all. Mat and Myra made up."

"I know," she said. "In fact, it was all for the best. It seems they needed a fight to clear the air."

"I know," she said again. "I never knew what I'd done wrong until I saw Myra doing it. Never a cross word. Holding everything in. That's what I did with Joe. I was so busy being careful that I even stopped listening to him. When I saw Myra doing the same thing I just couldn't stand it."

It took a minute for what she said to sink in. "You mean you flirted with Mat just to get Myra to blow up?" Adam said.

She nodded. "I thought it might work. But, oh, Adam, I didn't realise how much I cared. I knew you loved me, but I was afraid to let you tell me, and I couldn't admit even to myself how I felt about you. I was so scared. I couldn't really talk to you."



"Romeo, Romeo, where art thou?"

"Sally," he said, "you're talking to me now."

She stared at him. "I am?"

"You are," he said. He kissed her warm, salty lips. At first she didn't move. Then slowly she put her arms around him and held him close. After a while he whispered, "Sally, talk to me."

"I love you," she said. He smiled into the darkness and buried his hands in her soft, damp hair. "I like the way you talk," he said.

They walked up from the beach and back to the town hand in hand.

"Where are we going?" she asked.

"We're going on a date," he said. "Our first real date. I'm taking you to dinner. And I know where there's a movie about a giant crocodile that eats buildings. Does that appeal to you?"

She gave him a blinding smile. "Oh, yes," she said.

They had dinner and then they went to the theatre. They sat in the back row, glazed with joy, while the monster, which chewed with its mouth open, lumbered across the screen, eating New York for lunch.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 24, 1964

**KISS IT BETTER
WITH A
BAND-AID STRIP**
Hurry up the Healing

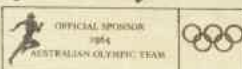
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strips

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Air vents over the pad let healing air through.
Air vents on the tape keep skin from wrinkling.
Super-Stick keeps the bandage put.

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CHOOSE THE BEST PALMS

for
indoors
and
gardens

By R. H. ANDERSON

● Coming mainly from tropical and sub-tropical areas, palms create for many people an atmosphere of lazy, sunny contentment; for others they belie their origin and appear somewhat cold and formal. But we must agree they have an interesting symmetry and elegance. They always have their uses for landscape effects and indoor decoration.



PHOENIX ROEBELINII

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Palm). Has slender trunks and leaves about 3ft. in diameter. The small yellow fragrant flowers are borne in large clusters. It will reach 40ft. high but is usually much smaller.

LIVISTONA CHINENSIS (Chinese Fan Palm). This beautiful palm has leaves drooping at the tips, giving a somewhat fringed appearance. Rather slow-growing. Also makes an excellent tub plant in young growth.

LIVISTONA AUSTRALIS (Cabbage Tree Palm), a well-known native of eastern N.S.W. Grows to 60ft. or more at maturity and with leaves 3ft. or 4ft. in diameter. An attractive species within the limits of larger gardens.

CHAMAEROPS HUMILIS (European Fan Palm), the only palm native to Europe. Low and bushy, with



RHAPIS EXCELSA

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 23

clumps of several stems, but can be trained to a single trunk. The leaves are very stiff and up to 3ft. across. The small yellow flowers are hidden among the leaves. Suitable also in large tubs and for spacious homes.

WASHINGTON FILIFERA (Petticoat Palm), a well-known Californian and Southern American palm. The dead leaves form a shaggy mass or petticoat around the trunk. In its natural habitat it grows up to 90ft. high, with leaves 6ft. or more across.

Feathery-leaved Palms:

ARCHONTOPHOENIX CUNNINGHAMIANA (Bangalow), a majestic palm from the coastal areas of N.S.W., suitable for gardens when young but requiring space for maturity.

PHOENIX CANARIENSIS (Canary Island Palm), widely planted in Australia, being very hardy, but needing plenty of space. It forms a dense crown of strongly ascending leaves up to 20ft. long.

PHOENIX RECLINATA (Senegal Date Palm), a handsome multiple-stemmed palm with downward-curving leaves up to 20ft. in length. Not suitable for small gardens but ideal for bigger areas.

ARECATHA ROMANZOFFIANUM (Queen Palm). Known for many years as **COCOS PLUMOSA**. One of the loveliest palms with smooth plainly ringed trunks and leaves up to 12ft. long, the leaflets drooping from the middle. It produces large clusters of creamy or yellow flowers. Suitable for larger gardens or avenues.

BUTIA CAPITATA (Yatay or Jelly Palm), a strongly growing palm up to 20ft. high with deeply down-curving greyish-green or almost silvery leaves. Very hardy.

THERE are approximately 1500 species of palms, some dwarf, others over 100ft. high, single-stemmed or forming clusters, with smooth trunks or clothed with the persistent leaf bases.

Some are too large for the average garden, requiring the wide spaces of parklands for an appropriate setting.

The flowers are usually small and not particularly attractive, but sometimes form large impressive clusters, cream or yellow in color, and often fragrant.

There is no more delightfully perfumed plant in the garden than **ARENGA ENGLERI**, a small cluster palm from Formosa, up to 10ft. tall.

The flowers are small and almost hidden by the leaves, but give off a strong scent, the origin of which generally puzzles the passerby.

Unfortunately it is rarely stocked by nurserymen but is occasionally seen in gardens.

Most palms when young can be used indoors, but the following are most suitable:

HOWEA BELMOREANA and **HOWEA FORSTERIANA**. These have enjoyed a long period of popularity and are still the most commonly used.

H. forsteriana has somewhat flatter leaflets than **H. belmoreana**.

PHOENIX ROEBELINII (Dwarf Date Palm). An excellent pot or tub plant; the graceful feathery dark green leaves arch downwards and more or less hide the pot, producing a fragile effect.

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A YOUNG *Phoenix roebelinii* makes a fine indoor palm. It can stay in a pot for about six years before needing more space for the roots.

SYAGRUS WEDDELIANA (previously listed as **COCOS**). A small graceful palm especially suited for indoor decoration, keeping its beauty for a long time.

COLLINIA ELEGANS. An attractive dwarf palm, hardy and well suited to house conditions.

RHAPIS EXCELSA (Lady Palm). Produces many slender stems making graceful clusters. When grown outdoors it will reach 15ft. in height.

All the above can also be grown outdoors, where, of course, they will grow much larger. The following, too, are recommended for outdoors:

Fan Palms:

TRACHYCARPUS FORTUNEI (Chinese Windmill Palm or Chusan)

They're not too fussy but prefer a good soil, regular watering

PALMS are not particular about soil, though they respond well to fertilisers; likewise they may withstand dry conditions, though preferring plenty of water.

Partial shade seems to suit the younger plants, but many require full sunlight to reach maturity.

Seeds need to be fresh and are most variable in germination, some species taking only two or three weeks, others two years; the majority are slow.

Palms used indoors should periodically be put out in the greenhouse or in partial shade.

Wash the foliage with soap and water regularly and keep a lookout for wax scale, which can be treated with white oil.

A good potting mixture is four parts good loam, three parts leafmould, one part well-rotted cow manure, and two parts coarse river sand.

Some use equal parts of vermiculite, peat moss, sand, and loam.



HOWEA BELMOREANA

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HOWEA FORSTERIANA



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 116.—GIRL'S SHIFT

Pretty velveteen shift is available cut out to make in royal-blue, red and nigger-brown, with the pocket featuring an embroidered lamb. Sizes 2 and 4 years, 27/6; 6 and 8 years, 28/6. Postage and dispatch, 1/6 extra.

No. 117.—ORGANDIE THROWOVER

Pretty organdie throwover is available cut out to embroider in pink or white. Lace is supplied. Price 8/11, plus 1/6 postage and dispatch.

No. 118.—TEA-TOWELS

Days of The Week tea-towels feature pretty flower designs and are cut out to make in linen tea-towelling. Set of seven, 49/-, plus 3/- postage and dispatch, or 7/3 each, plus 9d. postage and dispatch.

No. 119.—MATERNITY FROCK

This cosy maternity frock is available cut out to make in olive, bronze, black and plum corduroy velveteen. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £2/5/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £2/8/-. Postage and dispatch 4/- extra.

Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Frocks, Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney, N.Z. readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



HAPPY IS THE BRIDE

Continued from page 25

The next afternoon, when Janie went down the ranchhouse steps to leave for the church, Uncle Ben's old convertible was waiting for her, the top raised for the occasion. But he was not behind the wheel. Instead, Kate was sitting there, Uncle Ben's tousled grey head on her shoulder. With a despairing glance at the three aunts wedged into the back seat, Janie slid in beside him.

"A dime will get you a dollar that the cattle baron will not be escorting the bride up that long, long trail to the altar," Kate muttered.

"He'll make it," Janie said with more fervor than conviction. At least he had managed to dress for the part.

THEY were doing about sixty miles an hour when it happened. There was an explosive crackling, and the canvas top, improperly fastened to the frame of the car, filled with wind and ripped into tatters. Then the rain came.

"Hold on to your hats!" Kate yelled. She scorned speed limits and took corners on screeching tyres, but when they arrived at the church they were soaked to the skin.

Once again Janie opened the door to the nave and peered out. Someone had lighted a pair of altar candles, but the feeble flicker barely penetrated the gloom. She thought in sudden panic: Ted! She had sent Mike with a message but he hadn't returned. Was Ted here?

"Kate," she said, "it's four o'clock. Ready or not, here we go."

"I'm on my way, podner."

Kate started sedately up the aisle — one step, pause — but during the pause she had to kick backward with the other foot to untangle her wet skirt.

Uncle Ben had miraculously pulled himself together and was standing in the aisle, grinning mischievously.

Janie tucked her hand under his arm. "Tighten your saddle, Uncle

A good teacher is so rare
the rumor of him spreads
like a scandal.

—John Erskine

Ben," she said sternly. "The round-up isn't over yet."

"Yes, my dear, quite so," he said.

She tried to walk quietly, but in the deadly silence her slippers made squeaking sounds and her skirt flapped with every step. Kate, who was walking with all the dignity her wet gown would permit, was a lavender ghost floating ahead of her. Why didn't everyone burst into laughter? Janie wondered.

For a moment she faltered. When she heard the opening bars of the wedding march she thought she was imagining it, but the sound grew louder. The gloom brightened and she saw the children, humming and carrying lighted candles up the side aisles toward the altar. In the eerie illumination she began to see faces.

Ted's aunts had turned toward her. Aunt Hannah was waving a long, bony finger like a baton. All three were humming the wedding march, and as Janie approached they began to smile at her. Then other guests began to hum, and the volume grew until the sound of her squeaking shoes became inaudible.

The children gathered around the altar, and in the golden candlelight she could see Ted clearly, standing tall and straight. She knew he was seeing her as she was, dishevelled and bedraggled. His answer to her doubt was shining in his eye: love and pride, and a special look that told her she was beautiful. She moved toward him in the glow of her own radiance.

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Eat Pears 'Straight' flavour's great!

Brim-full of goodness and fresh flavour, canned pears make a family sweet that's hard to beat. Serve a can of juicy golden pears tonight!

THIS ADVERTISEMENT WAS PAID FOR BY THE GROWERS OF PEACHES, PEARS AND APRICOTS THROUGH THEIR SALES PROMOTION COMMITTEE



Nature's
'Instant Dessert'



MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

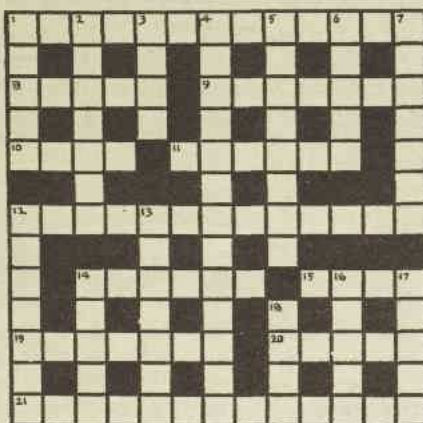
THE WORLD is worried about the runaway asteroid which is hurtling toward Earth. But as Narda looks at the moon through binoculars she sees a strange sight. NOW READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. This may be a hanging matter and in any case a desperate attempt (4, 2, 7).
8. Apparatus for checking wheel's motion (5).
9. Our fibs (anagr., 7).
10. Allows (4).
11. Gamp (6).
12. In the manner of the English poet, writer of "The Excursion" (13).
14. Showy in his rag (6).
15. Deserve may be near (4).
19. Transgression of a receiver (7).
20. In a faulty manner (5).
21. In youthful bloom as a composite flower (5, 2, 1, 5).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Be in the middle of Christmas, for a great inventor (5).
2. Main division of a book (7).
3. Unobstructed peon (4).
4. This is wickedness (13).
5. Having a flat surface (8).
6. Subtle sarcasm with a metallic start (5).
7. How a corrupted French boy looks under Anglo-Irish influence (7).
12. Parry starting with open hostility then take off (4-3).
13. Grind with the foot even when it is headless (7).
14. When you make it you put your foot in it (5).
16. I bail (anagr., 5).
17. No wonder it is filthy; it ends in a sty (5).
18. The pig is the start of it, and it is more than a lad (4).



Solution of last week's crossword.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - JUNE 24, 1964

Butterick

PATTERNS

Send your order and postal note to PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. (N.Z. readers, P.O. Box 11-039, Ellerslie, SE.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE REQUIRED.

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3067.—V-necked coordinates. Shift dress or blouse with popular "swallow" collar, three-quarter-length sleeves, and pointed cuffs. Front-buttoned sleeveless shift can be worn over blouse, or without blouse as a summer dress. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 3067, price 6/- includes postage.

blazer look...

3038.—The Blazer Wardrobe. Double-breasted Chanel-type blazer with button-trimmed flap pockets. Pattern also includes back-buttoned sleeveless blouse; straight, darted skirt; long or Bermuda-length pants. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 3038, price 6/6 includes postage.



2843

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES.



2843.—Young Junior and Teen sheath dress with scoop neck, or low V-neck to team with Johnny-collared blouse with three-quarter-length sleeves. Sizes 30, 30½, 31½, 32, 33, 34, 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 2843, price 5/- includes postage.

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60% More decongestive activity!
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